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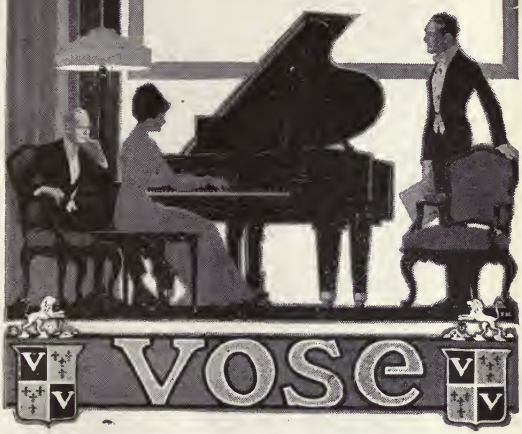
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Overland Monthly

259 MINNA STREET SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. LXXV No. 1

Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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Issued Monthly. $1.50 per year in advance. Fifteen cents per copy. Back numbers 3 months or over 25c; six months or over 50c; nine months or over 75c; 1 year or over $1.00. Postage: To Canada, 3 cents; Foreign, 5 cents.

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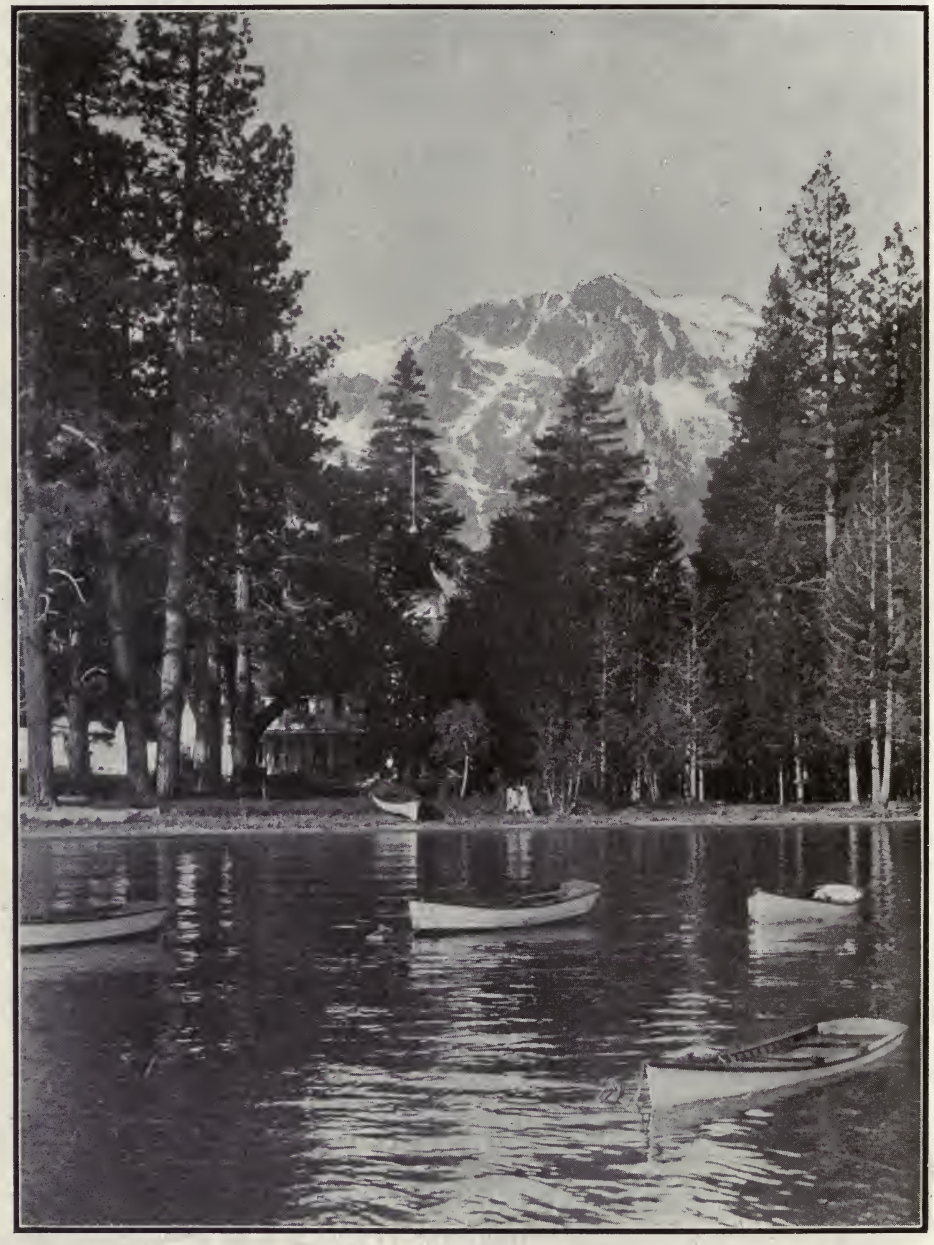
Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Post-office as second-class matter.

Published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, California.
259 MINNA STREET.

Serried Peaks That Cut the Everlasting Snows.



Lake Tahoe In Its Summer Beauty.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXV San Francisco, January, 1920 No. 1

Snow Sheds In the High Sierras.

The California Snow Carnival

By Will B. Linder

We all love to think of California as a land of perpetual summer, but seldom do we remember the paradoxical fact that within the borders of this semi-tropical State there are also long winters of almost arctic severity.

Compared with "The East," Los Angeles and Sacramento have but three seasons: Spring, Summer and Fall; San Francisco only two: Spring and Fall; while in our extreme Southwestern-City-by-the-Sea, lovely June loiters 'neath so many moons that her sojourners consult the calendar in order to know through which season they are passing.

IT was 11:30 p. m., after a sunny mid-winter day in California's Capital City.

Lawns were green, buds bursting on trees and shrubbery, flowers blooming and early-bearing fruit trees in their gayest colors—just an ordinary early February in the Sacramento Valley—we were starting on a half-night ride to the Truckee, (California) Snow Carnival.

The majority of our party were young folks who had never seen Mother Earth in her robe of white except that on any clear day for about eight months of the year they could see the winter-white Sierras at the distance of about eighty miles as the crow flies. Now they were going to do real skating, coasting and skiing.

Since we were starting at midnight, some of us were disappointed that we did not have sleeper berths, but we were assured that the young folks would not let any one sleep even tho' they did have a berth. This we found to be more than true, for these same youngsters gave us

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Snow Peaks Shining Over the Sapphire Lake.

"Some of our dignified people suddenly assumed very undignified attitudes."

a very chilly introduction to the "beautiful" a couple of hours later when our train took siding at the snow-line; and long ere we reached the mountain-top our floors were covered with slush, seats wet, and two broken windows gave us warning that the mountain air was "fresh."

Our "special," like the usual excursion train, was not speedy, so it was almost morning ere we reached the summit—it may be of interest to some of our readers to state that the deepest recorded snow in these mountains was between nineteen and twenty feet on the level with, of course, many times that depth in

CLEANING UP THE TRACKS. Getting ready for the summer business. One of the wood-burning engines on the Tahoe-Truckee Narrow Gauge.

DONNER LAKE IN WINTER: In the distance, at the head of this lake is the sight of the terrible sufferings of the Donner Party—The black line along the mountains, to left, is the snow sheds.

drifts—some aver that one hundred feet is not unusual. As this great store of snow supplies water for the valleys through the long dry season it will be readily understood why we sing of "the snow-crowned Sierras keeping watch o'er the valley's bloom."

Ten miles east of the summit, and a thousand feet below, lies Truckee, our "picnic" grounds, which we reached in time for early breakfast. The double-team sleigh men had anticipated our coming and insisted that we take the trip to Donner Lake at once, so a number of our party took the three-mile drive before breakfast. Skis were also to be had and some began the "puss-in-boots" act at once. It might be remark-

Genuine Alaskan dog teams and Alaskan driver. These are employed chiefly by movie companies.

Toboggan Slide Elevator.

ed that those who are not acquainted with these fence-rail skates get on with them about as well as a fish swimming out of water.

Truckee is the California winter-sports village where deepest snows and thickest ice make ideal these yearly fiestas. But every movie fan does not know that this frontier village is the Alaska and Siberia of Western Filmdom, our Winter Movie Land. It is heart-sickening to a fan to see the camouflage houses here—for we are mostly just older boys and girls who have not quite forgiven the annihilation of our Santa Claus, and are not always pleased at having our illusions punctured.

Donner Lake, of the historic Donner Party, is only a short drive from Truckee. Today ten miles of snow-sheds hover over and around the lake, winding in and out like a monster serpent ever descending on the tragic spot. These sheds mark the line of the Southern Pacific Railway in its rapid descent down the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Lake Tahoe (Indian, "Big Water") the largest and most beautiful of mountain lakes, is also but a short distance from Truckee (about sixteen miles). It is reached by picturesque narrow-gauge railroad. However, this road is hopelessly buried beneath many feet of snow all winter, and though there is quite a lively town by the lake, winter travel is all in the primitive way.

* * *

After breakfast we went across the river to the toboggan slide. The slide consists of a long trough and cable by which we were hauled on toboggans far up the mountain side, then a deep gutter in the snow down which we were shot like a Niagara Rapids. Besides the toboggan, there was a place cleared in the snow for coasting and skiing. On this slide many of our dignified people suddenly took very undignified attitudes. Some seemed to get broken up like old

"Hit A Hump and Sail Out Into Space Like an Aeroplane."

On the Tahoe-Truckee Narrow Gauge.

crockery but there were no permanent knock-outs and no complaints.

One must see skiing to appreciate the wonderful skill attainable on these impossible-looking sled-runners. The hard frozen snow is ideal for travel but one can negotiate new snow also. How the professionals can stand upright and keep the long awkward sticks from tangling while they shoot the chutes, is quite enough for us; but to see them hit a hump and go sailing out into space like an aeroplane, light on their feet and glide on without falling, is marvelous.

Unlike skates, skis are not alone for play — for the mountaineer, in winter they are horse, bike and auto. Should I repeat what I have been told about "speed" I would likely be branded an Ananias or an "easy-mark."

When we tried the skis in the fresh snow they would neither ski nor walk for us; and on the slide they just would tie our extremities into a knot. To see a fellow light squarely on head and face and double up like a carpenter's rule, into a ball or apparently himself and the skis tangle into knots, was no less than alarming; but to see him unfold, unroll or shake out the knots and start back up the slide was delicious. As for the toboggan, like the doctor's pill, one is enough: And the ski-jumping—well, I'm not selfish; I like to see the other fellow enjoy it.

Of course the movie man was on the job. After lunch he lined us up for a picture, and as the band played a "jazz" he urged us to dance while he "shot" us. But snow-balling was good and he beat a hasty retreat to the balcony of a nearby hotel where he again sighted us and insisted that we devote a minute to Terpsichore. But strange to say, the boisterous crowd again turned their batteries on the gunman: He stood his ground while he reeled off a few yards of the "I-want-to-be-in-it" stuff and then fled for the safety of himself and gun. However, he afterward admitted that he "got good stuff."

During the day we had alternate snow and sunshine, but just before our leaving time The Hoary Sierras sent us down a genuine blizzard which nicely rounded out the pleasures of a perfect day.

* * * *

Here we were in the deep snow, night fast approaching and a blizzard raging down the pass such as must have struck deeper terror to the hearts of the ill-fated Donner Party in this place in the same month seventy-two years before.

and yet we were immensely enjoying ourselves.

* * *

It is not alone the deep winter snows and the delightfully cool summers which draw the semi-annual tourist, as well as the movie troops to Old Truckee. Perhaps her chief charm lies not in her deep near-by forests, majestic mountains nor yet the well stocked trout-stream which flows through her, but to the singular fact that after these many decades she is not far from The Pioneer Days both in looks and ways.

By the courtesy of the Southern Pacific Railyway Company our well warmed cars had been left on a near-by siding and now, after seeing the big rotary snow-plow in operation, we were glad to be in them again and to feel the pull and push of two mammoth locomotives, of which these mountains can boast.

Our return trip was without incident—a few hours and we were back in a land on which The Frost King ever looks down, but in which he never abides.

Trout Fishing in the River Near Truckee.

The End of the Summer

By Belle Willey Gue

The summer is ended—
The long days are done—
The soft, sultry mornings
And short nights are gone.

The ev'ning's cool breezes—
The tang in the air—
Are heralds of autumn.
The summer was fair—

The tropical splendor—
The dreams—could not last.
The glories and beauties
Of summer have passed.

Goodbye to the "Otter."

The California Islands

By Frank Vincent Waddy

ALTHOUGH the mainland of California is rich beyond description, in features of interest to the nature-loving explorer, there is an equal if not greater fascination in the Pacific Islands, which lie at distances of from twenty-seven to a hundred miles from the coast line. Possibly their peculiar allurement is due largely to this geographical separation. They seem to bask in perpetual noon, untouched by the stress of cities, and almost untrodden by human feet.

With the exception of Santa Catalina, with which these notes are not concerned—it being populous and tourist-frequented—the most easily accessible of the group is perhaps Santa Cruz, about thirty miles south of Santa Barbara. It is the largest of a series forming the outer barrier of the Channel of the same name, the others being Santa Rosa, San Miguel and Anacapa. Much of their available surface is leased to certain ranch companies, as pasture for sheep and cattle. The present notes were compiled at a point known as Fry's Harbor, at the lower end of one of the deeper canyons on the mainland side of Santa Cruz, where a group of naturalists including the writer recently spent a week of pleasure and study combined.

The transfer of ourselves and camping equipment from Los Angeles to the point of embarkation was quickly accomplished by automobile. From Santa Barbara a power boat conveyed us to the island in about three hours. The ocean current on this coast is from north to south or on this particular section from north-west to south-east, and the Channel passage in a small craft is uncomfortably rough, for those susceptible to seasickness. On the return trip there is less "bucking" the waves, the direction being favorable for help from the prevailing wind and current, and the ocean is generally calm inside the kelp line. This

The "Otter" Reappears.

tangled mass of floating sea-weed that lies along the coast for hundreds of miles is harvested by the United States Government for the production of potash. Specially constructed kelp-cutting barges collect the stuff continually and convey vast quantities of it to the Experimental Station of the Federal Bureau of Soils at Summerland, a village of assorted odors and industries, a few miles south of Santa Barbara.

The coast of Santa Cruz is rocky and precipitous, the highest altitude in the interior being given as about 3000 feet. Numberless canyons and gorges are deeply scored in the rugged surface of the island, many of which contain a running stream all the year round, as well as countless "arroyos," or dry water-courses, having a stream in the winter only. The canyon terminating in the little cove selected for our base has a perpetual rivulet of pure mountain water. The cliffs over-hang the beach from a tremendous height, and accentuate the feeling of littleness experienced amidst the awesome grandeur of these wild places.

A direct landing from the power boat being impossible, it is necessary to anchor her off shore, and disembark a few at a time in a dory. As most of our party were drenched to the skin with spray during the crossing, the most urgent need when the first man leaped out upon the pebbly beach was to collect wood for an enormous fire. Sea water dries quickly, and does not cause severe chills, especially if circulation be stimulated by the erection of a tent, construction of a table with planks brought from the mainland, rigging up cooking apparatus, locating a convenient supply of drinking water, and dragging out the provisions for a meal.

Though topographically similar to the mainland, the islands engender feelings seldom experienced there. Everything seems more intense. The sun is dazzling, the water greener and yet clearer, the sky a deper blue, and the untrodden solitudes seem more impressive. At night the enfolding dome of the heavens is black as burnished ebony, contrasting with the scintillating brilliance of the myriad stars, and the call of the morning sun, dancing on the waves in the little bay, seems more joyous and alluring than at the prosaic cities of the continent. Such are the vigor and animal spirits produced by this primitive life that one feels resigned to doing without the morning paper, the porcelain bath tub, and all the complicated clutter of civilization. One desires mere physical contentment, and feels an urge to spend the days hunting, fishing, swimming, exploring, and the nights in dreamless sleep of wholesome exhaustion.

Precipitous cliffs enclose——

There is an intoxicating stimulus in the scamper down the beach for the morning plunge, after crawling out of a sleeping-bag, and the appetite soon acquired is phenomenal. It is capable of hot cakes, ham and eggs, fried fish, hot cakes, ham and eggs, fried fish——and so on ad libitum.

The supply of fish is so plentiful that catching them soon changes from a sport to a domestic duty. Each morning before breakfast a few enthusiasts would take the row-boat, pull out some little distance, drop a few lines among the kelp, and catch enough fish in an hour to feed six of us for a day—even after throwing back all that were too small to repay the trouble of cleaning, a messy task performed with singular dexterity by Quong Kim, our Chinese cook engaged for the excursion.

Among the fish most commonly caught in these waters are the sea bass, mackerel, sheep's-head, smelt, rock cod, sculpin and rainbow perch. This last named species is of peculiar biological interest, being a viviparous fish, and giving birth to its young like a mammal, the young perch being completely formed when born. They swim away at once from their parent, and seem quite capable of taking up the struggle for existence without maternal guidance. I once saw a rainbow perch, caught by hook and line from the rocks near the Cliff House at San Francisco, launch upon their career a family of twenty-eight. Assisting in piscatorial obstetrics I dropped them into the water one by one and watched them wriggle contentedly away on their search for the first morning's breakfast.

It is possible on Santa Cruz to leave the camp with a gun, and return later with some excellent mutton chops for dinner, the "wild" sheep being easily located, and a sample obtained for transference to the base, provided no ranch company's herder is observing the proceedings. Needless to say, no one in our expedition resorted to this nefarious pursuit of poaching. We were, indeed, grieved to learn that certain campers have been known to acquire a suspiciously large supply of fresh mutton, which, however, they always stoutly protest has been brought over from the butchers on the mainland.

Another possible supply of provisions is furnished by the wild hogs. They really are wild,—or at least so I judged from the antics of one that we decoyed into our enclosure, where it registered strong disapproval of our society.

Probably the simplest article of diet to be found on the islands is the ordinary mussel. The rocks for miles around the coast are encrusted with a thick growth

—the sheltered, circular bay.

of these shell fish, attached in tenacious clusters, and of prodigious size. They can be pried off and removed by the boat load with little trouble, and when steamed or baked they provide an appetizing and nutritious food.

Prior to the Government round-up of the native Indians, there were many of them on these islands, and judging from the traces found in our explorations, the mussel must have been their staple food for centuries. In one place, fully a thousand feet above sea level, we dug down through a stratum of cracked shells more than three feet without reaching the bottom. In area the deposit appeared to cover some acres of ground. In another of these old Indian camps we unearthed occasional flint arrow-points and remains of other primitive weapons or utensils.

A few years ago some fishermen were cruising near the coast of Anacapa, when one of them was suddenly startled by the sight of a human being, who had evidently observed their approach, for the apparition fled into a cave. Pulling in to the rocky shore, they disembarked and entered with caution. The entrance and floor of the cave were covered with a bed of cracked mussel shells some feet in depth, and crouching terrified within was an Indian woman, entirely without clothing, and with a skin like leather,—tanned almost black. She knew no language, having presumably never spoken to a human being. The men persuaded her into the boat, and also into some of their clothes. The next day they returned to Santa Barbara, taking the strange creature with them.

Inquiries disclosed the fact that when the last boat load of Indians was being brought away, more than twenty years before, one of the women went frantic at the discovery, when a mile or more out to sea, that one of her children was missing. Whether her ravings were not understood at the time, or were ignored, is not known, but the boat did not put in again to collect the child said to have been left behind. It is supposed that the woman recently found and the lost child are one and the same. Having lived on mussels or other shell fish exclusively for twenty years, it is not surprising that a more complicated diet should have disagreed with her, and the first square meal on the mainland caused her death.

It would be impossible in a brief sketch to enter into the many inviting fields for nature-study offered by these islands, and such aspects have already been dealt with by others, but the above allusions to Indians, sea-weed, fish, geological conformation, wild hogs, the

wonders of the sky by night and of the ocean depths by day, may provide elements of a composite picture sufficiently alluring to all. As an example of the hundreds of un-technical observations that I made during a week's visit, I may mention the sea gulls. A student of these familiar birds will sometimes be rewarded by seeing one of them, wrestling with beak and claws at a cluster of mussels, detach one finally, fly with it to a considerable height and drop it on dry rocks, thus breaking the shell,—this being the only method by which the contents can be extracted.

The cheerful evenings around a camp fire are no less pleasant than the varied joys of the day time, especially when members of an expedition posses a genius for thrilling narration of adventure—real or fictitious—or for vocal and musical entertainment.

It was with feelings of genuine regret that we bade farewell to our sheltered cove, when the time came. Reluctantly we packed up the camp equipment, repeated the trips to the power boat, climbed on board and watched the little bay and shelving beach recede slowly to the horizon. The ashes of our gigantic bonfire of the night before were still smouldering on the shore. We named the spot Camp Enyd—from terminal letters of our names—and turned our faces to the mainland, and home.

A Deep Arroyo.

Could I Forget?

(A Memory of San Diego.)

By Helen Mann

Have I forgotten? Could I forget so soon
That dear old place where rustling palm leaves grow?
Could I forget all that luxuriant bloom
And blue, blue sky above it all? Oh no!

I still return in fancy to delight,
In what my soul in bygone days did know;
And like the gull in swiftly wingéd flight,
My fancy flies once more where breezes blow.

I smell the fragrance of the new blown rose.
I see the islands bathed in mist, at sea.
Perhaps it is a dream, who knows, who knows?
I feel as though that place was made for me.

Pioneer Life in Indiana

By J. S. Clark

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This author is not only a pioneer; he is also a patriot. In 1861 he fought in the First Iowa Regiment at Springfield, Mo. He afterwards helped to organize the 34th Iowa Regiment, and was made Captain of Company C. Mr. Clark's father fought with Washington, and his son lost his life in the late Great War.

In the following article, the reader will be interested in the scale of prices which existed in pioneer days, as compared with the present exhorbitant prices which we are forced to pay for necessities.)

So much has happened in America during the last fifty years, and the people have been so busy keeping up with the times, that the pioneer life in this country is being lost and largely forgotten.

My father was born in the year 1800 in Kentucky, and pioneered in Kentucky and Indiana. I am seventy-eight, was a Captain in the Civil War and was in the pioneer life in Indiana. I am wondering if a sketch of our family experiences in those early days would not have interest and value to readers of this day.

* * *

DECEMBER 20, 1825, father and mother started to move to Indiana. Mother rode in a wagon driving the horses with a cow tied to the tail-gate and father walked, driving a small bunch of sheep. Father had saved a little money, with which he had bought one hundred and twenty acres of land, of the goverrnment, for two dollars per acre, fifty cents per acre cash down and the balance on long time. When they reached their land they were alone in the forest, only one family within ten miles.

They slept in the wagon until father could build a little one-room log cabin. Here they began a life-time struggle for both of them; he with his axe of steel to hew out of that tangled forest a small farm and provide food for a rapidly increasing family; she to care for the home, to spin and weave and make the clothing for the entire family.

Now there is, strictly speaking, no frontier to the United States. But then the larger part of the country was frontier. In any portion of the country today, even the remotest villages and hamlets, on the farms of the Dakotas and on the ranches of California, may be found some of the modern appliances of civilization, such as were not dreamed of a hundred years ago.

The artificial light in my father's home was from the open fire-place, or a rag in a saucer of lard. Tallow dips or moulded candles came later. Bread was made from a coarse corn meal, produced by a hand grater. Wild turkeys, squirrels and an occasional deer furnished the meat. The only drink was milk and water, with now and then a tea made from spice brush or sassafras.

To build his cabin father cut logs out of trees the same size, twelve feet long for the ends and fourteen feet long for the sides. He laid the two first end logs at the proper places, trimmed or edged the upper side near the ends, so as to fit perfectly a corresponding notch cut on the under side of the first two logs for the sides. When these four logs were thus placed in position the foundation for the cabin was complete. He then prepared logs enough for the entire house with edges and notches to fit into each other as the cabin went up.

When all the logs were thus prepared, he mounted a horse and struck out to find men to come to his first house-raising. Those pioneers would leave their work and go to help a stranger raise a house without charge or pay for time and labor.

After the house was up father split or rived boards three feet long and six inches wide with which to make a roof. There were no shingles nor were there any nails. The first course of boards was laid and a straight pole placed on them and tied or secured in postion to firmly hold this course in place. Then the second course was laid lapping six inches over the first and secured in like manner with another pole, and other courses were laid until the house was completely covered. The floor was mother earth. The chimney was built of sticks, but well plastered on the inside with mortar made of yellow clay and water.

The windows were square holes cut in the walls and covered with paper or thin white muslin. The single doorway was an opening cut in the wall, cased with a slab of wood secured by wooden pegs driven into the ends of the logs. The door was made of split boards, which was hung on wooden hinges and swung out. It was fastened by a wooden latch which fell in a notch in the inside, and was raised from the outside by a string which always hung out.

A necessary article of furniture for this cabin was a bedstead. Only one post was required. It was set up four feet from one wall and six feet from another wall. Two large holes were bored into this post two feet from the ground; and two holes opposite these in the walls, and into these holes were inserted two poles, smoothed with a drawing knife, one four feet and the other six feet long. This structure constituted a frame upon which were placed split boards for the bed to rest upon.

With a cabin for shelter and a bed to sleep on, the next indispensible thing was bread. My father knew it was in the ground, beneath the forest where he was to dig for it. In digging for that bread he began by cutting out the underbrush and cutting down all the trees that were eighteen inches or under in diameter. He did not sit down and repine and then reload his wagon and return to the place whence he came. He was a man, and his capital was courage and strength.

When the trees were felled, they were cut into sections, twelve to fifteen feet in length, the brush was piled around the large standing trees for the purpose of killing them by burning. Thus the sunshine would reach the ground and start the corn and garden stuff. The pioneers in this great forest had an understanding among themselves for many miles around to work together in log-rolling time. Every man was a veteran and they, working in concert, hastened on to the work with precision and skill. If the number assembled was large enough they were divided into squads of eight, that being the number to work together with the best results. Each squad had a captain or leader, not by election, but he was such by pre-eminence and skill in the business. My father in a quiet way was always looked to as a leader. A man of good sense, full of resources, and always ready for any emergency. He would cast his experienced eye over the logs as they lay on the ground, by accident or design, and take in the situation for a wide scope. A half dozen might be lying a few feet apart in a parallel position, which could easily be thrown together in a nice pile for burning. The leader speaks and these logs suddenly seem to have acquired the power of locomotion and are in a pile.. And thus on and on the fascinating work goes. And while this work was going on at our place, my mother, assisted by one or more of the wives of the workmen, was cooking the dinner and supper for all these men. All this cooking was done in the log cabin, over an open fire place, swinging the iron kettles on a crane; and baking in skillets with long legs, with red hot coals piled under and over, rich, hearty, but simple meals which everybody enjoyed to the limit.

It was the custom for the settler whose logs had been rolled and fired to "right

J. S. Clark

up" his burning logs before day light. and after a hasty breakfast reach the place for the next log rolling by sun-up. And after laboring with a hand-spike all day until sun-set, go home and again "right up" his own burning heaps until ten or eleven o'clock at night. In that way the log-rolling was kept up for about two months in the early spring of each year, by every able-bodied pioneer.

When the timber was cleared off and the ground ready for planting, the stumps were so close together that the hoe was the only instrument with which to plant and cultivate the first crop. This was the heaviest timbered region in all the State, and the labor of clearing the ground was the absorbing work of my father for many years. When he had finally got a little patch cleared and raised his first crop of corn, he was confronted by a new trouble.

Then began a fight with the squirrels and raccoons to save his hard earned grain. He kept his loaded rifle always close at hand and shooting squirrels in self defense furnished plenty of squirrel meat for the table. The coons ravaged the corn at night, which made it necessary to provide himself with dogs to hunt them down. Thus coon hunting by men and boys at night with their coon dogs furnished fun and excitement. No need of theatres and moving picture shows when a coon hunt was in sight!

Another source of grief was the prowling wolves, to which the sheep were subjected. It became necessary to build high tight rail pens in which to shut up the sheep at night. The wolves were also destructive to pigs. The mother sows soon learned to feed in bands, and, when the wolves made their attack, to bunch the little pigs and surround them, standing with their snouts outward and thus to successfully fight the wolves off. In this same manner it is said the buffalo protected their young from the fierce Rocky Mountain panthers and wolves in the early days.

I must not fail to mention the great abundance of rattlesnakes that crawled and rattled and hissed in every thicket. There were two species of these reptiles: the black rattlesnake, short, thick, and very active; and the yellow, growing from six to eight feet long, and sluggish. They were most abundant along the banks of creeks.

Many stories were told of large rattlers being found near springs and wells and in cabins of the settlers. One pioneer killed a large one and plucked a trophy of twentw-two rattles from his tail. But rattlesnakes had their enemies. No man ever met one without trying to kill it. Deer even took delight in their destruction. Hogs regarded a rattlesnake as a dainty morsel, and the bite of a rattlesnake had no effect upon a hog.

The milk was kept in crocks in the spring house and the vessels were kept carefully covered to keep out snakes and other creatures that liked milk.

While my father and mother were self-reliant and fought their battles alone, there were times when they, like all other pioneers, were dependent on others for help. The building of cabins and barns, the log-rollings and other things requiring the strength of many hands, brought the people together and cultivated sociability and generosity and sympathy that worked for good in building up a happy community. Social instincts were fostered and cultivated, but the fun and frolic were not allowed to interfere with or delay the work in hand. All quarreling was suppressed, fighting was prohibited and the use of ardent liquors, then so common, was so regulated that the drunkenness of the intemperate was not permitted to delay the work.

My father and mother belonged to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. No liquor was ever kept or used in their home. That was a southern church and never very strong. At the time of which I write its traveling preachers were the first to visit that locality, and my father's cabin was the first preaching station in that region.

Constant in his labor all the long day and until late at night, and beginning before daylight again in the morning, as was my father, no less constant was the toil and patience of my mother. She had

much to do besides the usual care and labor of the house. She took the wool which my father sheared from the sheep, dyed it with the walnut ooze, carded it by hand card boards into rolls, spun it on a large spinning wheel into yarn thread, wove it on a hand loom into a web of durable jeans cloth. She then cut this jeans cloth and made it into winter garments for each member of the family, including headwear for males and females. From the yarn, she knitted stockings and socks for all alike in the family. She also wove blankets for all the beds from this home-made yarn.

To provide sheets and summer wear, my father each year raised a patch of flax. When this was ripe, he pulled it by hand and spread it in rows or swathes on the ground for the straw to dry and rot. He then broke it and hackled it, thus producing a quantity of clear, clean fibre. This fibre mother spun on a small spinning wheel into fine linen thread. From this thread she wove great webs of strong, durable linen cloth, from which she made sheets and summer clothing for every one of the family. From this thread she knit summer socks and stockings for all.

During this time there were born in that home, where all this work was going on, twelve children, (besides the one that had died in Kentucky), eight daughters and four sons. There is due to that mother, and others like her, a debt of honor and veneration from this and all succeeding generations of America that is seldom recognized and never can be fully paid.

My father produced from the farm wheat for flour, wool and flax for clothing, hides which he tanned and dressed for boots and shoes, meat and vegetables for the tables. Mother made a good imitation for tea and coffee which was sweetened with maple sugar from our own sugar trees. We could have built a Chinese wall around our farm and lived comfortably within its boundaries, asking favors of no man.

After my father had a little farm established, he built a log blacksmith shop. He drove one hundred miles to Lawrenceburg, a trading station on the Ohio River, and secured the tools and iron for everything he needed. He made horse shoes and horse-shoe nails. He shod his own horses and those of his neighbors, made ploughs, harrows, hoes, shovels, forks, —in fact, everything necessary for use on the farm. He also brought home from Lawrenceburg a shoe-maker's outfit. During rainy days and evenings he made shoes for mother and the girls, and boots for himself and the boys.

J. S. Clark, Private in First Iowa Regiment

The winter caps were made of the jeans cloth and the summer hats were made out of oat straw, braided into narrow strips and sewed into wide brimmed hats fitted to the heads of little and big, girls and boys and parents.

There was always, once a year, a "hog-killing time" when meat was provided for the entire year. That day was followed by the putting up of sausage, and the smoking of the hams, shoulders and sides in the old smokehouse until beautifully cured and browned, so that they kept sweet and good until hog-killing time came again the next December. That day was an event in each year. Father was very careful to put the hogs in the best possible condition of flesh. The day was fixed in advance. A raised platform of slabs about three feet high, strong and well secured, was constructed, upon

which to handle the hogs after they were killed and scalded. A large barrel was planted by this platform leaning against it; a pile of boulders or "Niggerhead" stones about the size of a small child's head, was provided; a good log fire made, into which these stones were thrown and heated; the barrel was filled half full of water, and when the first hog was killed, enough of these stones were thrown into the water to make it scalding hot; then the hog was inserted into the barrel, first one end then the other, and the quickest possible work was done in pulling off the hair and bristles while hot, and the hair in condition to slip. The work was exciting, and one of my earliest recollections is of trying to help father and my older brothers pull off the hair, no doubt being more trouble and hindrance than help.

When the first hog was thoroughly cleaned and scraped with knives, the two hamstrings were opened and a strong stick about two feet long and sharpened at each end, was inserted so as to catch the hamstrings and spread the hind legs and the hog was hung snout down over a pole properly placed for the purpose. Then the process was repeated with each hog until the day's killing was completed. From eight to ten young hogs were required for the family. It was a hard and exciting day's work, commencing before daylight and closing after dark,—leaving a row of white, clean porkers hanging in perfect line to become cold by the frosty winter night. The youngsters of the family had a happy day watching the exciting work, not unfrequently slying cutting off a fat tail and roasting it in the log fire, thus getting a fine bit of fresh pork of an exceedingly delicious flavor.

A fine grove of sugar trees was found in the wood pasture, on the farm. From the flow of the sap in the early spring we made sugar and syrup enough to last the family through the year. This sugar-making time was another interesting event, especially for the kids. Father with axe and adz made a large number of small wooden troughs, each sufficient to hold the drippings from one tree for twenty-four hours. He then took hard elder stems which he cut into eight inch lengths, pushed out the pith and inserted one each into a sugar tree at such an angle as to drain the sap into the trough.

Then began the process of gathering the sugar-water into tanks at the sugar camps every morning. When a sufficient quantity was on hand, the boiling started in large iron kettles over log fires, under a shed in the woods. Several days and nights of constant, uniform boiling was required to convert the water into syrup and a still longer time to make the sugar. And here around the camp fires were happy times for old and young alike; especially was it fascinating for the children when the syrup began to get good, and the sugar began to harden.

These special seasons became events of deep and romantic interest in my boyhood life, and remain in my old age precious memories of bright and happy times.

In our cabin suspended to the joists hung a frame work of nicely smoothed poles one foot apart. On these, in the early winter season hung in long thin slices to dry for pies and stewing, rich golden pumpkins. And later on, when our orchard trees began to bear abundant fruit, the roof was covered with apples and peaches nicely pared and cut into suitable sized pieces for sun-drying, and in quantities sufficient to last until the following season came around again. Thus father and mother, always frugal and forehanded, provided dried pumpkins, dried fruit, and filled the cellar with apples, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables, besides a barrel or two of cider, a quantity of popcorn and other things needed for winter use.

For years cornmeal was the only provision for bread. The Kentucky corn dodgers and hoe-cake furnished the staple bread supply. Mush and milk provided the evening meal for the family, was a luxury after a hard day's work, and was sufficiently soporific to make sleep sound and restful.

Later on a grist mill at which wheat could be ground into flour was estab-

lished. Then we began to raise wheat in small quantities. The first process of threshing out the wheat was by laying the sheaves on the barn floor in a row around the wall, and driving the horses two abreast around and around over it. To separate the grain from the chaff two men would toss it up in a linen sheet when the wind was blowing.

To show the remarkable capacity and resourcefulness of my father, I will speak of two things he did that were unusual among pioneers of the time. When he found he needed a good deal of leather for shoes, harnesses, and other things, he constructed a tanning vat, gathered the kind of bark necessary to make good leather and gathered a few hides and made the leather required for all the needs of the farm. He also raised a small crop of hemp which he cut and cured and broke and hackled, and made into rope of different sizes for clothes-lines, bed-cord and other purposes. The improved beds of those early days had bed-cord bottoms upon which the straw and feather mattresses or ticks were placed, thus making very comfortable beds. For making these ropes a suitable frame called a rope-walk was made and placed in an open place in the orchard.

Subduing the forest and making a farm and supporting a large family and getting ahead in the world was a slow and difficult process for my father and other pioneers in those days. When he produced something to sell, there was no market place, no demand and no price. When he had wheat to sell he had to haul it in a wagon to Madison or Lawrenceburg on the Ohio river, over a hundred miles away and get 37½ cents per bushel.

Corn sold for about fifteen cents and oats for eight to ten cents per bushel. We fed our corn to hogs and drove the hoge to Cincinnati, about one hundred and fifty miles, and got about one dollar and fifty cents per hundred pounds. Think of starting a bunch of fat hogs today on a drive like that! Every hog in the drove would give out and lie down in the first mile.

Dressed pork at the farm sold for one dollar per hundred pounds. Good farm horses sold for twenty-five dollars each; milk cows for five dollars; chickens for fifty cents per dozen; fat turkeys, tame or wild, for fifteen cents each; butter for five cents per pound; eggs for three cents per dozen. These figures are accurate, but will seem incredible to the reader of the present time, when the high cost of living is perplexing statesmen, scientists and students of economics.

Imported articles were higher priced. Coffee cost fifty to sixty cents a pound; tea one dollar and fifty cents; muslin seventy-five cents per yard; calico forty cents; wall paper for window shades, twelve and a half cents per yard; foolscap paper twenty-five cents per quire; a paper of tacks twenty-five cents.

It was a great event for us boys to go with father with a drove of hogs to Cincinnati. The trip required about ten days. A wagon was taken along to carry provisions for men and horses. Feed for the hogs was easilly procured from the farms along the route. Frequently stray hogs would fall in with the herd and not be discovered for a day or two. These were called "cider hogs," and they would be traded for cider, apples or gingerbread.

In 1844 the Baptish Church founded a college at Franklin which was about ten miles south of our home place. This was the first college in that part of the State. I refer to this college because of its effect upon the Clark family. My brother, George W., ten years older than I, got a taste for books and a desire for education from reading a new magazine called, "Fowler and Wells Phrenological Journal." He became so infatuated with books and so fond of reading that he would clandestinely take a book to the field, and the corn plowing suffered neglect while he sat in a fence corner improving his mind. Father was too good a farmer to allow the weeds to grow and was too busy in his shop to watch the boy, so he put a cow bell on the horse so as to know when the plowing

stopped. On one occasion he thought the sound of the bell was singularly monotonous and went down to the field where he found George reading in a fence corner, regularly pulling a string which was attached to the cow bell. Whereupon another, and it was hoped more effective, remedy was applied.

When George was about eighteen years old he coaxed father to let him go to Franklin College, and it became my duty and pleasure each Monday morning to ride behind George on horse back to Franklin College and take the horse back; and to go to Franklin every Friday afternoon and again ride behind him on the way home. Thus began a college career for George which he followed in higher institutions until he had procured a finished education and became a successful lawyer. And I may say here that this Franklin College gave me indirectly an inclination to later seek college life and college training.

Franklin College is still a flourishing institution, though it had one serious interruption. When the Civil War made a strong demand for young men this college was obliged to suspend, its last term having but two students, and they both cripples and unfit for military duty.

After a while there was a little grist mill started on Sugar Creek about four miles east of our place. My father would fill a two-bushel sack with shelled corn and lay it across old Peggy's back and set me on top of the sack and start me to the mill. I had a hard time of it keeping the sack balanced. When I got there I had difficulty to get the miller to help me get the sack of corn in the mill. There was always a long line of fellows waiting their turn. The mill had but one run of burrs and ground slowly; many times it would be late in the night when I would get home. The miller would take out about one-fourth of the corn as his toll.

I remember a funny story about this mill. A neighbor boy, whose mental faculties were dull, grew very impatient over the slow progress and growing tired waiting, said to the miller, "Do you know, Mr. Miller, I could eat that meal faster than you can grind it?" "Yes," replied the miller, "But how long could you keep it up?" "I could keep on eating it till I starved to death."

A few miles south of our farm was a great swamp filled with water and dense underbrush. It was known to every settler as the "Great Gulf," and was a famous resort for wild game. To us children it was a place if mystery and terror. Another place of interest and mystery a few miles north was the "Windfall." We only thought of it as a celebrated game resort and a curious condition of nature. For a long distance as it seems to me now, miles and miles, the forrest had been laid flat, the trees tumbled in heaps, unrooted, crisscrossed, and piled in strange shapes. We had not then heard of cyclones and tornadoes. But some terrific twister had done the deed.

Well, these two mysterious places were the last game resorts in all that region, and as late as in the forties, hunters were in the habit of organizing a drive of deer from one to the other place, while the sharp shooters stationed on the runway near our house, brought down the game. In 1854 a deer was shot not far from our place and in the same year a catamount chased the hogs of one of our neighbors in broad daylight and in their fright they ran into the dwelling for protection. In the same year forty-seven wild turkeys came feeding close around the house.

"The Great Gulf" was in Clark township and in recent years has been cleared out and drained and has made that the richest township in the county. So with the disappearance of the "Great Gulf" and of "The Windfall," the romantic and mysterious spots of my childhood have long since passed from the face of the earth, but still linger in memory's gallery as distinct pictures of the long ago.

There was near by a wild pigeons' roost, a deep forest where at twilight innumerable wild pigeons would assemble and fill all the limbs and twigs and spend the night. Occasionally when some

alarm would startle them they would all rise at once, and the roar and noise of the multitude of flopping wings could be heard for miles around, and sounded at our house like the roar of distant thunder.

Henry Musselman opened the first store in the township and sold goods for many years. He was a very active man, but totally devoid of book education, and could neither read nor write. He carried on a successful business and what was most remarkable, he did a credit business and kept his accounts in a most peculiar fashion. He could make figures, could add and subtract mentally. He kept his accounts by marking with a nail or pencil on the walls of his store, and each customer had his own place of account allotted to him. His memory was so well trained that he never forgot the right place nor the meaning of the marks, nor did any man dispute his account.

A debtor came in one day to settle, and among other items charged was a cheese. "But I never bought a cheese of you in my life," said the debtor.

"Didn't you? Well, what did you buy? Think."

The debtor thought awhile, "Ah," said he, light breaking at last, "Yes, I bought a grindstone."

"Oh, so you did. I forgot to put the hole in it!"

On another occasion when Musselman was in Madison buying goods, a merchant asked him how he knew what per cent to charge seeing he was unacquainted with letters. "Well, I don't know anything about your per cent, but I do know that when I buy an article of you for a dollar and take it out to my place and sell it for two dollars, I am not losing anything."

Last year I motored from San Diego to Chicago and crossed Indiana and I marveled at the changes and prosperity of that State in the sixty-three years since I left there for Iowa. The best pike motor highways found on the route, railroads everywhere, great barns and splendid farms and signs of wealth everywhere.

Oliver P. Morton, the War Governor, made Indiana one of the greatest states in the Civil War and since the War it has taken high rank in politics and literature. There are no longer any signs of the pioneer life of my early days there.

Screen Lady

By E. E. Griffith

Lady, pretty lady, flitting on the screen,
Smile at me a little while,
In the acts, between;
Step from out thy picture frame,
Cast on me a glance,
Even as thy lover,
Lingering, entrance.
Loved of all the world art thou,
Yet no jealousy
In my heart would I allow,
If beloved by thee.
Lady, pretty lady,
Like a dream thou art,
Here and there and everywhere,
Yet always in my heart.

The Lost One

By Edna de Fremery

IT was in Paris that this curious experience befell me. I am a man of sufficient means to live where I like, and to practice my profession of letters as I will. As I am without near relatives—and had at that time passed into a sedate middle age—the freedom that is at once the curse of the artist—and his necessity, was mine.

The rooms in which I chose to spend the spring of 1908 were situated in an old house in the Rue Monge. By taking them I placed myself within easy walking distance of the Musee de Cluny, the Sorbonne, and the College de France.

My landlady, a wrinkled crone—with a skin like a walnut shell, and three hairs lashed to her head by a rusty black ribbon—assured me that none but the most select were to be accommodated at her house. Myself, and two young ladies—students—were already installed and she, Mme. Lilas, would receive no more. We were sufficient.

One day, towards evening, I was tempted by a delicate play of light and shadow and a peculiar amethyst hue which had invaded the sky, to seat myself at my window. In the street below, was the modern statue of the unfortunate Dolet, a printer burned at the stake in 1546—for "impiety and atheism." Sitting idly at the window, my mind peopled the street below me with those that had once frequented it. I imagined Dolet—gifted undoubtedly beyond his needs, exerting his powers at the cabaret de la Pomme de-Pin. It was growing darker, down the street, a gas lamp was lit, and blossomed like a flower in the purple light. Almost at the same moment, from the room next mine, a voice began singing. The song was the aria from La Traviata. I had not known the room to be occupied. The two young ladies, students at the Sorbonne, did not sing.

It was a peculiar voice. It had range and power, and a curious bell like quality. It was well, almost marvelously, trained. And yet, as I listened to it, I was conscious of an aversion that was intolerable—that would turn to horror if I were forced to sit there and listen to it complete its song. A fear possessed me that it might stop, and that I should hear it speak. I could not imagine it speaking. Either I had been suddenly bereft of my senses, or I was listening to something abominable, unearthly.

It had finished the first verse, and without a pause—but in a louder tone, had commenced the second. As its volume was augmented, so was my fear. I rose from my chair and stumbled towards the door. In my clumsiness, I overturned a small table that fell with a crash. At once the voice stopped. There was no sound from that other room.

Have you ever been conscious of the presence of some one that a wall separates you from? You cannot see or hear them, but you can feel they are there, listening. The voice that had been singing, was attentive to me.

Walking as softly as I could, I gained the door into the upper hall. It was quite dark, Mme. Lilas being extremely economical. With as much dignity as was possible with extreme haste, I descended the stairs. My terror had gone, leaving me with the conviction that I was an elderly idiot. At the foot of the stairs was my landlady. I greeted her politely, but foreign to her custom, she did not seem anxious for any chat. I insisted with slight but definite pressure:

"How many are we here, Madame?"

"As I told you, M'sieur, the two ladies and yourself."

"No other?"

She smiled, and a network of wrinkles engulfed her face.

"No M'sieur, no other."

Once on the street, I looked up at the the house. My sitting room window had two windows; ten feet from them and at the same elevation were two similar windows. From the room behind them had issued the sounds that had terrified me. From those windows my eyes sought again the statue of Etienne Dolet. All of the street lamps were now lighted, and the figure did not stand out with the illuminated precision that it had when the first lamp had burned behind it. The figure was arresting. The young man's head, splendidly poised, is held high, and his right hand is raised, as though to compel your attention. My eyes again sought the statue—and unconscious of the passage of time—I stood on the pavement and watched. It was as though I expected the upraised hand to fall, or the lips to utter some command. Pedestrians jostled me, and presently, the young ladies from the Sorbonne came in, and spoke to me. Much against my will, I returned to my rooms. But no sound disturbed me.

The next evening, as the light was lit behind Dolet—for I was watching from my window—the voice began singing. The song was again, "Ah! fors e lui," and the voice was if anything louder—and to me—more terrible than it had been the night before. The conviction that I had come to, during the day—that I was the victim of my own nerves—left me. It was not possible to listen to that voice.

Putting a few things into a bag, I literally fled from the place, and hailing a cab, directed it to the home of a physician and friend of mine, Dr. Chalamet, on the Boulevard Siebas. As we left the dark and winding streets of old Paris and crossed the Pont Neuf, the state of panic I had been in subsided.

On reaching my friend's home—and while I waited for him to receive me—I tried to think of some pretext for my call. For what were the facts? Some one had sung as I sat in the dark—and I rushed across Paris for help. My cheek burned—and I decided to invite Chalamet to the theatre, though I knew that he cared very little for it.

In a few moments, he entered the large, high-ceilinged room in which I waited, and greeted me with warm cordiality. He is a man of about my own age—tall, dark, with an unusually reserved and formal manner. Tonight, he seemed delighted to see me, and in a few moments—after he had ordered coffee to be brought to us—he told me why.

"Congratulate me, my dear Arnold, I have received today an appointment that I have longed for, for years. I have been given charge of the state hospital for the insane." And he told me something of his work as a neurologist.

"So much may be done—but tell me, my friend, what good luck brings you here?"

Without intending to—and really against my will—I told him of the incident and my absurd behavior.

Chalamet listened to me quietly, and expressed neither amusement nor doubt. When I had finished speaking, he lit a cigarette, and began walking up and down the apartment. Presently, he halted before me.

"My dear Arnold, I have a proposition to make. Do you stay here, in my house, until tomorrow night at this hour. I will go this evening to your rooms in the Rue Monge, and tomorrow night, will return to you here."

I protested, but he silenced me.

"No, please, it will be an adventure, and I have a theory—a very interesting one—that I think this experience will demonstrate."

Not altogether reluctantly, I saw him set out alone—and myself enjoyed a thorough rest. The next afternoon, as the day drew in I thought of him with anxiety, but punctually, at eight o'clock (the hour of my arrival the previous evening), he appeared.

"And what have you discovered?" I demanded of him.

He did not answer me at once, but opened the volet de fenetre. Outside was the light and shadow, the movement and activity of Paris. Life, in a myriad manifestations, moving about us.

"Look out there, my dear Arnold. In each of those individuals is a brain, to think, a heart, to feel—a spirit to aspire. Merged in crowds, they still remain irrevocably separate—terribly alone. And they wish to remain alone—they want always to be removed from the mass of humanity by rising above it. They wish to be different from their fellows by being superior. The ego is capable of astonishing flight, and equally remarkable descents."

He let the curtain fall, and settled himself in an armchair.

"Last night when I reached the Rue Monge, I noticed particularly the situation of the Dolet statue—it faces and commands the windows of the room you had described. On entering the house, I encountered your landlady moving upstairs, with a covered dish in her hand. On my approach, she thrust it in back of her, and permitted me to pass her on the stairs. A half hour later, I lit a candle and explored the hall—the dish was outside of the room, next mine, that obviously had an occupant, though I heard no sound until the hour that you told me to expect the singing."

"Did you hear?"

A slight shudder passed over Chalamet's face.

"I heard—and I recognized. Ten years ago there appeared at the Paris Opera House a Swedish woman—of great beauty—and natural voice. She was, however, of a temperament too cold—too reserved for what should be the most expressive art in the world. She had signed for a long engagement, but the management did, I believe, try to settle with her, that they might save the season from ruin. She, however, clung to the written agreement, and they had to submit. And then began the tragedy—the accomplishment of which you and I have heard.

"'La Marguerite,' as she was called, changed her manner of living. She had been a hard worker, and had never cared for the society of men. During the months that she fought to win the public, she changed this. Her beauty helped her to become notorious. But there were strange rumours. Lover succeeded lover with rapidity—she went from experience to experience, but her face remained the same, and her voice still lacked the warmth, the tendrene and fire, that a woman who has lived must express in even her speaking voice. She became a laughing stock—a curiosity. Her name was changed to the Jungfrau. The last appearance she made was in La Traviata.

"As she stepped forward to give the famous aria, and the conductor raised his baton—she was hissed—she has never been seen in public since, but I was called in consultation at the Hospital de la Salpetriere. La Marguerite had a curious mania. If any one raised their hand and took the attitude of a musical conductor, then, and then only, she would sing—and it was always the aria from Traviata.

"I had been called in consultation by a man of wealth, who had been La Marguerite's lover. When I told him that her case was hopeless, he asked that she be placed in some remote and cheerful lodging—and that he would be responsible for her. The Rue Monge is evidently that lodging, and Mme. Lilas does not intend to take the world into her confidence."

"Then," said I, "the light on the statue and its attitude made her fancy that she was again on the stage—what a curious thing, Chalamet, that she had all the equipment and still could not sing—what is your theory?"

"Too much ego, my dear Arnold. She was all ambition—all self—she could not love—she could not feel. She took a lover not for his sake—nor her own—but for her work. And she fell very low."

"But this lover, this man who has taken care of her all these years—he must have felt something for her?"

Chalamet stood, and again looked out at Paris.

"He told me that La Marguerite was

the only good woman he ever knew.

"I believe this, Arnold, that by the body we may sometimes be spiritualized, and by the mind we may often be brutalized—if it is self whom we seek."

I left him then and returned to the Rue Monge, but only to get my things. Since the spring of 1908 I have given up writing, more or less, and am less solitary in my habit and life.

The Adventurer's Prayer

By Lyn R. Schuler

Oh God of Adventure boun'd by dare
Listen to my pleading prayer.
Whose wisdom and power reaches far
Away beyond the old North Star.
Thy guidance in justice is ever right
Leading by day or even night.
Oh Mighty One.

Fill me with the love of daring chance
Just brush aside that timid trance.
Lead me on thru brave and gallant strife
Take away that cowardly life.
Liven me up with much incident
Do heal my nervous temperament.
Thou fearest none.

By being up and enterprising
Make me dread the thought of shying.
Before I grow too weary and old
Teach me to be brave, even bold.
Daring adventure is my delight.
So rid me of a lonely night.
Defying any one.

Though days are weary and grow dark
Kindle in me a reckless spark.
Let me challenge deeds others defy
By thy just blessing from on high.
Thanks for listening to my prayer
God of Adventure boun'd by dare.
Thy will be done.

Muckraking the Muckraker

By Hamilton Mercer

AGITATION is a specific for the paralysis that attacks the body politic. Wherefore, the agitator, though he be of all men the most despised, is really in the long run a benefactor of his age and generation.

At every mile post along the highway of history there has stood a prophet, with a warning voice pitched to a scale suitable to the importance of his mission.

These were the muckrakers of history.

Every service that has been rendered to society in every age and in every land has been developed through a process of muckraking. It is a process esteemed not for its method but for the good that comes of it. And like all good things, it performs its service in the face of opposition, sometimes bitter, sometimes indifferent, but always formidable in greater or less degree.

The stigma that has gathered about the word is only relative. It arises from a perversion of the point of view. It is the kicked dog that howls.

Some one comes in contact with the hot end of the muckraker's rake and his protest is taken up by sympathetic spirits. Simultaneously the circles of polite outlawry became the breeding place of a campaign designed to discredit the muckraker.

Elijah was a muckraker of the pessimistic type.

Noah was a muckraker of a more sanguine type.

The former dared to attack royalty. He incurred the hot displeasure of Jezebel and in his dejection sought comfort and refuge under a stark juniper tree. Despair drove him to see only in evil the world and he ran from it—ran a whole day without food.

Noah, on the other hand, assailed society in the mass, but always kept sweet. Although his propaganda was as unpopular as piety in those antedeluvian days, he never relaxed, nor did he lose the vision which finally materialized in the ark and in the flood.

The dung-beetle burrows deep in filth and is never happy except when it is reveling in the center of the garbage heap. Likewise, there is a form of iniquity which can be reached and destroyed only by the fierce light of publicity.

A species of aptera, we are told, whose generations are as old as the granite mountains, apparently cannot survive a single ray of sunlight. Darkness is both their shield and their shroud. Between them and certain forms of unrighteousness there is a strange analogy.

As light is to the former, so is the muckraker to the latter. The one is as much an antidote as the other.

Theseus of Athens was a militant muckraker. Though he slew nine men and a sow on his way to Athens, society laid a heavier burden upon him. He must needs abolish the system of tribute which required the annual sacrifice of many young Athenians, and he did it by slaying the Minotaur.

Socrates, a muckraker of the old school, was dominated by the "divine voice." He muckraked his way to fame by the route that lies through a martyr's grave. He was a stench in the nostrils of the highbrows of his day. He was charged with flouting the state-owned gods and of setting up new divinities contrary to the statutes made and provided. Conventionalism triumphed by a majority of 60 votes, however, over the protests of Xenophon who declared Socrates never did anything profane or un-

holy, and Pluto who considered him so broad that he might fitly be called a "citizen of the world."

Confucious was a muckraker along politico-religious lines. He strove to lift the yoke of oppression from the backs of his fellows and was, in all respects, a well-rounded alarmist. "The government," said he to one of his disciples in discoursing on the predicament of a hapless woman who had exposed herself to wild beasts, "is fiercer and more feared than a tiger." That Confucious did not die in jail is a circumstance that argues against the assumption that ancient speech was hedged in any way by espionage laws.

Demonology has always arrayed itself against frank discussion. The suppression of free speech is one of the devices of Satan. All the evil spirits are credited with preferring darkness to light. "Let us alone," said one of them of ancient record. "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us?"

And in this Jesus of Nazareth we have the soul of frankness. "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hyprocrites!" was the blunt way in which he condemned self-righteousness. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers; how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Seven times in that same address did he throw the charge of hypocrisy back into the teeth of that close corporation of self-willed Israelites.

Paul, Roman citizen and son of Abraham, challenged big business on its own ground and almost muckraked himself into jail. He dared the mob to denounce Diana, and Demetrius, Ephesian captain of industry, hastily called a council of his fellow-craftsmen. Without waiting to be introduced, he plunged into a tirade against the Pauline peril, speaking under the head "good of the order."

"By this craft we have our wealth," thundered Demetrius. He and his associates had capitalized the ignorance and superstition of the Ephesians. They had built up a profitable industry in the manufacture of silver shrines to Diana. "Moreover," he continued, "ye see and hear that not alone in Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia this Paul has persuaded and turned away people, saying that they be no gods that are made with hands."

As head of the Manufacturers' Association of Ephesus, Demetrius doubtless would have been justified in calling on his government for troops, but a responsive rabble, which quickly formed itself into a mob, spared him that pains. And so his name comes down to us along with that of Paul's, but it is catalogued in a list of undesirables such as Judas and Ananias and Dives and Pilate—a galaxy that sheds no glory on the pages of history.

Still another class of plutocrats, who chafed under the lash of the fearless Roman, "bound themselves with a curse neither to eat nor drink till they had killed Paul."

Then there was that "voice in the wilderness," which could not be silenced even in the throne-room. Clad in the overalls of Judea he rebuked Herod to his face for his scandalous relations with Herodius, his sister-in-law. He also warned his own people that it would get them nothing to glory in their ancestry, since God was able of the stones that lined the banks of Jordan to "raise up children unto Abraham."

Men and magazines that really serve humanity muckrake on occasion. There is not a reform that did not begin in a protest or a movement for the popular uplift that did not have to fight its way to fruition. Soft words may turn away wrath, but they will never awaken a dead public conscience.

Journals with the brilliant records for achievement have been muckrakers in a sense, although it may have given pleasure to their editors to call it by another name.

A Very Human Maid

By G. V. Alliston

Barren, and bare, earth's war-torn breast; shell-strewn, and seared, and shorn
When Spring marched through the battlegrounds one grey, and misted morn;
Spring garlanded, and gladsome; all in tender green arrayed,
With blush of dawn, and lilting tread—a very human maid;

And with her came her cherubim, their accents sweet, and true:
Music, and Joy, and Jest, and Song, and Mirth, and Laughter too.
By field, and fortress, trench, and tower traveled she, and then
Serenely stood beside the graves of the grey-coated men.

"To kin, and fatherland," she mused, "perchance these have been true."
She scattered for them violets, and scarlet sage, and rue.
With fragrant chisms, footfalls zephyr-light she passed the foe;
Life, love, love's healing: These she knew, but naught of hate, or woe.

Then trod she o'er the sacred ground where haloed heroes lay:
The men of Araby, and Ind., and France, and far Cathay,
And Albion, and Scotia who feared not pain nor loss;
And fiery souls from ocean isles beneath the Southern Cross.

Who with Columbia's dauntless sons had turned the dreadful tide
That would have drowned in blood the Creed for which our fathers died;
For these her grandest song was sung; her choicest blooms arrayed;
For these her incense, and her smiles; Spring was a tender maid.

"Oh, hearts of flame! oh, souls of truth! trench-worn, befouled, beset;
Hungered, and wearied; tortured, torn as bolts of doom ye met!
All dauntlessly, unswervingly ye held the Way of Tears
By which men pass to saner things adown the vale of years.

When pens, and tongues, and words, and deeds in honor's leash be bound;
When swords are rust, or turned to tools; when home is sacred ground;
When love is law, and truth is might, and duty ever first;
And he who counsels wars of greed be traitor, and accursed!"

So sang she as in Argonne Woods she wove a canopy
Of Paschal buds, and snowdrop bells with wreaths of narcissi;
In Belgium her daffodils uprose to flaunt the foe;
In grim and grey Verdun she spread her Morning Glories' glow;

In Albion her bramble blooms climbed o'er the hills again;
In Italy her valley lilies rang the glad refrain:
"All dauntlessly, unswervingly ye held the Way of Tears
That men might pass to saner things adown the vale of years."

The Unmoral Philanthropist

By H. S. Richardson

IT WOULD never do, of course, to tell stories of successful dishonesty, not altogether because of the evil effect of such stories upon the young and impressionable, but also because there are so few cases of permanently successful dishonesty to relate. Honesty is a very elastic word and is interpreted by each individual to suit himself. It has as many degrees as the circle, ranging from Sunday honesty, legal honesty, careless honesty and other brands, down to acknowledged dishonesty, which includes all the rest except the old common article itself. There are, however, men in whom the moral sense is a blank—men who are born warped in one sense alone and normal in everything else, and it is to this class that the hero or rather central figure of this tale, belongs.

His name was Spike Warden and he lived on a little old rocky farm in the lime belt of Tuolumne county. Here he cultivated a few acres of potatoes, corn, pumpkins and beans, as had his forbears in the good old State of Maine, from whence he, with all his virtues and his one lack of virtue, had sprung. He mined a little whenever water was available, working in the abandoned placers which stretched on all sides of him, and making small wages when water was plentiful. He hauled a little freight at times with his two runty little horses, and between one thing and another managed to scrape up a living.

His house was an unpainted shack, and grouped about it were an equally weather-beaten barn, a patched-up pig pen and a building called by courtesy a storehouse, though little was ever stored in it as the owner preferred to do his storing in less conspicuous and more secure places.

His one famous possession was a beanhole, from which he could draw at will, apparently, the most delectable and delightful dishes ever concocted by man. He was a natural cook, and could turn out biscuits of such lightness, delicacy and flavor as to delight the senses. It was a pleasant experience to drive up to his door on a cold winter evening and see old Spike standing in the doorway, beaming a welcome and hear his voice booming out greetings—

"Git aout an' come right in. Haow be ye? Jest in time. Goin' right aout to open the beanhole naow," and he would depart to make his hospitable word good. And then he would serve a meal which it would be hard to duplicate anywhere, and would sit at table with you, his broad, red face beaming with good fellowship, his bright blue eyes twinkling with interest in your news and conversation, ready to jump up and replenish the dishes which your husky appetite depleted nearly as fast as he could replenish them. Then he would pump you for all the gossip in your system and thus keep in touch with the county and neighborhood doings. This was all the pay he received for his ungrudging hospitality, for a cash offer he would resent as an insult.

Old Spike was a gregarious old soul and nothing pleased him more than a little chat with any passerby. Much of his time was spent traveling the county roads, near and far, "kinder visitin' raound," as he called it, on foot, on horseback, or with his delapidated wagon and two runty little cayuses, he ranged the highways, calling here and there, welcomed by miner and rancher, merchant and quarryman, woman, child and dog for qualities which appealed to them as likeable, even lovable. They enjoyed

his neighborly visits, yet the more experienced of his hosts, however, kept a watchful eye on their loose and portable personal property, until they had "speeded the parting guest" beyond the extreme limits of their lands. As a matter of fact, they suspected him of being absent-minded—or rather, thoughtless when the difference between mine and thine arose in connection with articles which seemed lonesome or unappreciated and neglected.

Kind, charitable, hospitable old Spike was a—a—peculator, an appropriator of portable property, a sure-enough pilferer. He was hardly to be called a thief—that would be going a little strong — because he did not take things for profit, for he would give, loan or sell anything he had to the first who wanted it, and he could supply any ordinary want at a moment's notice. From a set of work harness to a hay fork; from a hand pump or a shovel to a double jack or a coil of fuse, Spike had it, and would produce it from his secret store. If, in some cases, he was unable to deliver at once, he would say, "I've gut it, but 'taint here. I'll git it fer ye tonight and have it fer ye in the mornin'," and in the morning a gratified borrower would get his desire, unconscious of the fact that on some distant claim there were curses loud and deep over the unaccountable disappearance of just such an article.

When old man Boyle, the rancher, conceived the idea of building a cultivator capable of covering two rows of his crop at one operation, he needed four wheelbarrow wheels, but where they were to come from was a puzzle to him. They were very necessary to the success of his contraption and he made wide inquiries among neighbors and friends in vain. One day old Spike, passing the Boyle ranch, dropped in for a gossip, and in the course of the conversation the matter of the incomplete cultivator came up and the pressing need for wheels was explained to him. Did he have any? "Wa'al, I dunno; might be a few 'round the place. I'll see what I can do and prob'ly be over in the mornin'." Sure enough, early next morning he reappeared, his little cayuse draped and hung with wheels, the axles of which, sticking out in every direction, made him look like a porcupine. Old man Boyle's cultivator was completed and pursued its useful way, but shrieking dolefully in protest over something unknown to its creator.

It was on that same morning that there arose a great wailing and gnashing of teeth from widely separated claims, extending from Yankee Hill to Soldier Gulch, and from Poverty Hill to Sawmill Flat, a clamor for justice, for restitution and for vengeance. But the fact that here and there, in distant places, an epidemic of locomotor ataxia had broken out among the working wheelbarrows never reached the Boyle ranch, and if Spike ever heard of it he probably pronounced the cases sporadic and gave the matter no more thought.

These nightly activities of this unmoral old scalawag of a hero did not always result in loss to others and gain to him, as witness the night when he found Tony Borretti pinned under a big oak trunk, badly injured but still alive. Spike worked like a whitehead to extricate the man and finally succeeded. Cutting the lashings which secured some few little trinkets, the fruits of his night's activities, to his saddle, he allowed them to fall to the ground while he lifted the injured man to the saddle and supported him there throughout the long trip to a doctor. He was in time, and the man's life was saved. The discarded articles at the scene of the accident were found next day, were claimed by their owners, but no inquiries as to their means of transportation were ever made. That part of the transaction was taboo.

And now, omitting a host of other doings, we come to the crowning performance of old Spike's career—a vindication, a triumph, a joyous victory—and it happened thus:

Colonel Carson was engaged in mining. He was a Southern man, of ample means and liberal education, with a generous nature and a fiery temper. He was opening a big quartz proposition not far from the humble home and junk pile of our pestiferous old scalawag.

Always, when he was on his way to or

from Sonora, he broke his journey at the weather-beaten shack for a word or two of business or gossip, for a drink of cold water from the well, or frequently to sit at table and enjoy the delicious dainties evolved from that prolific bean-hole. Eventually, however, the conversations at these chance meetings became a monologue on the Colonel's part, vitriolic and volcanic arraignment of some infernal thief who was helping himself to the tools, supplies and miscellaneous belongings so necessary to the operation and development of his mines. The scarifying he handed to the unknown miscreant was a severe one and was heartily endorsed by his indignant and sympathizing host and friend.

The pilferings continued and the wrath of the Colonel mounted, a wrath fully shared by old Spike. Though always buying tools and other material in quantities, yet, at times, there would be shortages in tools, powder or supplies; shortages which must be made good at once or men must be laid off and the work delayed. Several times this occurred and more than once Spike supplied his friend's deficiencies, thus saving him a long trip to town, explaining his fortunate possession of the needed articles by tales of purchases from unlucky prospectors on their way out of the country.

And thus things proceeded until the last, crowning outrage. Then the Colonel stormed and raged. He lit out for Sonora, spreading the story of his wrongs all along the way. He told Spike, who swelled with indignation at the idea of such utter depravity. The Colonel told of the things he was going to do to the villain who had the audacity to steal his set of new car wheels, and Spike suggested new and original methods of punishment. Life imprisonment was finally settled upon as the very lightest sentence which could be imposed, though old Spike consented to this weak-kneed and ridiculous leniency with much reluctance. He then volunteered to patrol the roads from Springfield Flat to the Stanislaus river, and he did so for one night, but as two shovels, a pick, two single-hand hammers and a coil of fuse were gone in the morning from the dump of the lower cross-cut tunnel, he gave it up, but continued to "visit raound" as had always been his custom—a free lance detective.

Then came the cataclysm. One warm Summer day the Colonel, riding to town, stopped at the Warden place and, seeing no one about, proceeded to the well to slake the thirst of himself and his mount. After refreshing himself he noticed that the barn door was open, and leaving his horse swashing the water in the trough, entered, his object being to inspect the stock of hay on hand with a view to buying. But as he passed the door all thoughts of commercialism passed from his mind, for the first object upon which his eyes alighted was a set of new car wheels standing innocently and innocuously on the barn floor.

The Colonel stopped, rooted to the spot. Incredulity, followed by rage, checked his utterance for a moment, then the deluge.

"The blankety-blanked old thief," he howled, prancing and shaking his fists, "the pilfering, pestiferous, pusillanimous old rip; the biscuit-mixing, bean-baking, piratical, poisonous old pirate. Sorry for me! Wanted to catch the thief! Watched the road! Stole from me right along; fed me up on his infernal messes while he sold me my own property. Doggone his measley hide, I'll send that night-prowling old bandit to the pen for life if it takes every dollar I've got, etc., etc.," and the irate victim of misplaced confidence stamped away, a blue haze of complaints, exclamations, threats and curses streaming out behind him like the smoke from a locomotive's stack.

When his voice died away in the distance there was a stir in the hay, and up from the mow rose the broad, red face and bright blue eyes of the kindly friend and helpful neighbor — Old Spike. A whimsical look quickly merged into an indulgent smile.

"Why, the Kernel's real put aout, ain't he? Betche he thinks I stole his car wheels," and the smile broadened. He got busy right away, however, and after some effort, raised one pair of wheels to his shoulder and bore it to an old prospect shaft close by, where he

dropped it in, following it with the second pair. After throwing some brush and rocks on top of the corpus delicti he saddled his pony and took the trail for Sonoma. This trail across the divide though rougher, was much shorter than the road, and he was confident he could beat the Colonel in, notwithstanding the handicap against him.

He felt satisfied that the Colonel would be delayed by chance acquaintances along the way, so, when he reached Sonora, his hurry seemed to abate. He stopped to water his horse and allowed him to breathe a moment before proceeding.

Then he rode to Washington street and turned north toward home, his horse at a walk, while his eyes sought everywhere for a sight of the Colonel's roan. He passed the Carson residence and was ambling peacefully homeward when he met the Colonel face to face.

"H'lo, Colonel; haow be ye," smilingly greeted Spike, stopping his horse and easing himself in the saddle.

Colonel Carson wasted no time, but burst forth at once.

"How be I, you old scoundrel; I'll soon show you how I am, you ungrateful, sneaking, pestiferous old thief. Do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to send you to the pen. You stole my tools and sold them back to me! You stole my new car wheels and I've got the dead wood on you!"

He paused for breath, and the accused man with a look of wonder and conscious innocence on his face, stammered forth—

"Why, Colonel; what d'ye mean? I ain't never stole no tools nor car wheels from you nor nobody!"

"Don't lie!" yelled his accuser, "you stole 'em and they're standing on your barn floor right now. I saw 'em. Now deny it if you dare!"

"Deny it? Why, Colonel, you're crazy! They ain't no car wheels on my barn floor!"

"Yes, there is!" roared the Colonel, "and I'll bet you twenty dollars I can show 'em to you and the sheriff inside of an hour!"

The pitying and sorrowful look on old Spike's face changed to one of resignation, but he was game.

"I know ye're looney, Colonel, but I'll have to take the bet," and he produced a twenty from his clothes. "Who'll hold the stakes?"

"You come along to the court house," said his accuser, "and the sheriff will hold the money and you, too!" and the two men turned their horses' heads to the southward.

Sheriff Clancey was a wise old bird. He listened without comment to Colonel Carson's statement of the case, glancing occasionally at the innocent, red face and candid blue eyes of the accused man. He took the two twenties and went quietly out and mounted his horse. Motioning the two men to follow, he took the Shaw's Flat road, the accused man riding alongside, chatting amicably; the accuser, dumb and threatening, bringing up the rear.

On reaching the Warden place they dismounted and hitched their horses. All seemed much as usual. The barn door swung idly on its hinges, and the party entered, the Colonel leading. He was so sure of his position that he did not stop to look, but swung his hand dramatically and pointed. The sheriff's eyes followed the pointing hand, then roved about the place, but he said nothing. The Colonel, who had been watching Spike's injured but forgiving face, turned quickly to the sheriff and said:

"Well," and then his gaze swept the barn floor. It was clean and empty. He started forward and stared about. No car wheels; in the haymow, no car wheels; on the ground outside, no car wheels. "But they were here; I saw 'em!" he shouted, and the two looked at him almost pityingly.

"I s'pose you'd better take a look araound, sheriff, long's you're here," said Spike, "so's to be able to tell Colonel Carson he's ben mistook. He's ben pestered by them mizzable stealin's and hain't quite himself, I guess."

The sheriff searched the place thoroughly, but found nothing, and finally handed the two twenties over to Spike.

"You win," he said, and then turned to the Colonel with a quizzical smile.

"What brand of whiskey is that you've been drinkin' lately?"

The Colonel stood a moment, amazed and subdued, but he quickly rallied and, like the true gentleman that he was, swallowed his medicine.

"I don't understand it myself," he said, "but I withdraw all my charges and hot words, and hope Mr. Warden will forgive and overlook them."

Old Spike's face fairly beamed at these words, and he held out his hand to meet the other's clasp.

"Sho," said he, "don't say another word, Colonel. Le's fergit all abaout it. And naow come over to the haouse and I'll see what I can find in the beanhole." And they went.

Time passed on and old Spike continued to pursue the even tenor of his way—inquisitive, acquisitive, kindly and hospitable. He continued to supply the wants of neighbors, friends and strangers, in tools, utensils or supplies, as gifts or loans, or as sales, but he incidentally found time to haul a load of wood to a widow who stood in need. Who really furnished the wood did not transpire, but Spike hauled it. A sack of spuds and a big hunk of pork kept old Jim Lundy and his equally aged partner going for some time. A poor rancher, who was about to turn down a profitable hauling contract for lack of necessary harness, was supplied, gratis, from Spike Warden's store—and yet Spike never had enough money to flag a bread wagon.

Many stories are told of our old hero's activities, which, while amusing, are not substantiated by anything but assertions and suspicions. Among these yarns, the mysterious disappearance of Jim Bannon's happy home takes first place. The facts are these:

This Jim Bannon was a blacksmith, who followed his calling in the town of Poverty Hill. He had established a home on the slope of a hill a few hundred yards from town, but cut off from view of the town by the shoulder of the hill. He had graded and ditched the site, erected walls three boards high, and over all had put up a tent, thus making a cozy, comfortable dwelling. It was well furnished with cot bed, dresser, table, two chairs, cook stove, dishes, etc., and his trunk, containing forty years' gatherings, held the place of honor.

Jim had been sick for a few days, but on this particular morning he felt better and so arose and attended to his household duties. About 11 o'clock he had a good fire, the pot containing his dinner was bubbling merrily, and he felt at peace with all the world. He strolled outside to enjoy the bright sunlight and the fresh air and while thus engaged caught sight of a peddler's wagon on the road going toward the town and suddenly felt the need of fresh vegetables. He seized a basket, grabbed his old hat and in a negligee costume consisting of stained red flannel undershirt, toil-stained trousers and carpet slippers, started on the run to catch the peddler before he reached the town.

How long he was gone he could not say—probably a half-hour—not longer, but when he returned his happy home had tetotally disappeared. The whole shebang had flown away. Amazed, he walked about the place, the little basket of vegetables hanging from his arm. It was true. He was homeless. The tent, the wall boards, the bed, dresser, table, chairs, dishes, cook stove and dinner—all had taken to themselves wings and migrated, and even the excavation was pulled all skewangled in an effort to loosen it from the earth.

He turned dejectedly away and walked to the hotel, where the landlord dispatched his basket of vegetables to the kitchen, threw a drink into him, and then gradually extracted his marvelous story from him, fact by fact. He was listened to indulgently, and messengers were sent to verify his tale. They came back with the confirmation. Jim was soon properly dressed, given a room, treated innumerably times, and became quite a personage. Everybody was questioned, and parties were sent out on the roads. No trace could be found of a wagon with such a load, and in time the pursuit simmered down to nothing. As to the suspicions of old Spike's connection with the matter, the fact that he had cold corn beef on his table next day was the only thing to support them, though the

completeness of the cleanup and the attempt to steal the lot indicated a thoroughness of purpose quite in accord with Spike's efficient methods.

Old Spike did not, however, always bear off the palm of victory. He, like Napoleon, had his Waterloo, but, unlike the Little Corporal, he had no St. Helena attachment to his. He simply took his medicine like a good old sport and then forgot all about it. An idle quartz mill was the means of bringing this disaster upon the hero of these chronicles, a mill with stamps and concentrating tables, plates and pumps, engine and boiler, etc., etc. It had stood idle for many moons, with no one to watch or care for it, and there was little prospect of any immediate change in its condition. It stood but a short mile from the Warden place and was undoubtedly a sore temptation to our friend, Spike, whose pet aversion was inert and idle personal property, which might easily be put to useful labor. For several months he visited the mill at frequent intervals, mourning over it, petting it, and incidentally loosening bolts and driving out keys to render it more free and untrammeled.

It is surmised that he first placed the plates in safety—they have never been found. Then one evening he hitched Rowdy and Baldy to the wagon and drove to the mill, backed in on the furnace floor and went mightily to work. He loaded on machinery, tools, furnishings and anything that came handy that could be used. Several times he stopped but would see some other article he might as well take along, and, wiping his streaming brow, he would load on a little more. Finally he realized that daylight was at hand and he must go. So he secured the load and, picking up the lines, spoke to his team. Rowdy and Baldy, faithful animals that they were, strained mightily at the traces but they could not budge the load. Again he called upon them, and again they responded with all their power, but in vain, and Spike saw that something radical must be done. Day was broadening and there was no time to unload. He was a man of quick decisions and he hesitated not. He unhitched his team and led them outside; he removed a few articles from the jockey box, and then built two little fires, one under the wagon and one against the wall, and then mounting Rowdy he started away, the loose horse keeping his place close beside his mate. He laid a course for Sonora, and passing through the little city before many people were stirring, climbed the hill beyond, turned into the Ward's Ferry road and disappeared in the great canyon of the Tuolumne river, beyond which lay the rich farming, mining and timber land of the "south-of-the-river" section. On the afternoon of the following day he was at his home and bustling about his household tasks. His horses were in the barn and standing in front of the door was his, or "a" little old wagon, rickety, patched, but still serviceable and recognizable and showing signs of recent travel. Spike listened with much interest to the story of the burning of the mill and helped speculate as to the cause of the disaster. His surmise, which was finally accepted as the true explanation, was that someone had camped there and had left their campfire burning—which might have been.

It was a dark evening in the fall when old Spike started on what was to prove his last "kinder visitin' raound" trip. Just where his two little old plugs took him that night is not known. All that can be certainly known is that some time after midnight the team drew up in front of a tunnel on the Parrott's Ferry road, where it was found later. Old Spike's proceedings can only be conjectured. He probably explored the dump, lighting matches as he went. Then, after listening at the mouth of the tunnel and hearing nothing, he found and lighted a candle and entered. He reached the mouth of a drift about one hundred and thirty feet from the surface when a sound which could not be mistaken fell on his ear. He stopped, but for a second only, and then, realizing that the short, rasping, sobbing breaths could only proceed from a man in dire need of help, he hurried into the drift, his candle held high and his eyes fixed on the darkness ahead.

Suddenly the light of his candle fell

upon a tragedy. A man stood braced, with the weight of a tremendous boulder resting on his shoulders. It was crushing him to the earth slowly but surely in spite of the terrific efforts he was making. Spike did not hesitate. He shoved his candle into a crevice, seized a long drill from the floor and with a yell of "hold 'er, I'm acomin' " he dashed to the rescue. Getting one shoulder under the rock, he set his sturdy figure and heaved mightily, succeeding in taking enough of the weight to release the injured man, who staggered clear and fell to the floor of the drift. Spike tried valiently to so set the long drill as to take the weight until he could get from under, but it was too much for one man to accomplish. He was gradually getting lower and lower, and soon the end came. His strength gave way, he fell and the descending boulder crushed his life out.

When Matt Heatherston's partner returned from an errand after powder, he found Matt in very bad shape and needing assistance. One arm had been caught between the boulder and the side of the drift and ground off, and blood was pouring from the severed arteries. He quickly rigged a tourniquet to stop further bleeding and, casting a look of pity at the still shape under the boulder, hoisted his unconscious partner to his shoulder and staggered out to the wagon so providentially waiting. The little horses traveled fast and Matt was soon on the operating table, where his terrible injuries were dressed and his life was saved.

As quickly as possible a crew of men went out to the tunnel and reverently extricated the broken body of old Spike Warden, the unmoral philanthropist, and bore him to his home, where, with tender hands, they prepared him for the grave. He had paid the debt he owed to society, and when the story of Matt Heatherston had been told and it was fully realized that old Spike had freely and unselfishly risked and lost his life that another might live, the entire community followed him with tears to his last resting place, mourning that they could do so little to show him honor. His frailties were forgotten, his virtues live on and will live while the memory of his neighbors endure.

The Message of the Redwood

By Era Chamberlin

Gray fog and mist and ocean's roaring surge,
What matter if the roar be but a dirge!
E'en through the fog and mist must hope emerge.

Sunshine and flowers, and singing birds o'erhead,
What matter if life's promises be fled!
Still would shine hope, though all the world were dead.

Peace-breathing sentinel o'er land and sea,
What if the joys of life be not for me!
Still should I smile, for hope I draw from thee,
The redwood's message to humanity.

Crucifixion

By Stanley Preston Kimmel

(Being the experiences of a Red Cross Ambulance driver in France)

(Second Installment)

We plan to make the February issue a memorial edition for Joaquin Miller; therefore the next installment of Kimmel's story will appear in March Overland Monthly

THE machines are ready. We will leave Paris at eight thirty. It is less than an hour now but there is nothing to do but sit here and wait for the order.

I have left most of my things at the house so that if I do not come back the concierge can get her laundry bill out of them.

We annoyed her. She has been caught with the gardner once or twice and that was probably the reason she disliked us so much. It was her fault. She should have been more careful.

As yet we have not been told where we are going. After we leave Paris we will know the approximate front by the direction we take. I suppose they will inform us this evening.

After all there is a bit of sadness attached to our leaving. We have made many friends here and have worked together a great deal. It is hard to say good-bye to those who will remain in Paris. No one knows what might happen or what suffering they may have to endure here. They are sending us away with as many smiles as possible. The time is growing short. The officers are gathering in a group.

Charlotte came over for a few minutes. She is so very pretty but she has been crying. She tells me her father was killed last night in the munition factory.

Poor little girl! She is still a child and this shock will be hard for her to bear. There were so many standing about she felt embarrassed and would not stay long. She gave me a small package but I will not open it until tonight. I will be so far away then and only last night we were together and her father was alive. What changes come in a few short hours!

"Fall in."

It is the last inspection here. In a few minutes we will be on our way.

As we passed through the gates I caught a glimpse of Charlotte. Her face was buried in a small blue handkerchief. A young woman went over to her and put her arms about the trembling shoulders. I am so sorry for the little girl but what can I do? That is the tragedy of the whole thing.

I am glad you gave me this small package, Charlotte, for tonight it will keep me very close to you.

We are having lunch at Meaux. The country is wonderful and this little village quite unique. The old mills and water-ways have an atmosphere about them all their own. We do not see many young men. The women and old men work in the fields and the children do what they can to help.

The roads are excellent and well kept with poplar trees stretching along on both sides. Birds are singing in them and the sun is shining. Everything is peaceful and quiet. One would never think there is a slaughter going on only a few miles away. We are to be quartered in Chalons tonight. It is only a few

miles from there to the Verdun front so I suppose we will be in that sector.

I have lost eight pounds. The war bread, meat, etc., are not anything to encourage an appetite.

We will be quartered in a hotel tonight and will not have to give up sleeping in a bed for a few hours more. Tomorrow we will say good-bye to all civilization and comforts and be near the front by sundown.

I wonder how long it will be before we sleep in a bed again or know what it is to feel the coolness of sheets.

It is nice to have one more night anyway. Chalons should be an interesting place. I hope we have a few hours there before going on but that is doubtful. It was near here that the army of Chalons was formed by Mechamon, a Marshal of France, in 1870. This army marched to the Meuse, was surrounded by the Germans at Sedan, and forced to capitulate. It was also the scene of the defeat of Attila in 451. During the fifteenth century the city maintained its honor by repulsing the English.

Will the history of 1870 repeat itself? I hope not.

Chalons.

We are quartered in an old hotel. The place is very good and clean. It is raining again and I am glad, for we we will not be expecting air raids any time of the night. I hope we will have a good night's rest before going up to the lines tomorrow.

I have opened Charlotte's package and found a note and a "scapula."

Charlotte, you say I have gone away and left you while I might have remained in Paris. You are such a little girl. I have not left you. Every day and night, every second, I am there with you. My heart and my soul are yours forever, and if they take what is here they can never take what I have given to you. Yes, our countries are very far apart but our hearts are close; so close that the summer winds would be crushed if they dare come between us. Do not worry over things. Is it not enough that I love you so, Charlotte? Is it not enough that I have given you everything? The tears come to my eyes and I close them only to feel you nearer. Your warm cheeks and burning lips and your sad, dreaming eyes. I wonder who is in the blue room tonight. Will they have red roses on the little table? Will she vex the maid by asking for sugar and then give it to him because she knows he likes it?

This room is so bare. There are no roses and there will not be any sugar in the morning for my coffee. No one will blow smoke into streaks of sunshine as they creep through the velvet curtains and then laughingly ask, "Where do they go?"

The sunshine, the velvet curtains and you are very far away and I can only remember, that is all.

Your father———

God! Why is the world so miserable?

Somewhere in France.

The cannonading is something terrific. One of the machines caught fire this morning and two of the men were badly burned. It was only through their courage that the entire section was saved. Many barrels of gasoline and oil were near the cars. The two men pushed the car out into the open and prevented what might have been a disaster.

We left Bar-le-Due about four thirty P. M. after seeing our first air battle. The Germans were coming over for a raid when they met a French delegation lurking about the sky. It was an interesting affair for those on the ground. One poor fellow went down in flames. The Germans turned and started for their own lines, but the French were able to get two more of them before they had gone far.

There were many proofs of German air raids in Bar-le-Due. The hotel where we ate our lunch had the upper rooms shattered by bombs the night before. One street was impassable and we saw large holes in several housetops. .

Just beyond us is the outline of what was once a very famous cathedral town. I hope we will have a chance to get in

there tomorrow but no one seems to know whether the Germans or French are holding it.

From where we are it looks as though there was a Fourth of July celebration going on. As far as we can see there are flashes of fire and the continual roar of guns. Six men a minute! Think of that! Again I am asking myself, what for?

All this waste of time, energy and human life! Could not the same have been expended in helping the world along? Think of the institutions for education which could have been built and the needs of the poor exterminated by these vast sums spent in the destruction of life and property!

Will we gain anything by it?

Will the people of the world be better because of all this suffering? Will it help them in any way, Germany included?

When the time for settlement comes will it be for those who have risked their lives, those who have gone through days and nights of horror, or will it be a settlement of those who remained in the rear out of danger and who will have the power at any future time to again plunge the world into a misery of which they themselves know nothing?

Will the greed of the victorious nations rise up in arms against one another? We shall see.

Our first mail has just been received. What a treat to get seven letters from America away out here in this bloody part of the world and know that I am still a part of civilization!

Loads of supplies and soldiers pass us. The troops are going up to the lines and have to go into the trenches under cover of darkness. They do not seem so very happy. Before I left the States I remember of being told how joyous the men were to be of service and how they went up to the front laughing and singing. I was told they came back in the same way no matter how many times they had been on the front before. I was fooled. They do not. These men have all the suffering and sadness of Christ in their eyes. They are tired and worn with the never ending months of fighting. They have been lowered to the existence of wolves.

No, war is not a glorious thing with them.

We are on the front. The first line trenches are only a few yards away. This abri (dugout) is the first aid station for wounded. Our quarters are back a mile in the forest. It is raining and the mud is sticky and hard to get through. B—— and myself were given an order to come up here after a priest and his aide. There is a heavy bombardment going on and we will have to wait until it is over somewhat before they will let us go on.

I can hear the men in the room next to us moaning and groaning. There is a section working here so we will not have to go on duty for a day or so, not until we are acquainted with the roads and surroundings.

The interior of this dugout is quite large. I have noticed four large rooms besides this small one, belonging to the priest.

Along the walls of the rooms are bunks. The wounded are all placed in the large center space which was perhaps the original cellar of the Chateau. Nothing is left of the building but the foundation and that has been blown away in parts.

I went into the other room and found it rapidly filling up with wounded. There were a few Germans among those brought in. They had been placed along the sides away from the French. I had to be very careful in stepping about not to trample on one of them.

These men were lying side by side after their vain endeavor to kill each other with the implements which civilization has given them. Their energies have been spent and now they are reduced to dependency on other men whom they do not know.

Is it not tragic? Or rather let me ask you, does it not seem very silly?

Yesterday the section was taken over the territory in which we are to serve. It is a hot bed of machine guns and

munition pits. We had a very narrow escape in one part of the forest. As we turned into a road leading to our quarters several tons of dirt went up into the air just ahead of us. The hole was so large we had to return by a different road which kept the men in the region an hour longer. They took it very well although everyone was a bit hysterical when talking about it later.

The roads were full of camions, (trucks) munition wagons, guns of all descriptions and pack mules.

We are becoming accustomed to things. There is a scarcity of water. We have a light wine to drink which is called "penard" and it is a poor substitute. The war bread on the front is even worse than that in Paris. It is green and soggy. Our meals are all of one kind, meat stew. I do not know where the meat comes from and I hope no one will tell me.

One of the cars ran into a shell hole last night and caused a great deal of trouble. The mechanics had to go up and help with it. One of them pulled on the lights instead of the self-starter. In a few seconds the Germans were sending over some souvenirs. The car was blown to pieces. They were lucky to get away with their lives.

B—— and myself are in the dugout at M——— waiting for a bombardment to let up. We are on our way to the communication trench of Hill———. It is a lively section of the front and "Fritz" keeps us busy. The roads seem almost impassable at times. I don't see how we get along as well as we do. It rains all the day and night. The mud is knee-deep and wheel-deep in most places.

We have not had a chance to remove our clothes since arriving in this sector and will not be able to do so until we get back to our quarters.

For some unknown reason our gasoline is very poor. It is endangering the machines and the lives of the men. We had to stop in the forest with a load of wounded and remove them into an abri. The machine would not pull the load through the mud.

Someone is evidently making money out of this diluted or low grade stuff. Much depends on our having a super-quality. There can be men and supplies enough to conquer the world but if the transportation facilities break down we are lost.

I wonder if these men, who are in the rear, ever think of such things. Do they stop to reason that if they do not furnish the army with the best material possible in everything there might be a collapse at any time and the enemy would then make short work of their possessions? As a protection to themselves I should think they would carefully see to it that the men on the front were supplied with the best, so that they might stem the tide and save the interests of those in the rear.

Above all, do they ever stop to think of the life of the men? Six men a minute! Can you imagine what a man goes through when he is out there in the mud and the rain with the raw end of a leg stuck in the dirt and blood running from his mouth after the gas has caught him?

My God! Can't they have warm shoes and clothing and enough to eat? Can't they have the medical supplies which are needed to alleviate their suffering? Can't they have the necessary means of transportation so that their lives may be saved in rushing them back to the hospitals?

What do you owe these men, you who are in the rear?

The Germans have been flying over this part of the front a great deal today. They come over in droves and we have had a half dozen air battles this afternoon. Only one enemy plane was brought down and he fell behind his own lines.

The French are becoming active and soon there will be a "battle royal." The enemy will not be so lively in an hour or so.

There are many captive balloons in this section of the sector.

We have had to take cover again. An old house in which we were quartered had the roof blown off of it just before we sat down to eat. There were only about fourteen of the men here and luckily no one was hurt. They were all outside of the building. The food is brought to us from the other side of the road where the kitchen is located underground.

We live the life of rats. In this dugout is a table with a candle on it and three chairs. The men are sitting around the light eating mess. I don't think anyone is very hungry although they were all fussing at the cook for not having the stew hot when we came in. If he had, we would be without food for the stuff would have gone with the roof.

The cook is a Frenchman and does not seem to care sometimes whether the men eat or not. I understand he was taken out of jail in Paris and sent out with this section. Some evenings he gets very drunk and tells us what he did at the Battle of the Marne. He has never been nearer the front than this post. San Francisco was once his home, so the story goes, and he has cooked for the American Army on the border. I suppose he is attached to us because he speaks English.

The bombarding let up a bit and I went up to see what was left of the place. When I came out of the dugout I saw the parts of two men only a few steps from the road. They were evidently rushing for this abri, when killed. There was only a blotch of blood and dangling arms and limbs. Their faces had been honeycombed by the shrapnel.

When we go up to the communication trench from here we have to pass along a road in full view of the German line for two miles. The road runs along the side of a hill and overlooks the valley and territory held by the enemy on the other side. We pass one at a time. If a group went up together they would probably fire on them. A section of Fords were destroyed on this road a few weeks before we arrived. There are many unexploded shells on it and we have to drive around them. Often they are covered with mud or water. It is necessary to drive very carefully for they might be "alive."

Many Germans have come over to our lines today. One group brought the mail of another which came over yesterday. They look worn and tired but I cannot see that there is an alarming amount of old or young among them such as we were told in the States. Some grumble about everything and others say they have been well taken care of and provided for and that there is no danger of a German collapse. One cannot judge by what these prisoners say.

We have just heard of the Italian victory on one part of their front. The Frenchmen have put some papers into the basket of a toy balloon telling about the Italian offensive. These balloons carry the news over the lines to the Germans. When they see them in the air they shoot down the balloons. This is often done when the wind is in the right direction.

(To be continued.)

The Law of the West

By Chase Everton

SCOTTY dropped into the ditch, urged by the advancing trot of horses. He was fleeing from justice. The sheriff was on his track. Traveling since the black morning of yesterday, he was yet hopeful of escape. The wind bit through his thin garments as the sun disappeared behind the timbered hills in the west. Listening, he peered through the alder leaves, his body tense almost to breathlessness.

Two men reined their jaded horses close to his retreat, and, dismounting, prepared to tighten the saddles. The burly, thick-set man was evidently the sheriff. Producing a paper from the saddle pocket, he tacked it to a pine beside the road, directly in line of Scotty's vision.

Scotty read, with a convulsive clutching at his heart:

: One Thousand Dollars Reward :
: for the Capture of Scott Camden, :
: known as Scotty. Lame in left :
: leg. Wore black cotton shirt and :
: faded overalls. Dark and thin. :

He grinned wickedly. He would fight wickedly, too. He was unarmed, and, though chilled and hungry, he would have put up a fight if he had had his gun. It had fallen beside Covenay's body when he fled from the mob.

The sheriff glanced casually around the adjacent surroundings and mounted his horse.

"Now for supper and a night's rest We'll get out early in the morning."

Magruder buttoned his coat closer. "B-r-r," he shivered. "It will snow tonight. Where do you suppose he is?"

"There's a chance that he crossed the ridge at Gold Lake—he may try to reach Blairsden and slip over the Nevada line." The sheriff was perplexed, for after two days of scouting the hills they had found no trace of the man they sought.

Scotty rose as they passed from sight. "Blairsden, eh," he muttered. "I'll strike out for the desert and find Pike and Jeff. They'll stake me for enough to reach Arizona. I've a little job here first, though."

He crept from his hiding place and, crossing the road, tore the glaring poster from the tree and crushing it, flung it into the ditch. "Nobody'll read any of that stuff until tomorrow, and I'll be heeled then." A daring resolve was forming in his brain.

He scanned the dim mountains, heavily timbered but too near to the public highway, so he hurried across the dry fields, filled with thoughts of escape. The clouds gathered for storm, and cattle huddled in the shelter of barns and fences. Once he stumbled over a calf which fled bawling to its mother. Lights glimmered in the town a mile off. He gazed, irresolute for a moment, then walked rapidly in their direction.

A weather-beaten sign groaned as it swung in the gale. To Scotty's taut nerves it moaned a dull monotonous refrain — "Hanging high, hanging high," and he shuddered, crouching in the dark shadow of a building.

Inside the Arcade saloon, a long-limbed cowpuncher was amusing the smoke-enveloped assembly with tales of his superior horsemanship and gunplay. A heavy pistol and cartridge belt topped the hirsute chaps, whose owner lurched unsteadily on the high-heeled boots, leaning more and more on the tobacco-stained bar for support. A rotund barkeeper eyed his customer warily while re-inforcing the refreshments.

Scotty entered and closed the door. Bareheaded and grim, he looked the thing he was—a fugitive from the law. Eyes gleaming like those of a dog at bay, his thin lips a carved line, his attitude wholly defiant and reckless. The crowd stared uneasily, and the bragging cowman was speechless and uncertain.

Scotty jeered at the bartender. "Why don't you offer a man a drink?"

The man shoved the glass and bottle along the bar—

"Drink, partner," he conciliated.

Scotty drank and re-filled the glass, tossing the contents into the cowman's face.

"Wake up, Mr. Broncho Buster. This is no pipe dream. Rough-house this joint—"

A revolver gleamed. Scotty sprang forward, striking an upward blow and snatched the weapon as it fell harmlessly to the floor. Backing toward the door, he pointed to the poster on the wall.

"Read that!" he yelled. "I'm Scotty, the man they want! Get me! Come on and win the money."

He wheeled suddenly, pointing a grimy finger at the dazed cowman.

"Give me that belt!"

The belt was flung over Scotty's extended arm with surprising alacrity, where it hung loosely as he waved an ironic farewell to the apprehensive loungers.

"Goodbye, fellows. I haven't always been a bad man. Force of circumstances. Tell Johnson you saw me. He'll be here in the morning," and he slipped out. He was armed now and indifferent to danger.

He faced the north, stumbling through the night. The desert was his best chance for freedom. The sheriff was close and the desert treacherous in November, but Scotty knew its guile and its allurement, its promised security for the outcast and desperado who sought its delusive shadows.

The wind cut through his lungs, the snow stung in icy flakes. A coyote howled a menacing denunciation, and a thousand throats seemed to answer the desert mongrel. Scotty gritted his teeth.

"Vamose, you devils," he growled, "Hell, with its tortured yells, couldn't be worse tonight."

* * * * * * * *

The sheriff and his aides, selected from local ranchmen, rode tirelessly through the storm, scouting every recess for some trace of the outlaw. Nonplussed and unsuccessful, they separated at midnight, returning to their homes for rest and food, conceding more readily when the night held an ambushed foe. Instructions were given to Johnson and the deputy for procuring accommodations at a big ranch near the foothills.

Johnson was loathe to abandon the search while the trail was still warm. The report of Scotty's proximity aroused his bulldog energy, and the violence of the storm aided in obstructing the fugitive's escape.

A track in the snow, peculiarly one-sided, attracted him and he drew the deputy's attention, remarking:

"A lame man made that track, Magruder."

The deputy's glance was significant. "Fresh, at that," he responded.

They traced it in silence until it ended abruptly at a huge mound of hay, covered by a heavy canvas. The moon was now breaking through the clouds, and as the fate of nations may depend upon a straw, so did Scotty's fate depend upon a track in the snow.

"Hell!" Johnson exclaimed impatiently after they had thoroughly examined the exterior of the bales. "Just some rancher looking to protect his hay from the storm. Let's go back to Dennis Riley's and put up 'till morning."

Magruder needed no urging. He felt the desire for dry clothes and sleep, so they hurried away.

Under the canvas a shivering form crouched uneasily. Justice and the law were stalking his trail for the second time that day. Sleep had not given peace, for dreams of Covenay's dying struggle and the horror of his own plight haunted him. He mumbled vaguely: "I'm sorry, Bill, old chap. You kicked me like a dog in your path, and I grabbed the gun when—Perhaps 'twas me—you

said it was—and they didn't care enough to find out the truth. I had to git."

Noon and the sun shining, melting the snow rapidly. Scotty, aroused by voices, peered through a slit he had cut in the canvas. It was Johnson and the deputy. They paused to discuss the tracks at the foot of his eerie, not satisfied with the previous night's examination. The sun was fast obliterating all trace of human presence. Scotty could hear the saddles creak as they talked.

Johnson was nervy and cool—a man to handle men, and a man whom all men liked, but just now he was peeved.

"We should have had him if those bums in Sierraville were good for anything but to soak booze. They never even telephoned, and if we hadn't met the cowman we would have laid over last night."

"He's got a good start. It's going to storm again. We can't stand another night out. Better rest here and make a fresh start in the morning."

"We can't do it, Magruder. If he get's across the line we'll never find him."

Magruder was not convinced, and they rode on undecided as to what was advisable.

Scotty pondered over his few chances for escape. He was cold and wet, hungry and sullen, and the snow-capped mountains held little promise. A few cabins were scattered among the hollows, and he could procure food from the inmates—perhaps a day's rest. It was his one hope, and he slipped from his perch and away toward the scrubby pines bordering the foothills.

The afternoon was advancing. Johnson had refused to return, and they traveled north until Magruder's horse went lame and he was obliged to stop and seek a fresh horse. Johnson had found the track of the fugitive and, confident of his propinquity, rode eagerly toward the mountains, climbing the sloppy trail and scanning the silent steeps as he rode.

Under a hillock, topped by sagebrush and a splotch of snow, a man crouched, watching the approaching Nemesis. His pistol was ready, his hand steeled—waiting. The trail wound up the steep incline, crossing a fissured gully whose edge pitched straight down to a canyon below, where loose shale was massed—the erosions of years.

Johnson came around the bend in the trail. Scotty rose to his feet, his eyes red-hot steel, his lips a thin line—one shot, true to the mark, and his pursuer would be no longer a menace. The sheriff had traversed one-third the dangerous path and suddenly observed the still figure opposite him, when a roaring, swishing noise rent the air and the horse and rider, swept by the crushing and seething mass of rocks and mud, tree-tops and broken limbs—an avalanche of the mountains—found lodgment in the deep canyon, echoing with the roar of fury and devastation.

Scotty's hand fell limply to his side. Appalled, he gazed at the awful spectacle, then with a wild yell he tore down the mountain-side, down to the very edge of the debris and wreckage, seeking eagerly for a trace of the man who wanted his frail body—to hand over to justice and the law. He shouted and halloed vigorously—only silence but for the bubbling of the terrifying mass before him.

He crawled shakily along the top of a dead prostrate pine—no easy task, for the tree rocked unsteadily in the soft muck, threatening to engulf the ragged figure clinging to its branches. Seated on the blasted tree, Scotty experienced a shakiness of nerves, a sickening sense of horror, a chill loneliness, succeeded by a gasp of surprise—for a little to his left was an arm and hand sticking upright through the branches of a small tree partially buried in the slush of the avalanche.

Scotty crept lightly nearer until he could grasp the hand and move it slightly. Carefully slipping from his tree-top, he worked his way forward and was soon digging wildly, albeit cursing horribly as he battled against the slippery muck. It was the work of a few moments to uncover the head of the unfortunate sheriff, and in a short time he was released from his involuntary imprisonment and sitting erect, bruised but unbroken in limb. No sign of the horse

was to be found. Johnson's first words were characteristic:

"You knew who I was, Scotty. Why did you get me out?"

Scotty grinned. "I'm no damned Boche, Johnson."

The sheriff scanned the bank above them. "How are we to get out of this hole? I can't walk much, and you know I'll have to take you back, Scotty."

Scotty paled and his lips compressed. "Let us get away from this hell," he urged. "I'll get you up the hill and go for help. There's a ranch on the other ridge. They'll bring a wagon for you."

"You're going with me, Scotty," decided Johnson.

Scotty loosed his hold and Johnson sank down with a moan of pain.

"Nothing doing, Johnson. You can't take me back. You think I didn't risk my life wriggling along that tree-top; think I didn't wrestle with the devil a thousand times while I dug that grave open to release you; think I didn't curse the luck that made me your rescuer; think I didn't know my life was safer with you dead in that muckhole. No, Johnson, I'll never go back. You can't get to the top alone. It's some job for a strong man, and you're hurt—weak. Instead of being your prisoner, you're mine, Sheriff Johnson, and you can't take me back."

The way was fraught with danger and progress slow. It was dark when they reached the top of the canyon, and Scotty built a fire. They lay beside it all night, Johnson sleepless from pain and discomfort; Scotty sullen and hungry, watching his foe with insane suspicion. At dawn he arose, saying grimly, "I'm going for help and some grub. I'll be back as soon as I get it."

Johnson watched him go, uneasily. "He won't be back," he muttered.

He was mistaken in his estimate of the man whom law and justice demanded. Scotty returned in a few hours. He had sandwiches and a flask of milk, which he gave to Johnson. Silently he waited until the food was eaten, and a wagon was heard approaching from the woods. Then Scotty arose.

"Now, Johnson, I have a few words to say before you go. I want to tell you that I didn't intend to kill Covenay. He claimed some money of mine and kicked me when I refused to give it to him. He drew the gun and I tried to take it away from him. It went off during the struggle, and I don't know who pulled the trigger. It may have been me, but Covenay drew the gun first."

"Why didn't you tell the crowd that, Scotty?"

"Tell that gang anything? They didn't want to clear me. They egged Covenay on to drink and pick a quarrel with me. I happened on a cache of theirs last week—high grade."

"Tell it in court, Scotty. You know it is my duty to take you back." Johnson's voice was soft, persuasive.

"No chance there. It means penitentiary for me if I stand for trial. They'll convict me to get me out of the way. But—I'll go." Scotty's voice was a dry, choked, hoarse whisper. He turned away slowly.

"Here is our man with the wagon."

They were ready to leave when Scotty bent over the sheriff and said bitterly, "You've forgotten something—the papers. You had better arrest me here, where—"

The afternoon sun poured down on the ragged fugitive and on the man who represented law and justice. The one who, perhaps, had taken a life, and had saved a life—the other who sought, not a life, perhaps, but the freedom of a soul, not from choice, but from a sense of duty.

Scotty's face was quivering, his body shaking with emotion. Johnson was pale, his face drawn, perhaps from bodily pain. He looked up dully and held out a trembling hand.

"What was it you said last night, Scotty? I'm no 'damned Boche,' either. Goodbye."

Magruder was waiting for the sheriff at the Riley ranch. In answer to his eager questioning as to Scotty's whereabouts, Johnson vouchsafed only the brief statement:

"He got away over the line," which was perfectly true.

That's Gratitude

By Elmo W. Brim

AFTER the round-up and branding season, the Wrench Outfit sent me and Grover Williams with five hundred yearlings to winter at a line camp down on the Malhuer River. There, we settled down for a peaceful life, with no other excitement in view than shooting coyotes, tending our cattle and playing seven up. But life never goes without hitches, so the "sky pilots" say, and our third week in camp began to prove this.

One morning, we were riding for strays when Grover spied a horse some mile or two from us, and, as the animal was riderless, I proposed that we ride over and see what the trouble was. Grover reached the horse a little mite ahead of me, and as I come up he was turning a gent over on the ground.

Looking up, he exclaimed, "Well, Bill, we are sure in for it. We have been pining for dances and female society; but now we have a chance of turning nurse and doctor for this gent has done gone and broke a leg or two."

I tried to look pleasant, and assured Grover that it would break the monotony, but I knew my face gave me the lie.

Well—we loaded him on his horse and took him on into camp where we set his leg and tried to make him comfortable. For three or four days, we did little but look after our new boarder and nights we took turns at herding him, as he was some delirious.

Right after this, a big snow storm hit us, so we had to let "His Nibs" shift for himself part of his time, and ride after our cattle, as they had already commenced drifting with the storm.

While we were plowing along we came across another pilgrim. We were riding down a canon, when we heard someone back in the hills shouting for help for all there was in them. So we rode in the direction of the hullabaloo and there sat the strayed party. It was the prettiest girl I ever saw. Take the strangeness of our meeting (and then I guess her looks, too, had something to do with it), and Grover and I were just plumb speechless. We ain't exactly the bashful kind either. She didn't seem to notice our bewildered state, but chimed out:

"Oh! I am so glad to see you, for I'm absolutely lost. If you gentlemen hadn't come up, I know that I would never have found my way in this awful storm. Mrs. Woodruff tried her best to persuade me not to go to my school this morning but nothing would keep me home. I did not have the slightest idea how stormy it was. If you had not been near, I certainly would have paid dearly for not listening to good advice. I never can thank you enough if you will help me find my way."

"That's nothing," said Grover. "We are mightily glad we are able to help you, and we are glad, too, to have the chance of meeting you, for we haven't seen a girl in an age. We did not have the slightest idea there was as good looking a girl as you in this whole country, and if you don't object we will have somewhere to go the rest of the time we are here."

"Surely you know I won't object after what you have done for me. I will be glad to see you any time."

"Well, we had better move on out of this snow," I said. "I believe it will be the best idea to go to camp and wait until the storm breaks a little, before trying to make your house, for I think it will let up before night."

She agreed to be governed by what-

ever we thought best, so we went back to camp. Dopey—that was the affectionate name we had bestowed upon our patient—was asleep when we got in. The girl glanced at him, when she first went in, and afterwards, the thought struck me that she had recognized him.

"You seem to have a patient," she said looking towards the bed.

"Yes," exclaimed Grover, "we found him a few days ago, lying near his horse with his leg broken. We had a serious time with him at first but he is doing nicely now."

Well it sure did seem homelike to have a woman eat with us once more. We played cards and she told us about her experiences teaching in the West, since she left her home in Pennsylvania.

Along in the afternoon it quit storming, and broke up our house party. After we had escorted her to her boarding house, she insisted upon our coming in and staying a while, but as we had our patient to look after we could not accept. We rode away after receiving a standing invitation to come whenever we could.

I don't know which of us were hardest hit, for we both fell head over heels in love with her. Both of us couldn't leave Dopey at the same time, so we took to playing seven up to see who should go to see her, and who should play trained nurse, and we sure did play some close hands.

Looking after Dopey was one tough job, for he was one of the most ungrateful, silent cusses I ever saw. Never during his stay, did he offer any information about himself, not even as to how he got hurt. His talk was confined to his wants and he seemed to object to saying that much. He would play soltaire until it used to give me the creeps to watch him.

One night after he had gotten so he could walk around, Grover and I went down to see the school marm, and when we came back we found that our guest had taken French leave.

"Well, said Grover, "that's what I call gratitude after all we have done for him —to go off without saving as much as thank you."

"Never mind, Grover. I, for one, am glad to get rid of him and I am not in the least surprised at his manner of leaving considering the way he acted while he was with us and I hope I will never be unlucky enough to see him again."

We took to courting the school marm in dead earnest after this as we had no obstacles in our way; but we were playing a square game, and had no hard feelings over the matter. I about won her consent to marry me, and Grover told me afterwards that she promised him the same thing.

About this interesting stage of the game, we began losing cattle. It seemed as if every time we went out at night we lost a bunch, so we had to give up courting for a while and take to watching our cattle.

After we had broken up the cattle stealing, we decided to go down and see Nellie—the school marm. When we got down to Mrs. Woodruff's, however, we got the worst shock of our lives. While we had been looking after our cattle, along come some fellow that she had known in the East and took the girl off and married her.

"Well, Grover," I exclaimed, "how does that hit your young and tender nerves after all our hard courting?"

"Bill, it wouldn't have been so bad if you had beaten me, but for a maverick gent like that to pop up out of the ground and take her is pretty tough. But there is one thing to console ourselves with, we can locate the gent who has been running our cattle off, now that we haven't anything on our minds."

It was something like a month after this before we lost any more cattle, and it was just an accident that we got wise to it in time for pursuit, for we had begun to get careless. Grover went out to see the horses one night and he happened to see a gent cutting out a bunch of our cattle. We got so hot on his trail he had to drop the cattle and look after his own meat.

We ran him down about daylight, just as he had reached a little outfit of his own up in the hills. Our missing steers were part of his herd but the most sur-

prising thing was—that he was our former patient, Dopey.

We tied Dopey up, then rounded up our steers and headed them toward camp. When we had the animals corralled, we took our former patient out to a nice big cottonwood and had just started a joyful hanging party when suddenly a soft voice chimed out, "Well I don't guess there will be any performance of this kind today. I will give you until I count twenty to get out of sight."

We had only a short time to get away in, but it's a wonder we were able to travel at all, for the person that had the drop on us was our former sweetheart, the school marm, and she held a good-sized six-shooter by the way of argument. Naturally we travelled.

It was some time before either of us spoke after our abrupt departure. Then Grover spoke. "Bill, that's what I call going some. And her hitched up with that Dopey—what do you think of women anyway?"

"I think we were lucky to lose her," I answered.

When we entered the cabin, we found we had another guest.

"Well, boys, I have kinder taken possession. I did not see anything of you, so I thought I would cook myself a bite before going on. I am looking for some rustlers," explained our visitor, who was sheriff of the county. "Have you lost any cattle since you have been down here?"

I looked at Grover and he replied, "No, Sheriff, we have had fine luck, haven't lost a steer since we have been down here."

"My parties must be farther down, then. Jim Bartee and his wife are the parties I am looking for. Sometimes, the woman teaches school in a new country long enough to get the lay of the land, then they work together. A few months ago I came near getting him in Westfall, but he jumped out of a two-story window and got away in spite of the fact that he broke one of his legs. Well, I must leave you now, but you keep a look-out for them; there is a thousand-dollar reward for it."

After he had gone, Grover looked at me and said, "That thousand looks good, but I don't want it."

"No, nor I. That would be telling."

The Dawn Phantom By Robin Lampson

Oh, the moon and the night have faded,
  And the stars with my dreams are gone.
And the air and the mist are pervaded
  With the rapt, quiet stillness of dawn.

Comes my lady, a white-robed phantom,
  Like a part of the misty hour,
And she sings—or the wind—an anthem
  That enthralls with a magic power.

Neither move I nor speak, but trembling,
  I must list as my lady comes near.
Oh, the swish of her robes!—What dissembling!
  'Tis the whistling wind that I hear.

But she comes! Like a fire my senses
  Are inflamed at the touch of her kiss!
But the mist and the half-dark condenses—
  I had known but a phantom of bliss!

From Out of the West

By Eugene Cunningham

IT was an unusually gloomy night, even for a New York February. A keen, gusty wind bit into the blood of the few figures yet on the street, while sudden flurries of wind-borne sleet whirled madly through the canyons between the buildings.

Janet Smith stood at the window of her third-floor "apartment" and stared down into the street. Her supper cooked and eaten, her mending done, her tiny bank balance checked, there seemed nothing to do but snap out the light and, under the covers of her bed, forget the shabbiness of her surroundings and the drabness of her life in sleep.

It had been a hard day at the office. The easiest day at Marr and Company's ("real estate, mortgages, investments and loans," their letterheads proclaimed) was enough to set the average girl's nerves ajangle, and this had been the hardest day in Janet's memory.

James Marr, senior partner, corpulent of figure and snarlingly overbearing of manner, had seemed impossible to please. Five times had Janet, who was considered the most efficient cog in the office machinery, written a letter concerning an important loan, before he had scrawled his heavy backhand signature across the bottom.

It was not customary for Janet to deplore the years she had spent in the office, even though they had been empty ones, untouched by any color or happiness. But tonight the dreariness of the view before her seemed symbolical of her life, past, present and, it seemed likely, future. A sudden storm of noiseless weeping swept over her and she knelt before the window, her face upon her arms, with spasmodically heaving shoulders.

"I'm sick of it all," she sobbed. "Slave, slave; day in, day out. Six years of it already and nothing but more slaving to look forward to."

She crossed the room to her shabby little dressing table and stared at the reflection of her tear-streaked face in the mirror above it. It was not a homely face, by any standard. When one's eyes got past the tightly-drawn "spinsters-knot," the dull golden gleam of the hair itself lent beauty to the well-shaped little head. Despite their hopeless dullness, soft, dark-brown eyes full of dancing lights before James Marr had bullied the smiles from her face, told of happiness past and hinted at joy to come.

As for her figure, it suffices to say that even the skimpy folds of the Turkey-red kimona failed to hide its soft, full roundness.

Yet no man had ever displayed more than momentary interest in Janet. She did not consider the deterring effect of sombre colors—particularly unsuited to her type—upon men. Too, by day hair and eyes, her most attractive features, were hidden in a dusky corner of the office.

Among the girls at Marr and Company's, girls who boasted during the lunch-hour of their conquests, Janet was considered a "mess." This dictum she lacked courage to dispute. Indeed, by reiteration, it had come to be regarded by her as an unalterable thing. Yet the longing for a rational woman's life with all that the term implies, almost overwhelmed her at times, it was so deep and strong.

With a sigh she turned toward her bed, then paused, as a knock sounded upon her door. It was a soft, hesitating tap, as if the person outside did not care

to be heard by the occupants of adjoining apartments.

Janet crossed to the door, drawing her kimona closely about her, then stood undecided. She knew of no one who should be knocking at her door at ten o'clock.

"Who is it?" she asked tremulously.

"Open the door, please; I want to speak to you."

It was a soft, slow voice, yet appealing by its intensity of tone, and Janet shot back the bolt. The door opened swiftly and a man slipped inside, closing it quickly after him.

"They're after me!" he gasped and leaned breathlessly against the wall.

Janet hardly grasped the import of his words, but stood regarding him with an expression of almost childlike curiosity. He was different from the men she saw daily, with a difference resting not so much in his clothing, which was conventional, but rather in the personality of the man himself. He was well above middle height, muscular of figure, with an atmosphere of activity about him even when still. His face and hands were deeply tanned, as by the sun of years and about his grey eyes were fine wrinkles. Janet remembered seeing the same mark on the face of deep-water sailors on the waterfront. It was the brand of the outdoor man who stares across wide, sun-swept spaces to far horizons.

"They'll be here in a minute!" he whispered.

"Who? What have you done?"

"The police. I hit a man—the wrong one."

Now the natural thing for a girl of Janet's training to do in such a case was to shriek for assistance. Such action would have been entirely correct, even imperative, according to the standards of her mother, as well as by her more recent habit of life. But tonight, as it has been remarked before, the taste of her usual manner of existence was bitter in her mouth. Or it may have been the dim groping after Adventure which comes to all of us at some time which inspired her most unusual mood.

She paled, then flushed warmly beneath the man's direct gaze. He, watching her keenly, decided that basically she was not at all bad-looking, but his fingers twitched to loosen her wonderful hair.

"Tell me what you did; why they are after you," Janet whispered.

Footsteps sounded faintly in the hall, approaching the door.

"I had an argument with a fellow who's by way of being a big gun in politics. It was in a saloon owned by one of his men. He struck at me and missed and I didn't give him a chance to hit again. I knocked him clean out, then the whole darn' gang jumped for me. I held them off with my gun until I could back out of an alley-door, then took to my heels. As soon as this fellow came to, he swore out a warrant for my arrest for assault to murder. I've been dodging the police all afternoon."

He turned swiftly to the door and listened for an instant, his hand near the front of his coat.

"It means a trip up the river, if I'm caught," he said, turning again to Janet, "for he's got witnesses galore. I'd almost as soon be hung as do time behind walls. It would kill me—the confinement.'

The footsteps halted outside, and there came a sharp, authoritative knock on the door. The man, with a quick glance at Janet, slipped his hand inside his unbuttoned coat with a movement almost too rapid for the eye to follow, and brought out a heavy, bone-handled revolver of the kind known as the "Frontier Model." This he cocked deftly with the thumb of his gun-hand and held at hip-level. The knock sounded again, more imperatively.

Janet touched the man's arm. He leaned toward her and she placed her lips to his ear.

"Don't speak. I'll see who it is. They shan't take you."

Noiselessly she stepped backward to her bed and leaned heavily upon the creaky springs.

"Who is it?" she demanded tremulously.

"A city detective."

"What do you want?"

"Have you seen a man in the hall? I'm looking for a desperate character; wanted for assault to murder."

"No. I haven't seen him." The lie slipped easily from her lips. Truly, this was a night of surprises for Janet the Prosaic, who could number the falsehoods of her calm existence upon two fingers.

"All right. Maybe he's on the next floor."

When the footsteps had passed out of hearing the man turned to Janet, warm gratitude lighting up his bronzed face.

"You're a little bit of all right, girl," he said fervently. "I could have shot my way out, I guess, but I hate to do anything like that except as a last resort."

He spun the revolver upon his forefinger, caught it by the barrel and replaced it in the holster beneath his left arm.

"Not many women would have done as much for an absolute stranger, a criminal, for all you know."

"But you're not a criminal," Janet protested. "I—I know you're not because—because you're not," she ended somewhat lamely.

"No-o, not a criminal. Your extremely logical conclusion is correct. Now, I think I'd better go."

That, of course, was what he should have done. Janet, by the laws of the respectability which she had been taught to worship all her life, should have sent him packing, with, perhaps, a lecture into the bargain. But he had brought Roman into the dull confines of her apartment and she found herself strangely loth to let it pass out again. The rebellion against her commonplace life was working a veritable rebirth within her.

She felt that her grey, commonplace existence, envisualized in the light of this evening's tense adventure would be unendurable. It dawned upon her suddenly that it had always been hateful and that, come what might, she could never again be the same Janet Smith, who had let this stranger through her door.

This is not a satisfactory explanation of her almost unexplainable actions, but it is extremely doubtful if Janet herself could have given a better one, so engrossed was she with the experience. Complex emotion, when all is said and done, is almost impossible of dissection.

"Have you—had supper?" she faltered. "You—you must be both hungry and tired, after running from the police all afternoon."

"I haven't had a bite since breakfast," admitted her protege with a smile.

She noted that his teeth were white and even and that the quizzical smile magically lifted years from his face; he looked but little older than herself in that moment.

With heightened color she turned away to escape his frankly admiring gaze. It was a new experience for her to feel that she had inspired this light in a man's eyes and to hide her confusion she began to place upon the table the materials for a meal.

He stepped forward to help her, but she, afraid to raise her eyes, set out boiled ham, bread, lettuce and mustard without looking up. He picked up the butcher-knife and began to make sandwiches, while she put on water to boil for coffee.

When the sandwiches were neatly piled upon a plate and the coffee ready, he insisted upon her bearing him company at supper. He kept up a running-fire of humorous comment during the meal, but Janet said little, being content merely to listen.

At last, after his third cup of coffee, he declared himself a man again and began the manufacture of a cigarette. This done, he flicked a match-head across his thumbnail and smoked in silence for a moment.

"By the way," he said finally, "I haven't even asked your name."

"Janet Smith," he repeated when she told him, his soft drawl making music of the prosaic words.

"And yours?" she asked, for he had again relapsed into silence.

"Dale Hendricks."

"I—I suppose you'll be leaving New York as soon as you can, won't you?"

"Leaving?"

"Yes. To escape this charge."

He looked up and caught her soft gaze upon his face.

"Miss Smith," he said, scowling at his plate, "this farce has gone far enough. I'm going to tell you the truth and throw myself upon your mercy—"

"Farce?" she interrupted bewilderedly. "Won't you please explain. Did you do something worse than thrash that man? Anyway," she added defiantly, "I don't care."

He stared at her curiously for an instant, then smiled.

"You improve upon acquaintance, Miss Smith," he said. "That was spoken like a true woman."

He smiled whimsically across at her.

"Do you know that when first I stepped inside this room and looked at you, then considered what I had to say, I believed that you would throw up your hands, scream murder and collapse at my feet?"

His smile was infectious. Janet found herself unconsciously returning it.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—forgive me if I seem rude—you were at first glance such a perfect type of the old maid. That little knot at the back of your head, for instance; it's a crime to abuse hair like yours that way. Don't you ever loosen it — let it curl around your neck and forehead? Why, you'd be a little beauty if you did your hair nicely, dressed in colors suited to you, instead of that convict-grey—" he pointed to her street dress, lying across the bed"—and took care of your complexion."

He stared at her appraisingly for a long moment through narrowed eyes, until a hot wave of color swept over her face from neck to brow.

"Now!" he said triumphantly. "Let down your hair and three-fourths the women in New York would be jealous of you.

"The trouble with you has been that you were afraid to live—because you had been taught that it wasn't respectable. Hasn't it?"

He smiled at her tell-tale blush.

"When you bought clothes," he went on remorselessly, "you bought them for service and neatness, regardless of color, style and everything else that make a girl's outfit clothes instead of merely covering.

"Live, girl, live! You only do it once. Throw overboard that burden of respectability you've packed all your life. Dowdiness and virtue aren't necessarily the same.

"Tonight, you've showed signs of the real girl beneath the shell. You took me in, lied for me and fed me when I knew that, had you really been the human icicle your usual actions indicate, you'd have turned me out. There was the real Janet Smith. Keep that side of you alive, girl, for your own sake."

He halted rather embarrassedly and rolled another cigarette. Janet, watching him covertly from beneath her lashes, wondered why she was not furious at the way he had laid bare her character, ruthlessly torn it from her and held it up to expose its faults. She harbored no such feeling and decided to beg the question.

"You spoke of a farce," she reminded him, surprised to find her voice calm.

"A deception, rather. I owe you an abject apology. I'm not a criminal, not wanted by the police at all. I lied to you at the door. It all arose from a bet I made last night.

"I was born on a ranch in Texas, but dad bought out the **S-Bars-S** in New Mexico fifteen years ago and it's been our home ever since. Five years ago I graduated from Harvard and because of my father's death went home to take up the management of the ranch.

"For the last five years I've slaved, improving the ranch, importing a better breed of cattle and installing an irrigation system. Today it's one of the best-paying properties in the State. So last month I decided to take my long-deferred vacation.

"At the Harvard Club here I met some old classmates. Last night we had a dinner. Afterwards we got upon the subject of Western hospitality and one of my friends — he spent last summer on the ranch with me—spoke of the Western

people's willingness to share with the first person, black, brown or white, honest man or criminal, who came along.

"He said that one didn't receive such treatment in New York. I took the negative side of the debate and finally bet him that I could knock upon almost any door in New York, tell a story of oppression and obtain shelter. We set tonight for the test.

"We selected your door—" Dale paused and glanced uncomfortably at Janet.

"Why?"

"Well, because Simmons had seen you several times in Marr's office and he said you were about as approachable as an ice-berg, a typical New Yorker, so that you'd be a fair specimen to tackle. You'll pardon us, won't you?"

Janet colored hotly.

"I know Mr. Simmons," she said, "and I suppose that his impression of me wasn't far wrong—until tonight. Tell me the rest."

"The gang watched me into the house and Simmons stood at the head of the stairs while I knocked at your door, waiting, he said, to hear you scream for the police."

"But the detective?"

"That was Simmons."

Dale turned toward the window. Faintly, from the street, three stories below, came the long, ululating wail of a motor-siren, three long blasts.

"There's the gang now," he said and rose from the table.

Janet rose also and Dale stepped up beside her. She was not conscious of moving her hands, but suddenly she found them held in Dale's brown palms.

"So you see," he concluded, "I'm a rank impostor and I offer you my apologies. If you had been the utterly proper young-old maid I had expected, I wouldn't be so ashamed of myself. But you've acted tonight like—like a regular fellow. The fact that I'm not wanted by the police has only one bright side: I don't have to leave New York tomorrow, or until I choose, so I'll be able to see you again, real soon, if you're willing.

"I'm ashamed of myself, but not sorry that I made the bet with Simmons, for if I hadn't made it, I'd not have found you."

"I—I'm glad you made it, too," said Janet, a bit unsteadily, then added with apparent irrelevance, "there's an old-rose gown I've seen in a shop-window; I believe it would suit my coloring. I—I'll be glad to have you call whenever you like; I—I want to hear about your ranch."

Her head was bent, so that he could not see her eyes, but his face grew radiant.

"Do you really want to hear about the ranch? It's in God's own country—Janet."

Dale bent close to the little golden head.

"I've got two weeks yet to tell you about it and I warn you that I intend to describe it so alluringly that you'll not be content to live anywhere else, once you've heard."

For a long moment Janet looked up into his eyes, then dimpled most adorably.

"I'm a good listener—Dale," she said.

An Accident at Arrowhead

By Belle Willey Gue

THERE is no further use of your coming round here, I tell you!" declared an angry and insistent voice, "You are the greatest nuisance that ever came rolling into Arrowhead, anyway, and the sooner you leave for good, all the better it will be for all concerned."

The speaker ended his caustic remarks by fixing his glaring eyes upon the object of his bitter denunciation and treating him to a gesture that could only be interpreted to mean great disgust, as he shrugged his huge shoulders so that his head appeared to be, as it were, between two big mountains of red, perspiring skin, and, then drooped the same shoulders until his neck looked very long indeed; this operation was repeated at least four times, and, at the end of it, the hands attached to the huge shoulders, which were large as would have been expected, were spread out to their widest limit and thrown up in the air with a significant shaking of the large-knuckled fingers, as if he with that gesture, wiped his hands of the whole matter.

He continued to glare at the offending person before him even after the rumbling of his heavy voice had ceased to disturb the harmony of the surrounding forest. The speaker stood at the door of the only log house for many miles around; this building was rather pretentious considering the location of it, and it had been prepared to receive as guests fully fifty people, at least, so that the landlord in that wild country needed to be big and husky and quick to decide some such question as had just been under discussion.

"I do not wish to make any plea for myself," tremulously answered the culprit, for so he had just been declared to be, "but I would like to have you think, for a moment, what all this will mean to my poor little wife, who, certainly, has never lifted one of her dainty fingers in any but a good cause, unless you include her in this affair of mine, which is not in any sense hers; indeed, she has always opposed me in this that you decry as being improper, as much as she has ever opposed me in anything."

The accuser weakened a little at this remark, but, still the expression on his face had not changed a great deal when the door of the bar-room was timidly opened by a little woman, leading by the hand a tiny girl who seemed to be just like her evident mother except in the small matter of age.

The new-comer entered hesitatingly and as if she was unaccustomed to the surroundings in which she suddenly found herself; she advanced toward the big man, standing in the center of the floor, slowly and as if while she felt that the duty had to be performed, yet she felt its weight; but she kept right on with no deviation from the straight course upon which she had entered, until she had reached the side of the landlord of the tenement which she, with her husband and baby, had been inhabiting for some months.

When she was so near to the big man that she was almost under his awkward hand which he had raised and shook in the direction of the man who had been suffering from the lash of his unyielding tongue, she came to a stop and began to weep violently, and yet despairingly, as if she knew that tears were unavailing and yet had to be shed in the cause which was, at the time, very near to her heart. After she had exhausted her first

wild sorrow, she began to address the man in a low, pleading voice:

"Why do you turn us out in the streets to starve to death? Does not this poor baby, here, deserve a bite to eat and a place to lay her little curly head? Don't my poor husband, there, need to rest after a hard day's labor at the works? Don't even I deserve some little sustenance, so that I may do the work I must do to help my poor little baby and my unfortunate husband? What have we ever done that you will insist on our leaving on this bitter, cold day without any idea at all as to where we can even find shelter from the blizzard to say nothing of some little thing to keep soul and body together? What if this were your own little girl instead of mine, and your wife instead of me, and you instead of my poor husband, who stands there shivering and hungry, while you are, as anyone can see, very well fed and very well kept? What do you suppose you would do," she wailed afresh, "What do you suppose that you would do if our positions were reversed? Suppose it would be my husband who ordered you out of house and home just because he owned the little place where you were living, and suppose that somebody objected to your business which is surely no more respectable than anything that my poor man may do at night after he has quit his daily labor at the works. I have never heard that saloon-keepers were the proper persons to decide vexed social questions!"

She ended with quite a grand flourish for a woman of her size, and immediately began to follow up the rather cowed look that she thought she saw in her landlord's inflamed eyes by pressing an immediate adjustment of the difficult question in hand.

"I guess you wouldn't like to go dragging through the snowy streets with the wind blowing every which way leading by the hand your only child with almost nothing to keep her from freezing to death . . . . I guess you would cry, too, or, anyway, your wife would cry and so would your poor little baby."

She stood before him with the tears rolling down her thin cheeks and with her small fists clenched so that the nails of her fingers left their marks upon her palms; as he looked at her he saw that she was indeed in a very pitiful condition, and, in spite of himself, he felt that his first stern resolution was weakening toward the man whom he had so bitterly condemned.

He had taken his place beside his wife, now, as if he felt that, weak as she was, she might protect him, to some extent at least, from the wrath of the man who had his destinies in his big, cruel hands, for he was well aware that, in case he was ejected from the tenement-house, he would, almost inevitably, lose his place at the works, and, in that case, he had no idea as to where he could get any kind of labor so that he might continue to provide even the poor fare upon which the little family had been subsisting for some months.

Turning his large, hungry eyes upon his self-appointed judge, he added what weight he could to the continued silent entreaties of his dependents, for the little girl, had also added her small pleading to those of her parents, by clinging to her mother, and, while she hid behind her scanty skirts, peering up at the big man with a gaze in which fear and entreaty were mingled.

This silent group finally became too much for the endurance of the sufferer from it, and, as his anger rose, his pity grew less, as if anger and pity were the two ends of a balancing pole which rose and fell bringing to the surface both emotions at succeeding intervals.

At length anger quite overbalanced pity and gained the ascendancy over the landlord in whose hands the little family felt that their future destiny reposed, and with a vile epithet applied to the man, he ordered him to get out of his sight and take his spawn along with him:

"Go!" he commanded, "Get out of my sight and out of my house as well. . . . what have I to do with your food and lodging unless it pays me to look after them? What claim have you on me? Get out and never let me put my eyes

on you again or it may be the worse for the whole caboodle of you!"

His voice rose to a sullen roar at the end of this sentence and the frightened trio departed clinging to each other. . . . the woman and child crying and the man white with fury and yet afraid to vent it on the object of it.

After they had reached the snowy waste of the wind-swept street, they made a forlorn group indeed, and it was while they yet lingered in front of the saloon where the controversy just recounted had taken place, that a large automobile came purring up and stopped directly in front of the building before which they stood.

Jumping hastily out of the car a young girl wrapped in warm furs ran across the sidewalk and up to the door of the saloon, calling excitedly:

"Dad! Dad! Can you come home with me right away? Little Bernice has had an accident and mama says for you to come right back with me and we are to get a doctor and take him with us . . . . oh! Dad!" she continued as he appeared at the door, "Oh! Dad, do please hurry for she looked so white and was so limp when I came away that I am afraid she may not be there at all when we get back if we don't go just as fast as we can."

There was a look of deep anxiety on the fat face of the landlord who had just turned the little family out of doors, and he hurried into his great-coat which hung handily near and jammed a large felt hat over his head as he followed the girl out to the car which he entered at once and ordered the chauffeur to drive to a certain street and number which meant the office of the family doctor—then he turned to his elder daughter to find out what he could about the accident to which she had referred and found that his little girl, just about the age of the child they had left still shivering on the sidewalk in front of his saloon, had gone out with her sled to slide down hill and had gotten in the way of a machine that was being driven along at a high rate of speed and had been seriously injured in some way unknown to her frightened sister who had been sent to bring him home.

When they reached the house the anxious father at once ran up the wide staircase that led into the upper portion of the spacious residence and found the little girl lying on her own white bed very pale and with her little face drawn with suffering that called forth almost constant stifled groans of agony from her wee mouth, while her almost distracted mother knelt beside the bed and smoothed the golden hair that lay in disordered beauty over the soft pillow and held the tiny, groping hands that looked very small and pitiful as they picked and pulled at the splendid bed-covering that lay beneath them.

The man realized the seriousness of the accident when he saw those groping fingers, for he had had some experience with wounds and had, more than once, looked upon sudden and violent death.

Now, he stooped over the little sufferer and said to her in a voice that had lost all its sternness as well as its cruelty:

"My darling little Bernice, tell your own Papa what is causing you this suffering. Where are you hurt? Can't Papa make it all well?"

She fixed her wandering, rolling eyes upon his face and whispered softly:

"It is my leg, Papa—I think they crushed it all to pieces when they ran over it—oh!" her sweet voice rose to a scream of agony, "Oh! Papa—they hurt me so—they hurt me so—"

The man's unusual tears fell on her small face as he tried to help her bear the dreadful pain which now increased instead of diminishing as the injured limb began to waken to renewed life after the shock to the delicate nerves had worn off to some degree—he held the little hands in his own warm ones and he called her many loving names, but her only answers were the dreadful screams of agony that seemed about to tear his heart in two.

The doctor bent above the bed and, as he uncovered the poor little leg the seriousness of the injury was apparent. He ordered the patient removed to the

nearest hospital where he could have proper facilities for performing a surgical operation which he declared held the only possible chance for the recovery of little Bernice.

It was with anguish that seemed almost unbearable that the stricken parents prepared to go with the little girl and be near her during what she would have to undergo in the hospital.

They left the elder sister in the desolate home where the baby had been both light and sunshine, to look after the servants and to answer the telephone during their absence.

It was a sorrowful little procession that then proceeded through the icy streets to the hospital—the big car of the family following the ambulance where the little girl lay under an anaesthetic which the doctor had administered to her.

Then came the operating room with all its attendant horrors and, when the poor little sufferer was returned to the best of the rooms that money could buy in that large hospital, it was but a small bundle of misery that the parents saw lying there before them; at first they would not even ask what had been done for the sight of the little face almost as white as death and drawn with pain and streaked with half-dried tears was almost enough of itself to break their hearts, but, when they knew that the small injured leg had been removed at the hip and that, even in case she survived, their little daughter would never again run and play as normal children did, both the man and the woman bowed their heads under the weight of this terrible calamity.

Only a few short hours before, little Bernice had been a happy, healthy child with everything around her to continue her health and happiness, and, now, there she lay, almost an inert mass of quivering helpless flesh and blood.

It seemed to them that their cup of misery was as full as it could ever be, but, yet, they hoped that their little daughter would live even if she had to be a pitiful cripple during all the balance of her life on earth.

As soon as little Bernice recognized her, the mother was ordered to return to the home, but the father stayed beside the bed while the pitiful appeals for water assailed his ears—while he held the sponge which had been only moistened, to the lips of his poor little daughter.

As he sat there, suddenly, it seemed to him he could almost see the great eyes of that other small girl whom he had met that morning, peering out at him from behind her mother's skirts—it seemed to him that he could almost hear the pleading tones of that other mother's voice and the father's sorrow was now reflected in his own heart.

He faced these apparitions brought before him by his memory for some moments and listened to the labored breathing of his own child lying there on that little bed—then he called the nurse who was at hand concealed behind a screen, and left the room while he hunted for a telephone. When he had found the object of his search he called up the office of the rental agency that looked after the tenement that had been occupied by the man who had plead with him for time that day and asked whether the summons of ejection which he had signed had yet been delivered.

The agent, worried for fear he might be blamed for holding off about this matter, answered him that it had already been done and that the family had gone away to parts unknown; thinking to please his client, he added succinctly:

"And good riddance to bad rubbage!"

Little dreaming of the effect that this remark would have on the man to whom he had made it, the agent patted himself on the back, as it were, congratulating himself on having thought quickly enough to tell the lie he had told, for he had not served the notice and did not intend to if he could help it, as he meant to arrange to pay the rental for a time himself, naming a new tenant to the owner of the place whom he did not wish to offend yet whose methods in this case he could not approve of.

The father went back to his suffering child regretting his inability to set the

matter of the morning right, but it seemed to him that the family did not haunt him quite so constantly after he had tried to undo his harshness of the morning, and, while he deeply regretted his hasty judgment, yet he felt that he had only done what any business man, similarly placed, would have done—

It was with great misgiving that the little man went, with his small family, to the tenement-house where he had left his personal belongings, for he was not at all sure that even the few things of which he was possessed might not be considered worthy of appropriation by the man who had ordered him and his out into the bleak and bitterly cold streets of Arrowhead, which was situated some few miles from the log-house where we first met the little party of suppliants.

They approached the place that they had called home with great caution for they feared they knew not what, but, as they found nothing disturbed, they entered and acted as if nothing had happened to disturb the safety of their former refuge.

The little girl had been crying from weariness and from exposure to the cold, and her mother was bending over her, chafing her small red fingers and trying to comfort her, and the father was hastily building a fire in the small stove that served both for heating and cooking purposes in the rude dwelling, when the outer door was thrust open without ceremony.

Startled and fearful, the little family gasped in terror and cast fear-laden glances in the direction of the street, but, as nothing formidable appeared in the doorway, the man was about to close the door in order to shut out the cold wind, when something was thrown, violently, past the threshold and landed beside the woman and child.

With a wild cry of terror the mother clasped her child in her arms, and the father hurried toward the object that had caused the alarm; he touched it gingerly at first, not knowing what it might contain, for it was a large package and carefully tied with strong string; he finally carried it outside to untie the cord and undo the wrappings.

The mother crouched beside the little girl encircling her in her embrace, while she waited the result of the father's actions, and was much relieved to hear an exclamation of pleasure from him; soon he appeared in the doorway bearing a huge chunk of fresh meat and a big loaf of bread and various other eatables which had been contained in the package. They were almost ravenous with hunger and fatigue and it did not take them long to prepare a repast such as they had not enjoyed for many long days.

They did not cease to wonder whence this bounty had come, but they were too exhausted to do anything else but enjoy it as well as the fire which was now roaring up the small chimney, adding much to the comfort of the little home.

Suddenly, as if she had heard an approaching footstep, the little girl ran to a window and peered into the street outside, after she had thawed a place to look through on the frost-veiled window-pane; turning to her startled parents she said:

"I heard something coming; I think it is a big elephant by the way it shakes the ground—can't you hear it?"

But neither of the older ones had noticed any unusual noise.

"There it is again!" the child exclaimed, repeating her former performance of breathing on the window-pane to thaw a peep-hole, "It must be that you can hear it, now—it is almost up to the door—there—it is about to open it, I guess—no, it is going right past our house—now it is out in the street—can't you hear the steps? One right after the other as regular as can be. I don't like it—" she ended, shuddering, "it makes me afraid."

She doubled up her little fist and shook it toward the street, crying out in as loud a voice as she could command:

"You mean old elephant or whatever you are—I wish that you would never come here any more—I don't like you—you mean old thing!"

The father and the mother exchanged glances and regarded their small offspring with wonder and alarm. She had, once or twice before, exhibited some such strange hallucination as this one had been and had, sometimes, come to them in the night demanding instant relief from the hearing of steps which had kept her awake and which they had been unable to account for.

She remained quiet and seemingly happy during the balance of that evening and the incident of the persistent steps had almost been forgotten when the succeeding morning dawned, for the couple had many worries to contend against that were real and not in any sense due to an active imagination; they fully expected to have a notice of ejectment served upon them and they were much pleased that it was not forth-coming also, after the bounty of the preceding evening, their spirits rose and they tried to think that something had touched the heart of their obdurate landlord and he had thought better of his decision of twenty-four hours previous.

Resting on this secret hope, the man went to his labor at the works, as usual and the woman busied herself about the home preparing for his home-coming, that evening; the little girl was playing about the rooms and had dressed and undressed her best dolly many times before she came to her mother and made this startling statement:

"I know what those big steps were, last night—it was God coming to our assistance against the wicked landlord—you see that he has not turned us out as he said he would and we have had plenty to eat—I know it was God who looked after us because the landlord is a bad man and does wicked things and my own papa is good and tries to do right."

She began to sing some of her little Sunday-school songs, after that, and seemed contented with her solution of the unknown problem of their simple lives.

It was not many minutes, however, before she began to listen as she had the night before, and, suddenly, holding up her little hand for silence, she declared she again heard the big steps and wondered if God was about to again bring them something good.

But, this time, the steps were also heard by the mother, and, soon, she was startled by hearing a knock at her door; with great trepidation she opened it, and found no one there at all, but another package similar to the one that had come to them the night before was lying there as if inviting her to pick it up and carry it inside.

This she did, and found it contained sustenance as it had the other time, and, in addition to food, it contained, also, clothing and playthings for the little girl, who, delighted beyong her power of expression, jumped up and down and clapped her little hands from very excess of great gladness; then she demurely sat down and began to arrange the new playthings, seriously and happily.

The mother watched her with great pleasure for they had had few playthings to give the little thing and she had often regretted her inability to supply her with this natural means of enjoyment; so she was almost as happy over the gifts as the child herself.

When the father came home from his daily toil he was much encouraged by the conditions he found in his little home and fell upon his knees in thankfulness to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts.

The entire little familly were engaged in thanksgiving and prayer when the door again opened, and a man entered the room, but stopped in astonishment, when he beheld them kneeling there—the little girl with her best dolly tightly clutched in her arms and as many of her new playthings as she could hold in her hands and closely packed around her, and then advanced rather slowly into the center of the small room and stood, with uncovered and bowed head, until the father and mother rose from their knees and looked questioningly toward him, not knowing whom he was and dreading the strong arm of the law which might, at any moment, descend upon them and thrust them forth into the street.

The man regarded them rather coldly, yet not with unkindness, as he came a step or two nearer to them and laid his hand upon the head of the child who still maintained her position upon the floor among her cherished playthings.

"Good people," he said not unkindly, Good people, what can I do to add to your happiness and well-being?"

Startled into complete silence, the father and mother regarded him as if he were a being from another world, but the little girl advanced, having risen to her feet, still retaining her best dolly, but scattering her remaining treasures right and left.

"I know who you are—" she declared, "I heard you last night when you left that package and this morning when you brough the second one. I know that you are God Himself, come down here to help us in our great trouble, because my dear Papa tries to do right and my dear Mama always does do right, and I am not a naughtly little girl very often—I know that you are God Himself—" she ended, wisely shaking her wee little finger at him, "I know because my conscience tells me you are."

The man looked down at her small, serious countenance, and smiled to see how sincere she was in her statement; then he told her that she was very much mistaken as he was far from being very good even, but that he had brought the packages because a man who was good and kind had told him to do so; this man, he told her, was not any too good, either, but, perhaps, after all, they were the agents of God in doing what they had done; but what he had come for this time was quite another matter—he wanted the little girl to come with him to help amuse a very sick child of about her own age who needed just such a little comforter as she might grow to be, for she had sustained a horrible injury and lost one of her legs and they wanted another little girl to come and be with her in her room at the big hospital where she would have to stay, probably, for some months.

The little girl herself was wild to go at once, but the parents objected to having her away from them even upon such an errand as this one would be, and demanded to know how the man had found out about their child at all, and he told them that he had found out by observation alone, which was all the satisfaction they could gain from him.

They were much troubled by this matter and, while they wanted to do the kindness, yet they dreaded the separation from their own little girl who had never been away from her mother for one hour of her life, up to that time. It was finally settled that the mother should accompany the child and that they should both go to the hospital and so be together. To this arrangement the father consented after receiving the address of the hospital from the man and gaining permission to see his family after working hours that evening.

The little girl gravely gathered up her small belongings clinging to her best dolly up to the last moment, and soon declared her readiness to go at once to the aid of the little sufferer, saying:

"You see, Mama, it is our duty as God has been so good to us, lately, to go to help somebdy else, and I believe that is what the steps meant last night—we were to go somewhere to do something good."

So they hastiy entered the machine in waiting around the corner of the street, and were whisked away to the door of the hospital where they were received by a white-capped nurse who escorted them to the room of poor little Bernice who was indeed to be pitied as she lay there suffering intense pain and great grief on account of the loss of her leg and its attendant miseries.

The little visitor immediately went up to the bed and patted the face of the other little girl and told her not to worry that she would take care of her now and that it would be all right for God had told her it would be and so she knew about it for sure.

Bernice was interested at once in this active little creature and, from that moment, began to improve. It was as if the nervous energy of the other child flowed in her own veins and nerves and

she slept and rested as she had not done since the accident.

That evening, when the father tiptoed into the sick-room, he looked upon a strange scene, or it appeared to be so to him, knowing what he did. There beside the little white bed upon which the sufferer lay, sat his old landlord with his own little girl tucked up in his lap and her little fingers were playing with the towsled beard that had always been such a horror to her, as she looked up in his rugged, fat face and said, in accents of great assurance:

"I can tell you just how it happened that I came here to help Bernice when she needed me—you see God comes wherever I am whenever I am to go anywhere or do anything that I have never done before—now, once, I heard His steps when I was going to be turned out in the street with my dear Papa and my dear Mama—and, then, last night, when everything was all right, why, then I heard them again, and that time it was to tell me that I was to come here to help poor little Bernice—and I have helped her—you say so yourself—see her smile at me, now—dear little Sister," she ended addressing the other child, "dear little Sister Bernice, we are going to be all right sometime—I know we are because God has told me so and He always tells the truth."

Then, looking up, she discovered her own Papa standing there amazed.

"Papa," she cried, running to him, "Papa, I know what the steps meant last night—I was to come here and help Bernice—and you were to come," she hesitated, "and you were to come—"

"He was to come to help me," announced the rumbling whisper of the big man sitting there beside the bed of his poor crippled little daughter, "He was to come to help me because he is a father and he has suffered, too."

He reached out his big hand toward the other man and the former suppliant put his within its grasp as he said in a low, awed tone of voice:

"I am truly sorry for you, Sir."

Battle of Love

By Raymond Kimbrell

All the blows of heathen horde
Are too few,
I can wield a winning sword
Loved by you,
Let the foeman point the blade,
Grind the spear,
I know love that unafraid
Laughs at fear.

Mars is never quite so thrilled
In the fray,
As when Venus watches chilled
With dismay,
I can fight with strength of Mars,
Venus near,
Break the prison making bars
Of cold fear.

So with love to cheer me on
In the fight,
I will strike from night to dawn
For the right;
Welcome, Battle, sound your charge
Loud and clear,
I have love that looms too large
To know fear.

Christmas at Caribou

By J. B. Balcomb

"LITTLE MIDGET" was the only child in camp. She was a mere strip of a lass of only eight brief summers; with a winsome face and a smile for every one. All the miners fairly worshipped her, and Big Pete loved her as a father. When he first reached camp the previous summer, she was an orphan, her mother having died two years before.

Clothed in her warm winter coat trimmed with ermine skin, and with cap and mittens of the black wolf's hide, she reminded one of the timber-line flowers that poke their furry heads above the everlasting snows of the higher peaks. Her winter wraps were a gift from Big Pete.

Pete was almost a giant in stature; six feet in his stockings, broad of shoulder and with muscles of iron. When scarcely more than a boy he had joined in the Leadville rush; as a seasoned miner he had packed over Chilcoot Pass into the Yukon. He had been in nearly every celebrated mining camp from Alaska to Mexico.

As a prospector he had few equals, as a miner he never loafed on the job. Few could track a deer so swiftly and with such unerring certainty. It was truly marvelous how he could stick to a trail when every sign of it seemed to have disappeared. Apparently he did it by instinct. And he would pass in safety along dangerous trails where another might have been dashed to pieces over the cliffs, or utterly bewildered many times.

When his cabin was finished, Big Pete had coaxed the Little Midget to make her home with him. She brought a ray of sunshine into his life, and he in turn told her marvelous tales of life beyond the snowy peaks that bounded her childish thoughts. Of late they had been talking about Christmas, and of the Mother, whom Pete had never seen. And then one raw winter's day, the Little Midget had caught a bad cold, which settled on her lungs. The doctor, summoned from The Forks, pronounced it pneumonia. "The Forks" was located where the North and South branches of the Caribou River came together—where the trail ended and, the road began where a mining town supported a general store, a hotel, so-called, two or three saloons and a score or more of cabins and shanties which served to shelter the miners and prospectors who worked the gulches and ledges above the town.

Far up toward the summit of the main range, above timberline, and many miles from The Forks, rose Caribou Peak. A little mining camp by the same name snuggled against its southern face; thus being partially protected from the north winds which swept those rugged peaks throughout the long cold winter. The dozen or more straggling cabins could scarcely be dignified by the name of a town, yet tons and tons of rich quartz had been mined there.

It was here in Big Pete's cabin the Little Midget lay sick. Day or night Big Pete scarcely left her. But finally good nursing, together with the doctor's skill had brought her to the point where she seemed out of danger. So the doctor had come to make his last visit. But certain symptoms troubled him, and his proposed stay of a few minutes lengthened into several hours. At times she was beginning to go into delirium.

Pete sat in the outer room rubbing his snow shoes with deer tallow. For the past three days and nights, he had done

little but sleep off the exhaustion of his tireless vigil. On the other side of the stove sat Sam, who had made the first strike and so established the camp. Near him sat the Cripple. Any one would have said that existence up there was a man's job, yet somehow the Cripple managed to work his pay-streak, and pack the ore on burros that carried it down the long miles of winding and treacherous trail to The Forks. Here it was loaded behind slow-moving teams of mules that dragged it more miles down the river canyon to the railroad; where it was loaded on to freight cars, to be hauled still more miles to the smelter, which extracted its golden toll in no stinted measure. Yet after the smelter charges had been deducted, the exorbitant freight rates paid, the mule-skinners requitted and the packers satisfied, enough of the yellow metal found its way back to the Cripple to provide his scanty necessities, and withal he was hoarding a little for the time when he should no longer be able to keep up the struggle. Others had dropped into Pete's cabin from time to time, to see how the sufferer was getting along, but few words were spoken.

Just as Pete finished his task, the doctor stepped to the middle doorway. "Boys, her lungs are all right. We've beat the pneumonia. But you have heard her going out of her head and talking in delirium. Something seems to be troubling her. She is already sinking and I fear in her weak condition, I may be unable to pull her through."

It was Sam who spoke. "Well Doc, if you can't play the game, the rest of us might just as well lay down our hands."

And the Cripple spoke, "Surely something can be done, can't it, Doc?"

And the doctor replied, "I suppose, boys, you will think me foolish, but when I was up here last week and she was getting along so nicely, she told me all about a Christmas tree and a wonderful doll, which her mother promised her the winter before she died. Of course, I may be mistaken, but she has been talking this same thing in her delirium. The doll seems to trouble her most, and I believe upon my soul that a doll might be the saving of her."

Again the Cripple spoke, "If that's all lets make her one."

But the doctor cut him short, "It must be a China doll, a big doll with real hair, and eyes that open and shut; one that says 'papa' and 'mamma' and goes to sleep when you hold her in your arms."

Pete was thinking. Thought comes slowly to a man like Pete, who has spent his whole life on the frontier. But a plan was shaping itself in his mind, and he slowly rose to his feet. "Doc, how long can you keep her alive?"

And he answered, "By using opiates, I believe, until morning, perhaps a little longer."

Then Pete; "And you say you think a store doll would save her life?"

"I may be wrong, but I believe it would."

Pete reached out his hand to the doctor, saying simply, "Shake. If you'll keep her alive, I'll get the doll." And turning to Sam he added, "Sam, you get her a tree from the timber belt away down the mountain side. And you, Cripple, you fix up things to trim it with. And one thing more, Cripple; you keep candles burning in my window and in your own window, around the shoulder of the mountain, so I can have them for a land mark coming back."

Stepping to the door, he took a long look at the sky, to satisfy himself that the night would be clear, and a longer look at the peaks around that they might be indelibly stamped on his memory. Then fastening on his snowshoes, with a few swift strokes, he left the trail and stood at the edge of the mountain where it dropped off almost sheer for a thousand feet to the glistening fields of snow stretching away in the distance. It was many long weary miles by the trail to the store at The Forks, but a daring and skillful runner on snowshoes might take a short cut straight down the mountain, and by a miracle save himself from sudden death or from being crippled and dying far from human help. This would cut off several hours on the downward journey.

The sun was less than an hour above the snowy range when Pete left the cabin, and the sunset glory still shone from the rugged peaks when he struck the main trail along the South Fork of the Caribou River; having missed death by a hair's breadth a score of times where jagged rock or unexpected precipice loomed suddenly in his swift rush down the mountain-side. Perhaps such a descent had never been accomplished before except by the treacherous snow-slide that hurls itself from those lofty peaks and rushed down to pile up a mass of debris in the narrow canyon of the turbulent river.

PART TWO.

Meanwhile Sam had hurried away for a Christmas tree of the balsam fir, already sparkling with a thousand gems of chrystalized whiteness that gleamed and glimmered in the rarified air, as he bore it home through the swiftly coming night. In those high altitudes darkness swiftly follows the golden glow of the brief twilight. And then he and the Cripple, with what help could be given by other members of the camp, made such brilliantly colored, and strangely-fashioned ornaments as their scanty supply and unskilled fingers could devise; to please the Little Midget when she should awake from the delirium of her dreams. Of candles they had plenty, and from some unknown past the Cripple brought forth many ideas of other Christmases, until the tree promised to be a wonder of joy and lovliness to the little sufferer when she should see it.

Many times during the night the Cripple made his way from Big Pete's cabin to his own and back agan, keeping candles burning brightly so as to guide the one who was to bring that precious doll. Many times the doctor wondered if the little frame racked by pain could be saved long enough to behold with her eyes and clasp in her arms that wonderful doll—many times the worker's hands seemed palsied when the doubt should come as to Pete's finding a doll and getting back over that long and treacherous trail before it was too late—and many times doubt almost unnerved the stout heart of the doctor lest he give too much or too little of the powerful drug, or lest the sufferer be too weak to rally when at last her eyes should open in consciousness, and behold the doll and the tree; and feel the bounteous love that was showered on her by those rough and horny-handed pioneers, whose hearts were as warm and true as their appearance was uncouth and unrefined.

PART THREE.

The last straggler had just found a seat on a dry goods box by the roaring fire in the store at The Forks, when the door was pushed open by Big Pete, who scarcely nodding to those who knew him, strode up to the counter and with the tone of one who knows what he wants and wants only one thing, demanded, "Show me your dolls." The storekeeper gasped in astonishment, and fell back a step at the stern look on the miner's face. But when the giant added, "And be quick about it," the scant supply was laid before him.

The storekeeper started to replace the largest and finest on the shelf with the remark, "This one I ordered special for Freighter Jim's little Sally"———

When Big Pete broke in with, "Give it to me, Jim's little Sally can wait." A breathless hush fell on the air—an ominous silence as though sudden death had stalked in their midst, for without a word, Freighter Jim rose and faced Big Pete.

Fairly matched for size, for indomitable will, for grim determination to play the part of a man in whatever they undertook; a fierce struggle seemed imminent, as Jim drawled out, "If yer looking for trouble, Pete, say that again about my little Sally"; and then something in Big Pete's face told him no insult was meant, and he added, "What is it Pete? Is there trouble up at Caribou?"

"I didn't mean it, Jim. You know I think lots o' yer little Sally"; and then he told them what the doctor had said, and why he had come on his desperate errand. Quick sympathy showed in every face, and Jim insisted that he take the

doll— the only suitable one in the store; and the others offered help and comfort. Nowhere can truer hearts or kindlier spirits be found than among the pioneers on the far edge of civilization.

No one knows of the tedious miles on the return trip, of the clambering up slippery places, of the cautious climbing where a false step meant certain destruction, of the winding, zigzag trail so often lost in the darkness and regained again only by a desperate effort, of the torturing doubt lest he fail to reach camp in time to save the Little Midget.

PART FOUR.

When all was in readiness the doctor and the Cripple placed the tree in the Midget's room, right where her eyes would first rest upon it, unless—for the doctor was saying, "I dare not give her another dose, and within the hour she will wake up—in this world or the next. God grant that Pete may come soon, and then, O God, grant us the miracle of a life as good as raised from the dead!" The doctor was not a praying man, but prayer comes naturally to human lips in dire extremity. And he added, "If the sight of the Christmas tree, and the dolly that will go to sleep in your arms will only make her sleep—our little girl will come through all right."

Truly it was a wonderful Christmas tree, with its many candles, its lights and shades, its brilliant colorings of every hue the camp afforded, and all the little trinkets and keepsakes of other Christmas times and other little boys and girls who were only a memory now.

Dimly the cold gray peaks were beginning to show in the morning light, as the doctor and the Cripple sat down to wait. Just then a step was heard on the snow, and opening the door, Big Pete staggered across the threshold holding a large China doll with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut—the finest one ever seen at The Forks. Tenderly the Cripple smoothed down its clothes, brushed back the golden hair, and placed it on the tree, looking straight at the Little Midget. A sound almost like a sob, yet with a note of rapturous delight caused them to glance quickly toward the bed, The Midget was slowly stretching out both arms with a look of wonderous joy.

With a swift motion the doctor placed the doll in her trembling hands, and she whispered, "Just like Christmas, the way I dreamed it would be." And then she added, scarcely above a whisper, "Thank you all for the beautiful tree. It looks as though Mother made it." And as the dolly's eyes closed in sleep, she gave it a loving glance, and with a sigh of perfect content, her own eyes closed in peaceful slumber.

The morning sun rising over the snow-capped peaks sent a shaft of golden light across the sleeper on the pillow, touching the scene with a radiant glory, like that of the first Christmas morn.

Ode to the Eucalyptus

By F. H. Mason

Hark! the rustle of the wind,
Ever bringing to my mind
Graceful Eucalyptus trees,
Swaying pliant in the breeze.

Trees that grow from tiny seeds
Rapidly, like giant weeds,
Making in a brief decade
Trees that cast majestic shade.

Slender Eucalyptus trees,
Fav'rite of the honey bees,
With bright flowers from red to white,
Shedding fragrance through the night.

A Matter of the Wine

By Raymond S. Bartlett

"SERGEANT, I've done it this time." Marny's utterance was strained and jerky. He was standing in nervous and disordered fashion before the bright, but sinister, railing which marked the dividing line between crime and respectability at the central station.

"Done what?" Sergeant O'Reilly's glance mingled amusement and mock gravity.

"I've killed a man." Marny's manner showed increased nervousness, while perspiration burst from his pores and stood out in large beads on his forehead.

At this particular moment the white light, which radiated from twin lamps on the sergeant's desk, dwelt with speculative interest upon the person of Jack Marny, night policeman on the Daily Sun. His collar bore one, two, greasy finger prints and the brown fedora which he held with terrible indecision, as if it had, in some subtle way, linked him to his terrifying statement, was crumpled almost beyond recognition.

O'Reilly turned for the fraction of a moment to Benton, the night bailiff, who had just stepped in from the prison.

"A whole skin-full tonight," he half-whispered and then returned to the figure at the desk.

"Well Marny," he began judicially," there isn't much to do but lock you up. You needn't bother with details tonight. Dead men and justice must wait until the morning. You'd better frish him, Benton," the sergeant accompanied his remark with a huge wink. "Perhaps he packs a gun."

By this time Marny was swaying, ever so gently, and leaned to the railing for support. A vivid flush was commencing to spread from his temples and soon covered his entire face.

"Too late for the las' run," he muttered, turned at Benton's beckoning hand and walked away, still swaying.

It wanted an hour to midnight and O'Reilly, still at his desk, was addressing Plunkett, who labored alternate beats with Marny on the Sun.

"He looked bad tonight," the sergeant was explaining. "This time he claimed murder. Powers tells me he spent most of the night down there at the Crescent with that bum bunch from the beach. My God, Plunkett, the man's mind will snap some day just like that!" illustrating his remark with a vigorous gesture.

"He stumbled in here about ten o'clock all done up and remarked he'd killed a man. Benton put him to bed and in the morning he'll have the blues for fair."

The pause was properly filled by the ticking of a clock and from below, in Kearny street, the dying traffic sounded.

"How old is Marny?" The sergeant's words seemed anxious.

Plunkett seemed to be probing his mind for an answer.

"Darned if I know," he said at length. "He's been with us so long, nobody knows, I guess. I'd hazard fifty at a guess. Sometimes I think he's older. Maybe it's the gray hair though."

The sergeant drummed abstractedly on the blotter before him.

"They never quit after they reach fifty." O'Reilly's words seemed final enough. But God! the shame of it! Most men are fathers at that age. And that man's mind, Plunkett! I've seen some mighty tough things over this desk, but I've never witnessed anything worse than the sight of that fine, brainy man, dropping down, falling to pieces bit by bit, until now — why he's a common bum."

Plunkett nodded thoughtfully, turned his mild, middle-aged eyes to the clock, then tested his pipe stem by blowing through it.

"Well," he offered, weighing his words carefully," it can't go on forever. When Marny's right he's the best bet on our staff but this newspaper game is getting past the stage where a man can do what HE is doing and get by. He tripped up tonight, terribly. Missed a whole page full of stuff. Do you think they'll let that happen all the time? Some one of these days they'll throw Mister Marny right out on his ear and he's an old man, you know."

"You're right," the sergeant said, getting ready for a change in shifts. "They won't stand for everything. I don't suppose, either, the man's got a cent saved. Well," coming abruptly to an end, "I'll see him off to a good start in the morning. Trust me for that."

When Marny's eyes opened it was coming light. He turned his head as if intending sleep once more, then shivered miserably. In the back of his head, along the neck, the muscles ached and pulled. They were stretching, it seemed, to the snapping point. He half-raised himself, but when the room whirled around him, fell back again. Then there was the dreadful nausea of the moment, the hounding thirst and the horrible swaying of the walls around him.

It seemed as though an hour had passed.

"Lord, my nerves," he muttered hopelessly and reached for his watch.

He found that gone and raised himself again. This time he held his posture. Something was wrong. The gray, unvarnished walls, the single chair at his side and the coarse blankets that covered him. Then he knew.

Day was coming now. With the light, his thoughts came swarming swiftly, discordantly. He recalled a dimly lighted booth in the back room of a dance hall where he had spent part of the night before. An unpleasant, florid looking face flashed across his mind's eye. The waiter, of course. Then he was back into it again, the stale tobacco smoke, the noise of the dancing and— He paused, shivering again.

In the middle of these unpleasant reflections the door of the room opened and Benton entered, carrying in his arms a sadly battered hat, a clean collar, a watch and some money tied in a handkerchief.

Marny looked up with instinctive shame. Now it was all clear. He had spent the night in jail. Not the first time, he remembered, and his thoughts lashed him.

"Slept in my clothes again," he remarked with elaborate, stagy indifference. "Spilled the beans once more."

"Spilled the beans," Benton cried, exploding. "My God, Jack, when are you gonna get on to yourself. You're old enough, by a lot of years, to know better. Last night was the worst I ever saw."

Marny's mind was suddenly, alertly apprehensive.

"What was it, Lary?" he groaned, rising and attempting some sort of adjustment to his wrinkled clothes. "Did anything happen? Anything bad, I mean?"

"Look here Jack Marny!" Benton was openly hostile. "You came in here last night pickled to the gills. Peddled some line of junk about killing a man. Now I don't mind telling you we're sick of it. This isn't the first time, either, but you bet it's gonna be the last. If you don't quit the stuff (mind you I know the game), some day you'll bump off with the snakes or you'll kill someone on the square. Besides, your job ain't any pension berth."

II.

That night Marny closed up his desk in the press room with a shiver. The city desk had called him on the phone.

"Come in when you've finished up." It was Kelty, the night editor, who was talking. "We want to see you. That's all I guess."

The city room was redolent with the fumes of cheap tobacco but Marny shivered in spite of all the warmth.

"Well," it was Kelty talking and Marny marked the change of inflection from his ordinary tone, "turn in your expense account tonight. You're through,

Jack, for keeps. We've kept you going this way now for a year. Last night was the limit. You missed that Markin story clean, and the Globe printed damn near a page of it. Plunkett got a little follow-up but there's an end to newspaper patience and friendship, as far as that goes."

* * * *

It was past midnight when everything was settled up. Only a casual nod greeted Marny when he left the room and when he entered the street, below, the fog struck his face like a wet towel.

There had followed him all day, the relentless insistence of craving, together with the torture of fighting back at it. All day he had stayed away from the places with the swinging doors, the places where his friends stood, talking, sipping, and pushing the day's cares from them in the tingle of the drink. Now, he was through, it seemed. His hat still bore traces of the revels of the night before. His summer serge was leaky and he hugged himself when the fog swooped down the asphalt in Market street.

Across the way, Lotta's Fountain dripped with the mist and beyond the lights of Kearny street were shining. While he stood there, shivering, watching, his shoulders commenced to droop, ever so little at first, falling at length into a final, despairing sag.

"God, for a drink," he muttered.

III.

Out on Telegraph Hill wraiths of the sea fog lay in sleepless, spirit fashion above the clustered buildings. Up through the mist the siren's greeting came and a bell tolled somewhere, from further off, sounding almost Lethean.

Down a certain, aimless looking alley and up a flight of stairs where the gas burned by night and the collectors came by day, Mrs. O'Ryan was taking toll of the night. She was sitting there alone, cradling her head between her hands and looking up, only to mark the clock. Past twelve o'clock. Her sharpened knees outlined themselves under the folds of the dress and when she stirred it was with nerves a'flutter as if she were waiting for some new dread, some fresh humiliation for her day.

In a back room of the Crescent Cafe Billy O'Ryan, aged twenty-six, became suddenly conscious of the fact that his money was gone. Further, his muddled mind took note of the truth that there was no wine on the table before him. In short, Billy's appetite had passed the limits of his purse by some odd thousands of dollars. All of which was bad. The noise of the evening's merrymaking, filaments of light smoke that took shape in the air before him and the whole vast reek and rush of dancing and drinking, none of it brought comfort to his heart. Hence, his attitude was something between that of a rhymeless poet and a street car conductor short in his accounts.

At this particular moment Jack Marny had turned his steps into Kearny street. He paused at Geary to set his watch by the Western Union time. He bought a copy of the Globe, pushed the paper into his pocket mechanically, and tried for a moment to stop the torrent of his thoughts.

They all led him one way. He rubbed his forehead with his hand. Started to move, nervously, then halted. A sudden impulse stirred him at this juncture and without more ado he swung into a brisk stride, heading for Pacific street.

When Marny turned into this thoroughfare his mind was running riot. There had been countless, willful, little whispers from the street a "murmur" at his ear. His tongue was dry and pressed against the roof of his mouth. The lights around him called and called. They hunted him like eyes. From the Crescent Cafe there came forth, on the night air, the noise of celebrating. Voices, singing in a dozen keys, mingled with the raucus strumming of a guitar. The lights danced and jiggled. The subtle whispers urged. With a desperation, born of mad resolve, Marny cast all bands that fettered from him and a moment later the doors of the place were swinging behind his form.

In the back room, where Marny was

accustomed to drink, because no one bothered him there with the exception of the waiter who served the drinks, he came upon the figure of Billy O'Ryan deep in the throes of thirst. Billy's brow was furrowed and his thoughts were of the grape. Marny called for the waiter and ordered wine.

Of course Billy would have a drink. Marny watched him thoughtfully, at first, as the young man raised the glass to anxious lips, tasted his own and marked the play of passions in the other's face.

"Blue eyes," Marny found himself ruminating. "Not bad at heart, I suppose. Lord, though, I hope he doesn't tell his story." In the meantime, the wine, that was coursing in Billy's veins, commenced to talk.

Of course he told Marny all about it. The mother at home (always a mother, Marny reflected), the old line about no work (he wants more wine, of course), and so forth and so on. Marny listened, politely attentive. He had heard this thing before. Case hardened, he was, to it. "Always a mother, a sick wife or something," he reflected. And then the sly little people of the claret commenced to mount up and up into his own brain and Billy's story touched him.

Marny was far from the state of being under. Only, the grime and reek that cluttered about the place, the music of the broken down guitar and the mutterings of Billy, all were blended into something that was close to music, reposeful, dreamy.

"After all," he concluded, with a smile, "it isn't the wicked world they tell about."

Billy was weeping now. "Yes, yes, the poor mother." Marny reflected and commenced to find a kind of pity for the boy.

"Too bad, youngster, too bad," he found himself saying.

Just at this juncture the waiter passed the door that opened on Marny's private, palace chamber. Weeping is never tolerated in dance halls. You can break the furniture, complain about the service and raise general earth-disturbing hell, but you must never cry.

"Look here," the white aproned individual offered, entering the room. "Cut that stuff out. We don't want no bawlin' in THIS place. Besides, you've had enough. Yes, I mean YOU," looking through Billy's eyes.

The O'Ryan individual looked up and tearfully remonstrated. And then he spilled his wine.

"I said to cut it out." The waiter's words bristled business. "You'd better take the air. I'm sick of your photograph around here anyhow."

With that he took the hapless Billy by the collar. Waiters in Pacific street have a way of doing this that is quite convincing.

It came with a sudden, spurting point of fire. The waiter released his hold on Billy's collar, threw his hands up over his head, coughed oddly and then dropped. Marny regarded him in the flash of a second where he had tumbled to the floor and considered how white and mean he looked there.

Then he turned to Billy. The boy's gun had dropped to the table, where it smoked and steps were approaching.

"Look here," he said. The words were pregnant, burning. Sudden resolve was pictured in his eyes. "Get out of here. There's the back door and then the alley. Leave the gun here. You know the way. Go home, boy, to your mother. I know the gang in here, leave it to me to fix things up."

And Billy slipped away. Meanwhile the gun lay quiet on the table.

* * * *

It was Plunkett talking.

"How did it happen sergeant?"

"Just as I said it would." The other's words were final. "He got stewed up of course. This time he killed a man. Some waiter down at the Crescent I believe. You must know the joint."

"Were there no extenuating circumstances?" Plunkett's words ran together dejectedly.

"Not any that I have heard of," the sergeant answered. "Appears to be a clean case of murder. He'll get the limit this time, sure."

A Tale for the Benefit of Husbands

By Frances L. Cooper

NO, this is not the raving of a drug-fiend, nor the hysterical babbling of a nervous, coffee drinking woman. While I admit the consumption of an ordinary amount of the pleasant drink, I am quite sure that it is not enough to affect me to any extent.

I am just an ordinary, normal young wife, who can't write a page without some sort of personal pronoun in every line. I am not timid nor excessively imaginative. I am newly arrived in a strange city and live in a lovely little bungalow in a new suburb. I haven't had time to acquire even a cat.

It was last week, Saturday night. Supper was ready—pot-roast and mashed potatoes—and I was playing over some old pieces and keeping up the fire in the library. The wind was cold, with occasional spatters of rain to remind one of the stormy night. Everything looked so comfortable and homey that I was puffed with pride when I heard Peter's step. Leap is a better word. He simply tore in, and, before I could say "hello," he was upstairs throwing things into his grip. A few minutes later he was gone, supperless, his explanation sinking in my brain. He had unexpected out-of-town business. He would eat on the train. I was to stay with my sole woman acquaintance, Mrs. Brawley. He would return tomorrow.

But Mrs. Brawley was out of town! I could not foist byself on anyone else! I must stay alone!

Shuddering I surveyed the pot-roast. The beautiful pot-roast! I ate. The goodness of the meal was there, but without Peter, it was flat. Indeed, it reminded me of the novelistic expression that "the food had lost its savor."

When through, I made the kitchen spick and span in a hurry, for my thoughts turned toward the fire and the newest magazine. Especially attractive was the new detective serial. Happily I snapped out the dining-room lights and began.

The fire crackled, and in my absorption, slowly died down. The story held me. None of the usual noises nor the increasing whistle of the storm made the slightest impression on my hearing. I devoured "She was standing beside it, staring with fixed and glassy eyes at something in the lower hall." And I leaped and stared with popping eyes! I needed them too badly to permit them to become glassy. For at this intense moment our electric lights gave a quivering flicker and expired. Thanking my stars for the red coals, I stood with my back to them, peering into the surrounding gloom. Above the sigh and moan of the wind, reason assured me that the ghastly, luminous spot in the dining-room was merely a reflected gleam from the library.

And so my mind reassured me and kept on reassuring me, but did not succeed until the faraway power plant decided to pursue its usual function. The detective story was not resumed. I dared not risk it. Being a serial, it would leave off at some hair lifting place without the finishing comfort of a satisfying conclusion. So I seated myself, first, though ashamed of such ignoble weakness, turning on every downstairs light. The chair I took was in the corner by the chimney where a full view of the lower house could be obtained. I also heaped the grate with pitchy sticks.

Calmness restored, the volume that endeavored to hold my attention was a volume of dignified, placid poetry. Sure-

ly nothing could be more productive of mental ease. But any notion of tranquility fled with the abrupt, terrifying jingle of the telephone bell. To answer, it was necessary to go into the back hall. Recalling this fact with rising horror, I remembered there was no light! The bulb had been broken yesterday. I hesitated. Loud and long shrilled the bell. It might be Peter! Boldly I advanced without a backward glance. "Hold the phone," bade a commanding operator. I held that phone, held it, held it! My grasp grew frenzied. My eyes as frantically glared at the faint lustre which denoted the cheerful behavior of the librarly lights.

Still I waited—and a door shut softly, with a little pushing noise as if of wind sucked under it. Soundlessly, with a suffocating throat, I slipped the receiver back on the hook. Upon my straining ears came a faint rasp; such a rasp as some one crouching on the floor might make. A creak as if a man roughly shod had incautiously tried to rise. Paralyzed and listening, I stood there; again the stealthy door sound immediately followed by a rattling thump! Oh! And I forgot the pounding of my heart in the tearful relief which followed.

"Why," reason reminded me quite severely, "have you forgotten your careless habit of propping umbrellas anywhere and everywhere? That the pantry door has no latch, and that a draft from the neglectfully open kitchen window would close it?" Of course! My intellect was equal to the occasion.

Jauntily I banged out a gay song upon the piano, but now the player attachment was employed. In spite of an intellect, the real Me was unable to put enough force in her fingers. After a half hour of mad music I resolved upon a march to bed. Again the firm advance without a backward glance. Out went the dining-room globes, out in the library! Nothing around me but dark. Deep, fathomless dark. No hope but the pale and spiritless hall illumination above. With heroic control I mounted those winding stairs with a sauntering air of bravado, with a meditative mein. But it was the most active meditating ever indulged in by my very average brain. The subject which filled my bursting thought was this:

Could I reach the top of the stairs without throwing that rearward peep in search of the skeleton, which, in my childhood days, I felt sure was ever ready to pounce on my defenseless back?

Well, I am proud to say that the march ended in victory. With chin stiffly set I walked without a quickened step into my bedroom, turned on the lights and slowly, masterfully locked the door! I knew myself quite well. Had I weakened, panic would have followed, then a gasping and maddened rush into the room, the indispensible snap of cheering electrics, and a bound upon the bed to huddle for a while with fearful expectations of new fears to come.

My confidence somewhat restored by this admirable conduct, it was a fairly simple matter to put out the hall light which had been forgotten in the conflict. But for all my acquired poise the hand that relocked the door shook.

Hastily I undressed. An animal instinct newly aroused made me burrow deep into the warm coverings. I felt secluded, almost protected. Then, sluggishly the idea grew; the smugness enfolding me more securely than a thousand blankets was not courage. It was due to the yellow of that beastly chandelier! To "Onwards, Christian Soldiers" forcefully hummed through set teeth, set to prevent a sick imitation of castenets from clattering in the quiet room, I threw back the covers. I rose. I pulled the curtains wide. I did not care who saw me from the street, for at least I could and did obtain some comfort from the distant corner arc-light. Last of all, raging at myself, I locked my closet door, conscious, as I did so, that it was the most foolish of all my idotic actions—to imprison a lot of poor little dresses!

Then I committed the fateful deed, which, to me, was as the Chair to the criminal. Only I did not have that prospect of oblivion which awaits the murderer.

In other words, by a thrust of a rigid forefinger, I plunged myself into darkness.

Minute after minute, and then some more, until five had passed. I know, for I counted the tick-tocks of the alarm on the dresser. After contemplating with an unwinking stare, the blackness on the far side of the room, I turned to the windows whence came the aforesaid street corner gleam. But as I turned, the suffocating heart-pounding sensation filled my throat. Heavens! What wa—! There by the east window hung my pale pink kimona, and, in the momentary faint beam of a turning automobile, had been transformed into a most effective spectre. My self scorn was dreadful. I shut my eyes and, as a punishment, dug around in my memory for the remnants of my high school geometry. What is a locus?—I drearily questioned myself. Something about a point or a line. No, it was a point. Or maybe it was a perpendicular—sleepily, dimly, two silvery, soothing tinkles sank into my wavering senses. Ah! Found! They were the points of my loc————

I was awake. Painlessly, thoroughly awake. I had aroused without that dozing so often filled with terrors climaxed by an endless fall from which one is rescued by a timely return to wakefulness. Day, plain old day was around me, filling every cranny with its commonplace presence. Crossly I slapped at a fly and missing him, rose and deliberately pursued the unfortunate insect with a swatter until my murderous instinct was satisfied. Yawningly wondering whether Peter would be late to supper, I splashed, dressed and breakfasted. I made the house neat and put fresh flowers in the vases. I practiced for an hour, and, when I had read the morning paper, finished the detective installment, leaving the characters grouped prosaically around the fountain in their back yard. Rather bored by myself, I rounded out an ordinary day, but began to brighten when preparing Peter's supper. By the time he arrived I was very gay. Joyously I welcomed him and happily demanded the details concerning his trip.

And then Peter asked me how I enjoyed the evening at Mrs. Brawley's. He was horrified to learn of my lonely night.

"But do you mean to say you stayed here all alone?" he exclaimed.

"Why, Peter!" and I laughed, "You don't suppose that I was afraid!"

In the West

By Thomas Damourjian Wallace

You may scan skies drifting blue
That you think of fairest hue;
You may feel you've seen of beauty all that man can view,
But until you've spent a season where the sun takes nightly rest
You have yet to know what Nature is, and all that she can do,
In the West, the West, the West!

You may visit every seaside
'Till you've bathed in every tide;
You may scale the steepest stretch that to the heavens guide,
But you'll find no happier haven, no sweeter isle of rest
Than where the slopes of mountains greet the great Pacific wide—
In the West, the West, the West!

Inga of the Old Infirmary

By Baily Johnson

GOD! but I hate it—the big old pile of red bricks—I hate every brick of it. I've hated it all my life, and that is—let me see—I don't remember, but yesterday I heard the superintendent's wife telling a visitor that I was over seventy; yes, that's it — seventy. Seventy years I've hated it for I was born here—bad luck to me!

Oh but I hate the woman who bore me —I do not call her, Mother—she was no mother to me. I do not hate her because she had me the way she did—mind that!

If she had kept me I would have worked my fingers to the bone to do back for her—but no! she left me here, the helpless babe of her own body and went away.

Not with the man who had me. Lord! but I hate him, too, because having had me he would not father me as a man should.

No, it was not with him that she went away—but the uncle—damn him!—her uncle, the one I hate most of all, and my life has been full of hates—of but one thing in my life have I had good and plenty, and that is HATE!—Oh, yes, there is always plenty of hate in the Old Infirmary. I wonder sometimes if it is so outside, always hate—hate—hate, and only enough love now and then like the candles we used to burn, just enough light to show how dark it is.

The old man, her uncle is dead now, so they say, and resting in his grave—and I am glad he is! I hope that the worms gnaw him so that he cannot rest even there in his grave—that old man who told my mother if she would desert me and leave me here he would overlook everything and take her back to her home—he was rich, they say—and my mother like the good for nothing huzzy that she was, left me here and went with him—think of that will ye—there was a mother for ye! They say there is a many of 'em like her outside there—and here, too, plenty of 'em to come and go clickety-click on their little high heels and leave their babies to be sent to the "Home" they have for such. They don't keep 'em here any more like they did me—I don't know why but they don't. But there has been now and then one different. I mind one quiet little thing that had her baby here and wouldn't leave it go. She was bound that she'd keep it, and she did, too, and carried it off with her a-laughing and a-cooing in her arms—Lord; if I'd had a mother like that what wouldn't I a' done for her?

But no! off she goes and that's the last o' her. I never heard how she lived or how she died—and I don't care either —damn her! All I know is that thinking of it all gnaws and gnaws me like I hope the worms do at the old uncle who coaxed her away.

So, I've never had anybody—no own folks at all. Of course we'er had superintendants and their wives, some good and some bad, but even the best of 'em don't care much only for their own folks.

Once as I was a-talking about it, one of the old, old women spoke up and she says—"You have too—there's God!—God loves you, man—he does so!"

"God!" I laughs—"I don't know no more about Him than I do about that mother o' mine who got me into this and then left me! All I know about Him is that he's a good one to swear by when you get so mad at the meanness of things that you can't stand it and all you can do is to swear and bear it."

Says the old woman, "Man, don't ye never read your Bible?"

"Bible!" I says—"I never had one and if I had I couldn't read it—and I'm mighty glad on it that I can't read, its saved me that much, grumbling and jawing for reading over books when I ought to be slaving and working—ye are darn right I'm glad I was never learnt to read and write—I've had jawing enough for resting a bit now and then, let alone for the reading."

Seems like they think a feller ought to keep right on a-pegging, no matter how he feels. Well—maybe there'll come a morning when these old lame legs can't crawl out of the bed and then maybe they'll leave me be to rest a bit.

Work! Lord; the hard work I've always done! One day I was tugging away at the heavy old barrel churn—churning away with might and main and a lady visitor and the superintendent's wife comes along and I heard the lady—I ain't deaf like most of the old critters here and I heard her plain—"Poor old fellow," she says, "I suppose he's really earned enough in his long life to buy the whole Infirmary!" And it's so too—I've worked enough to own every damned red brick of it.

"Maybe," the superintendent's wife spoke up in her sharp way, "but on the other hand he's been a county charge all his life—for over seventy years the county has been taking care of him!"

"Care!" God, I could have spit in her face—CARE!—a change o' colored shirts and over-alls against bath-day—a snitch of skim-milk pieced out with water most likely to make it go round for the tea, and the superintendent's family and their relations and the hired help drinking cream and eating cream on everything on earth they can eat cream on, and us without a scrap of butter day in and day out, with maybe an egg or two at Easter and a bit o' chicken at Christmas and good luck to ye if you don't get what you don't want dumped on to your plate—you hankering for a good meaty thigh and getting a scraggy neck, and there ye are with that neck on your mind till Christmas again, unless there might be another bite with the "fair"day lunch.

"Fair" day!—now that's THE day for me. That's the day I think on from one year's end to another—it beats Christmas for me. All year I save up my nickels and pennies when I get any for doing something extra for the hired help and have it to spend "Fair" day on the "Merry-go-round."

All my life long I've hankered to ride horses; but I never sat on one in my life—only the superintendent's family and the hired help uses the horses—so all day at the Fair, off and on I ride up all my nickels on the horses of the "Merry-go-round."

And once some children pointed at me—"See that funny old man, he rides and rides!" they said. I saw them, and I heard them—damn them—why should they have everything and I nothing?

Why is it? I can't see why some should have everything and others of us nothing. It gnaws when I think of it—there's always something to gnaw and hurt—the neck o' the chicken to spoil even Christmas and the children pointing their fingers on "Fair" day.

But the day after the old soldier died they didn't point their fingers at me—that was a great day—that "Fair" day was.

The old soldier and his wife was here a good while. He had a pension but he was a little "off" in his head from being shot in the war so they made them come here and turn their pension in. But they always get him nice soldier clothes to wear out o' the money. The old woman died first, and then after while he took to his bed, and he was mighty thirsty all that last sickness, nothing would do him but fresh water out o' the well at the barn, and when I could, sometimes I'd go and get him some—and so a week before he died, he had me to open a box he had and there was two white shirts in it—and he kept one to be buried in and gave me the other.

I'd never had a white shirt till that. And he had two suits of soldier clothes. The new suit he'd never worn, he kept to be buried in, but the other suit he gave me—it fitted me fine—Lord! I scarcely knew myself that "Fair" morning when I looked in the dark window in the hall.

You can't see nothing but your head in the little glass in the Dormitory where we comb—but in the dark window in the hall you can see clear to your feet —I looked like the soldier I'd like to have been if I'd had my way about some things. And when I was riding on the "Merry-go-round," there was the nicest little chap kept looking at me and I heard him whisper to his little sister— "That's an old soldier—see his clothes— I bet he's thinking how he used to ride horses when he went to war."

And I never told him no different—for if it wasn't true it ought to have been by good rights—so I let it go. But I believe that was the best "Fair" day I ever had—I mind of earning five nickels that year and I had a big time riding that day.

If only it would come oftener—"Fair" day. A year seems a long time to wait —it does so. Every little while I ask them, "How long is it to Fair time?" When you are looking ahead it seems so long and when you look away back, it seems so short. It doesn't seem so very long ago that I was a kid with jet-brown hair—they said I was a pretty baby— yes, they did.

And I could talk as good as anybody till that time they turned the hose with ice cold water on me.

The way it was, I had been hoeing in the field with the men the day before, till I was near fit to drop, and this morning when they got ready to go, one of the hoes was missing, and they blamed it on to me, hiding it so I wouldn't have to go to the field again. And when I wouldn't tell where it was (I couldn't, for I didn't know; all I knew was that I put mine with the rest the night before) then they stood me up in the extra big reservoir tank in the cellar and turned the hose on me, and when I didn't tell they kept it turned on till the tank was full up to my neck—and then here come the old chicken-woman with the hoe— she'd found it where the superintendent's kid had dug fish-worms for bait the night before and like he always did, he left it right where he used it. They took me out then, but I couldn't talk, my teeth just shivered and chattered and they do yet when I try to talk. I've stuttered ever since.

I was dreadful sick after that and they was pretty scared thinking I'd die—and the old chicken woman had let it out, so some of 'em knew what ailed me.

Maybe 'twould have been better if I had died then; 'twould have saved me a pile of hard work and more jawing than I can remember.

I say what's the use of living anyway, if you can't ever do anything that you want to or can't ever have any of the things you want—what's the use? I say. Damn it all!

It does make me laugh sometimes to hear the preachers that come out sometimes of a Sunday afternoon — fat smooth slick-looking fellers like the calves in the Spring that take all the new milk except for the superintendent's family and leave us without half enough to go around, that's what they make me think of, talking about what a blessing it is to have such a nice peaceful retreat to be in! I don't see where the treat comes in and peaceful! Lord—I wish 'em all the good luck to have to come here and live and see what it's like—that's what I wish on 'em—if it's so good why shouldn't they take their turn enjoying it—Humph!

I reckon 'twould be with them as it was with the old chap who stood up by the power-house one noon and slashed his throat from ear to ear. I suppose that's what makes that ball o' fire hang there o' nights like a big lantern hung on nothing. Many a night I've watched it over the spot where the old man's blood ran into the ground where he fell down.

I don't know whether you'd call that ball o' fire a ghost or not—but the old soldier used to say there was always liable to be ghosts where folks had killed themselves, and there's other things round here queerer than that ball o' fire —and God knows there's a many killed themselves rather than live here any longer.

I don't know how 'tis—maybe some can see more than others. But anyway there was a boy here once—he was as

tall as a man but not very strong, growing so fast. So they put him in as night watch. And every hour he had to make the rounds of the barns and building and yard to see that everything was all right. And long about two o'clock one night he came runing into the cellar where one of the barn-men slept and called him up —he said the boy was as white as a sheet.

"You'll have to finish the watch," he told the man—"I can't—I'll never go out in that yard again at night. I've seen the most horrible things that a man ever saw ——I've got to get to bed!"

He was that scared he could scarcely speak above a whisper, and the man went with him into his room and he went in and locked the door and the man went out and finished the watch and he didn't see nor hear nothing—not a thing!

But the next day when they climbed over the transom to see what was the matter—they found the boy just as he'd dropped down in the bed with his clothes on—dead! He was plumb scared to death with whatever it was he saw out there in the black night—I don't want ever to see what he saw. I've never seen much—but what I did see was good and plenty for me.

'Twas the man on the stairs that I saw. One of the queer things about him was that if you SAW him you never heard anything—but if you was where you couldn't see him you would always hear him. They that slept near by that stairs would hear him come tromp, tromp up the steps about half way and then stop—never go up nor down—just stop right there—part way up. But I saw him.

The old chicken-woman was better than some of 'em to me when I was a lad and I used to turn to of an evening sometimes and help her when she pared the potatoes for the cook at night. As I sat there in the cellar kitchen a-helping, all of a sudden she gave me a nudge with her elbow and I looked up—there he was! What there was of him—a black haired, black whiskered, broad-shouldered fellow, but all there was to him as we could ever see, was that head and shoulders that seemed to float part way up the stairs and then 'twas gone —went out just like a candle when you blew it out. There wasn't a single sound as it went up them steps and yet as I said if you happened to be in another room you'd hear that tramp, tramp, tramp up them few steps--without a sign of legs or feet to tramp with as you could see. And I've seen it often enough. And 'twan't nobody at all that I'd ever seen, and the old chicken-woman said he must have been there before her time.

Then there's the old lady in an old fashioned black dress that parades around the halls in the old women's part. Those that don't happen to see her, can hear her go pat, pat, pat in her stocking feet. And there's the thing that comes in the corner of the old women's dormitory where that one hung herself to the bedstead with a sheet. You can hear that flouncing around there like it was knocking the chair over, and when they get up to see, so they say, everything is all quiet and everything in place; but the minute they get back to bed it begins again.

And the ghosts ain't all like folks either—one is a big black bird that flutters into the barn-men's room in the cellar and perches himself or herself on the bed-post—it's the room where the idiot girl died that got cooked to death in the bath tub when another foolish girl turned the boiling water on her. The old barn-man says that you ain't hurt 'em when they was alive they won't hurt you any. And he's got used to the bird now he says so he don't pay no attention to it. But 'twouldn't be me that would want to sleep there—but I suppose it's with him about the bird as it is with me with the bed-bugs—I've got so used to them that they can gnaw on me all they want to and they don't keep me awake—Lord! I don't mind bed-bugs but I tell you what I do draw the line on and that's—RATS!

Dead or alive I don't want no truck with RATS!

Rats is mighty curious critters. They are so! And ther's always been an awful

many 'round here—I'd think there would be more of 'em come back as haunts but I never heard tell of but one and that's the rat without legs that crawls over the old bureau in one of the women's rooms. You wouldn't get me to sleep in that room—nor stay in it either. I don't want no truck with rats dead or alive—no, sir!

I can't tell the time o' day by no clock but I can guess it straight enough and I know that when them rats gets a notion of going some place they come every night at just the same time—yes, they will! And if they gets a bite and taste of human flesh and blood there's no keeping 'em away. No matter how bright a light you keep burning they'll watch beside your bed till you get sound asleep and then they'll go at ye.

I mind now of that bed in the corner where the women said old "Sawmill" used to sleep. They used to call her that because she snored like a sawmill whistle. Well, a rat got after her and bit a couple of times on her finger. And after that she got sent away. So they puts this here sick woman in her bed. And Lord! she hadn't been there long when one night about nine o'clock she let out a screech that brought everybody a-flying. Seems she had taken a drink o' milk and dozed off to sleep and the first thing she knew something bit clean through her upper lip. But when she screeched and raised up Mr. Rat let go. He'd put four teeth clear through her lip though. And everybody said it was a wonder he hadn't torn her whole lip clean away.

Well after that, they kept a light burning but the rat would come every night at just the same time and watch for her to go to sleep—she'd hear him—she was too scared to sleep—and when she would peek over the edge of the bed she could see him and then he'd walk away. But the third night the superintendent got a whack at him—'twas a big gray wharf rat as big as a half grown kitten—yes, sir, I draw the line at rats. I've got used to mice running over my bed and the bed-bugs and the flies and the cockroaches—although I must say them pale white fellers do make me squamish especially when they turn up at breakfast cooked in my oatmeal. But Lord! Flies and cockroaches ain't a patchin' to what we have had in our victuals. Take it before we got that new thing to set on the range when they used to cook our meat in the big iron kettle in the arch made for it—it used to set there of course all night.

'Twas supposed to be covered up but anyhow one time a snake creeps in and gets stewed up with the corn beef. There always was a big nest of adders down there in the cellar, but I guess it wasn't none of them. I guess 'twas just a common snake, cause it didn't kill none of us that eat out of that batch of meat. Another time we get rat mixed in—and that didn't kill us neither—but as I said I can stand the other things so long as it isn't rats! I can't abide rats nohow, dead or alive, raw or cooked.

God! Talk about hell! If there's a worse one than I've lived in all my life—it will be a bad one all right. But I notice this, that most of 'em here seem mighty glad to drop out of this when their time comes.

Of course there is some that do hate mortal bad to be planted up there in that moving patch in the medder.

You see they fence off a patch up there in that medder and when the patch gets full they just pull up the fence and take up another patch to bury in and mow over the other.

Lord! What a hay crop they get off that medder! They've gone over the whole medder now so much they're getting to be two and three deep and the grave digger hits into the old graves every now and then and some don't like the idea much—but me—damn it, what do I care? I say the more the merrier. I've got used to sleeping in a dormitory same as I've got used to the biting of the bugs.

And the worms—Gosh darn 'em! Let 'em gnaw—I reckon when it comes to that, I'll be asleep—too sound asleep to care or know.

Department on Oriental Affairs

Conducted by

Charles Hancock Forster and Gladys Bowman Forster

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Purpose of the Department on Oriental Affairs:

Many of the most thoughtful people on the Pacific Coast earnestly believe that here, where East meets West, we should take the lead in developing a sympathetic, intelligent and constructive understanding between the Occident and the Orient. They are deeply convinced that the peace of the future will depend upon such an understanding, and that this Coast is the strategic geographical point from which should go forth a sound leadership in these matters. Only by such leadership can the next great world war be prevented.

In order to do a small part for the constructive peace that is now the earnest hope of all far-seeing men and women, the Overland Monthly has inaugurated this department, and in doing so frankly asks the co-operation and support of the thoughtful people of the West.

Letters and manuscripts dealing with matters that fit into the aim of the department will be gladly received, also photographs of the Far East. A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for the return of unavailable matter.

CHRISTIANIZING AT TOO BIG A COST

THE time has come when a few frank statements should be made regarding the activities of certain American missionaries in the Orient. Those who are working to preserve the unity of the Orient and the peace of the world have been compelled to regard some forms of missionary enterprise in the Far East as dangerous and mischievous. There is a growing tendency on the part of some missionaries and large missionary organizations to thoughtlessly meddle with matters entirely outside the scope of their purposes. They do not appear to recognize that, in so doing, they not only menace the peace of the Orient but their own chances to influence it by the ideals of Christian civilization.

It is not the desire of this editorial to make a sweepng criticism of all missionaries, for, in the development of the

Orient, names that stand out above all others are the names of missionaries, but there are missionaries in the Far East who should not have been sent there, or, at least, not before they had been properly tested, trained and disciplined. The average missionary is a victim of environment. He is usually a man with an intense conviction and a great desire to serve. His convictions are first formed in Sunday School, and they develop along the lines of the hymn:

"Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost,
Who, who will go, Salvation's story telling,
Who, who will go, counting not the cost."

This is hardly a song that a diplomat would sing, and yet every missionary to the Far East must be a diplomat. Even if he thinks they dwell in heathen darkness out there, he should not allow this thought to govern his attitude toward them.

When the missionary leaves his native land, a pure-blooded provincial both in national patriotism and in religion, knowing nothing of international questions and racial aspirations, he is likely to make some very grave mistakes, especially in the Orient. His chief desire is to make Christians, and to make as good a showing as possible. When the missionary reaches his chosen field he is immediately shut up with a particular people. He usually becomes one of this particular people. He absorbs their prejudices and takes sides with them in their resentment of real or imaginary wrongs done to them by other nations. Quite often, sometimes openly, he sides with them in revolution and rebellion. It is very natural that he should do so, because his desire is to make them feel that he is their big brother. In this way he often gets outside of his sphere and becomes a troublesome factor in international relations.

It is very noticeable that the missionary who goes to Korea becomes Korean in his sympathies, and so likewise, the Japanese missionary takes the point of view of the Nipponese and the missionary to China sympathizes with the Chinese. Before any man or woman is sent to the Orient as a messenger of Christianity he should become thoroughly acquainted with the history of Oriental affairs in order that he might safeguard himself against accepting without question the prejudices of the particular people to whom he is sent. He should be trained to the point where he cannot be governed just by what he sees and hears.

We all agree that a certain party in Japan must change its tactics in the Far East, but we also agree that missionaries and missionary societies should not take part in the anti-Japanese propaganda that is sweeping America with an ever increasing bitterness. We all regretted the recent action of the Presbyterian Church at its national assembly when it took the word of a few missionaries, and, without weighing the facts, passed sweeping resolutions condemning Japan. This action was taken up by the yellow press and did a lot to weaken and retard the cause of a constructive peace. In passing the resolution the assembly regarded itself as working in the interests of righteousness and peace. Strange to say, a few months later, a body in the same church passed resolutions condemning the Irish revolutionists and accusing the Roman Catholic Church of trying to retain Dublin for the Papal headquarters in case Rome deposed the Pope.

The growing tendency of many missionaries in the Orient to take sides against Japan is the logical outcome of the historical attitude of missionaries toward unchristian nations. This attitude has always been a patronizing one. They regarded themselves as the envoys of a higher civilization and unconsciously expected a certain form of homage from the poor heathen to whom they were sent. When Japan shook off its long sleep, and with astonishing rapidity, took its place alongside the great powers of the earth, and became one of the five great powers, the ideas of many missionaries became bewildered. Suddenly they

were surrounded by the things of Western civilization. What they formerly regarded as one of the nations in "heathen darkness dwelling" had become a nation of science, of art, of literature, of statesmen—with a navy and an army equal in training and efficiency with the navies and armies of the Occident. Along with this advancement Christianity came to be recognized as a religion but not as the only true religion. A fine national consciousness was developed. The missionary found himself face to face with new conditions. He had to come down from his high place and the direction of his religious appeal had to be on a level and not down to the lost heathen below. Of course he didn't like this, and could not adjust himself to the new situation. The result is that our missionaries would now sooner go to central Africa or to inland China than to Japan. They are afraid they will not be treated with that spirit of deference and respect that should rightfully be accorded people of a higher order of civilization. To the biased judgment of many missionaries and missionary societies, whose principal purpose is to save the heathen from eternal damnation, the Japanese have become altogether too self-assured for heathens. —C. H. F.

SIDELIGHTS

A great many men who pose as experts on Oriental matters spend most of their time backing up their pet ideas with carefully chosen evidence. It is very rare, in this particular field to find a man who considers all the evidence before he comes to his conclusions. I think there is a term in logic to describe such a common method of reasoning but I cannot recall it just now. It should be the very serious duty of every student of the Orient to start out with an unbiased, neutral attitude of mind.

We naturally look for sound leadership to the men in our midst who have lived in the Orient, but we are beginning to learn that such men are the poorest leaders. They generally follow the bent that their own particular experiences in the Far East have given them. It is very easy to visit the Orient and come back knowing less than you did before you went.

In the State Department the other day I remarked to an official in The Division of Far Eastern Affairs, that the only way to learn the truth was to visit the Orient. He laughingly remarked that that is just the way for the average American NOT to learn the truth. Most Americans who live in the Orient get the fault of becoming one-sided. They are governed by their first impressions. If they do not have a pet slant before they sail, they soon get one, and generally a very crooked one shortly after they arrive at their destination.

I learned the other day of a certain rich American, who, when traveling in the Far East, was given a dinner in Tokio. He had just arrived from Korea. At this function, a prominent Japanese, for whom many of us have a great deal of respect, made a speech, expressing some excellent sentiments regarding co-operation between Japan and America. The honored American guest, in a report of the dinner to some Americans who were interested in the Orient, made the following fair and statesmanlike (?) remarks:

"When you come to Japan you will hear similar sentiments expressed. Mr. ——— made a fine speech, full of good sentiments, and it sounded very well but that is all there was to it—sound! A lot of such talk is heard in the Orient, but it is only polite bluff."

—C. H. F.

China's New Era

By Charles T. Paul

(Mr. Paul is the president of the College of Missions, Indianapolis, Indiana. He is one of those far-seeing men who regard the force of foreign missionary enterprise as a builder of a finer Christian internationalism. All who wish to learn about the effect of missions on the life of China would find it profitable to read his pamphlet on China recently published by the college above mentioned.)

"The Chinese question is the world question of the twentieth century."

"China, not Christianized, will be civilization's greatest menace."

"The common mind of China was never so accessible as it is today."

"If we give our best, the 'Yellow Peril' will become the world's golden hope."

THE great war has subsided, but China remains—the political colossus of Asia, the crux of the non-Christian world. Embracing almost a fourth of the human race, she is still what she has been for centuries, potentially the mightiest of peoples. Her conscious magnitude confronts alike the lately victorious and vanquished nations. She endures supreme among them all in population, in historical continuity, and in the bigness of her undetermined destiny.

As China survived the passing of the great empires of antiquity—Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome—so now she witnesses the downfall of powerful modern dynasties. The collapse of European powers has provoked in her a new realization of her unspent vital forces; of her age-long solidarity, though often menaced, yet unbroken; of her national spirit awaiting to the call of a new world order.

For two decades before the war, the chancelleries of Europe and the councils of America regarded China as the fulcrum of Far Eastern affairs. The problem of her future was a platitude of world diplomacy—a puzzle to prophets and the despair of statesmen. The mind of the thoughtful in all lands was haunted by the ominous shadow or the sunlit dream, or by an alternation of dread and hope of what China might become, or might do, if she should arise in her strength with the tides of modern reform.

At the very moment when the peace of Paris is stilling the Teuton storm in Europe, China looms larger than ever on the horizon of the Orient. How can her immense population be integrated into a scheme of world democracy and brotherhood? That is the problem of the future, which far from solving, or even mitigating, the war has only illumined with vaster meanings than even the clearest-eyed discerned. With Germany subdued, Bolshevism checked, and Russia working out her own destiny, the biggest remaining question of the world is this: What is to become of China, the most numerous and most virile nation on earth? Careful students are declaring that what happens within the next ten years among China's 400,000,000 people will, more than any other factor, determine the whole course of interracial and international relations, not only in Asia but between East and West. Shall China become militaristic and Materialistic, or democratic and Christian?

Old China formerly broke with the past in the revolution of 1911-1912 when she dethroned the Manchus and began her struggle to rise from a medieval empire to a modern republic. She is still in the throes of that struggle, which, during the world conflict, has been aggravated by widespread outbreaks of banditry and revolt, by the presumptious immergence of independent provincial governments, and, more serious still, the disseverance of the North and South, due to dissensions among political leaders. Yet these movements are regarded

by those who know China best as temporary disturbances, which will not essentially effect the national unity.

It can be truthfully said that China has a forward look. That in itself is a significant victory for Oriental eyes. This great nation no longer locates its golden age in the unmeasured æons of a fabulous antiquity under the tutelage of mythical heroes, and gods, but in the new order which is coming, which the people themselves must help to create, by the adoption and adaptation of the new forces of civilization. The whole country is indeed in the crucible, undergoing the agonies of transformation.

There can be no doubt that Christianity brought democracy to China. It is because the present upheaval and reformation are so largely the result of Christian impact, that the Christian Church has incurred toward China a special obligation, which cannot be evaded without violating the fundamental principle of Christianity. To create a desire for a new life without making any attempt to satisfy it, is like refusing food to hungry children. To be instrumental in swinging a great nation loose from its moorings, and not to provide it with continued guidance, leadership and co-operation, to the utmost limit of the nation's need and the Church's possibility, is to betray a divine trust.

China needs help because the restraints and sanctions of her ancestral religions have been relaxed. There is an alarming drift toward moral chaos, religious indifference, atheism and materialism. In hundreds of cities Buddhist pagodas are smitten with decay. The taoist priest and his magic is by the new learning being laughed out of court. The fettering forms of the prudential ethics of Confucianism have been shattered beyond repair and beyond regret. These destructive processes leave but an aching void unless they can be followed by constructive spiritual and moral rehabilitation. What force other than the Christian dynamic will meet China's need? Wise Christian leaders must be raised up to guide the nation through the present social chaos. Christian churches must take the place of deserted temples.

Though the new China is only eight years old it has already entered into a new era of republican history. That began August the Fourteenth, 1917, when the republic entered the war on the side of the Allies. Then, "for the first time since treaty relations with the powers had been established, Chinese diplomatic action swung beyond the walls of Peking and embraced the whole world with its scope." Ranging herself with the defenders of freedom, China helped to crush autocracy by sending to Europe a quarter of a million of her stalwart sons—the great labor battalions that toiled behind the lines, putting their magnificent strength under the heaviest burdens of the war. A new era is signalled by the fact that China has now taken an honorable place in the family of nations. At the Peace Conference her plenipotentiaries have ably pleaded for their country's sake. "The magnificent fact in the situation," a recent writer observes, "is that China came into the conference on her own feet. She was not barred as a vassal state, or received as in any way subordinate to any of the Great Powers."

It is at the dawn of this new era, at the entrance of the greatest of non-Christian lands into a league of nations founded on Christian principles, that the call comes for a vast increase of Christian forces within her borders.

The Unity of Asia

By Tyler Dennett

(We were glad to receive this very interesting and unusual article from Mr. Dennett, and we commend it to our readers, especially to Californians who wish to form an intelligent conception of conditions in Asia. Mr. Dennett, who has lived in the Far East, is a recognized student of the things about which he writes in this article.)

AT first glance it will appear that there is no unity in Asia. The Chinese and the Koreans are arrayed against Japan. The Filipinos shiver a little when they are classed with the other races of Asia as Orientals. The Malay are Mohammedan and were inclined to seek affiliation with the Near East rather than with that part of the world which the American usually thinks of as Asia. India appears to be standing alone, bound not at all to China or to Japan.

Just after Japan defeated Russia, the former had it in her power to become the leader of the tinted races. Or rather, she had it in her power to secure the acknowledgement of this leadership from the Asiatics as well as from the Occidentals. She forfeited the opportunity by her treatment of Korea, and has again alienated the other yellow races by her actions in China. To point out this fact, however, leads us also to recognize that Japan could bring about the unity of Asia almost over night if she were to reverse her present imperialistic policy toward the other Oriental nations. The unity already exists; it is merely in partial eclipse.

Asia is already a unity in at least three respects. The Asiatic races are as much a unity as are the Anglo-Saxon peoples, for they have at least as much a common source for their culture as the Anglo-Saxons. There is a partial unity of religion, and there is the third unity created by the fact that the white races have clearly drawn the color line and, by a process of exclusion, are forcing the yellow races to regard themselves as objects of a common injustice, oppression and greed.

The cultural unity of Asia is most marked in Japan, Korea and China, which have a common heritage of tradition, literature and art. The spread of Buddhism from its home in India through Malaysia to Siam, China and Japan, has affected a spiritual unity which even the traveler does not fail to recognize. The steady encroachments of the European powers upon these people have given Asia a common cause which is recognized far more widely than the Western world comprehends. Many a time have I heard members of the Asiatic races assert their conviction that the time is not far distant when the Asiatic races will have to stand together to defend their common rights against the exploitation of the white races.

At the present moment it appears as though China were hopelessly alienated from Japan, but one must not overlook the fact that since the death of Yuan Shi Kai, China has been continuously under a government which officially, at least, has inclined toward Japan. The so-called "Northern" government, which is largely composed of the military clique, has walked hand in hand with Japan throughout the war, and for the most part willingly. There are also the beginnings of an approachment between Japan and India. There is no inconsiderable amount of Bombay capital invested in Japan, and in the last five years Japanese products have practically captured the bazaar trade of India which was formerly held by Germany. There has also been an active propaganda in Shanghai, in which representatives of all three races have joined, to effect an understanding between Japan, China and India.

Asia has obviously reached the cross-roads in her development. She prefers

the road which leads toward self-determination in matters economic as well as political. If this road is blocked by the European nations, (and we have too little evidence to make us confident that they will not follow this short-sighted policy,) then Asia will fly to the arms of Japan and ask for military and economic leadership to compel the recognition which is now withheld. Every stumbling block placed in the way of Asiatic self-determination is a card played for Japan, and for such race antagonisms as bode ill for the future peace of the world. Nor will it any more surely promote the peace of the world to support Japan, as she is now being supported, in her designs upon China, and as she was supported by the United States in violation of a treaty, when she annexed Korea.

China is the center and heart of Asia. What happens to China in the next fifty years determines what will happen to the world in the next century. Japan has drawn upon herself the ill-will of the world by her policy in China, but the Western nations have been quite unwilling to face the fact that they have given to Japan her sole excuse for her present Chinese policy. For more than half a century China has been in the process of being carved up by Western nations. Japan feels convinced that if she does not make a firm stand now, China will, in time, be divided up in such a way as to leave her (Japan) excluded from China and also exposed on a weak flank to military attack. Japan feels that she must take a hand in the game for her own protection, and her logic is absolutely sound.

The pity is that the European nations are so unwilling to renounce the folly of their own ways in China. Japan is asking for no more in China than they have demanded and received. They dare not stand in the way of Japan because their own hands are far from clean and they are unwilling to give in China rights and privileges which they obtained only because China was too weak to protect herself. Europe bullied China and profited thereby. Japan is but following in the foot-steps of Europe.

We had hoped that the world had learned that a Balkan policy never leads to peace, but we must frankly confess that the recent world war was, as a teacher of the arts of peace, a terrible failure. China now appears to be the Balkans of the future. It is a nasty first page of international policy in the much heralded "new world." But let us be honest enough to admit that the blame attaches itself exclusively to no single nation.

The hope of world-wide enduring peace lies in the establishment of a single standard of morals for international affairs in which the white races agree to practice among the tinted races the same code which they accept for themselves.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

(Editor's Note: The following is published just as it was received.)

"100 Oraton Street,
"Newark, N. J.

"Editorial Staff—"Overland Monthly:"
"Sirs:

"I wish to express my entire approval of the "Overland's" policy in instituting its new department of Oriental affairs. If it can, by so doing, overcome some of the stupid and unreasoning prejudice which now exists, much will be gained. I am aware, though long a resident of the East, of the antipathy of many Westerners to Oriental races, (it is also found here, though less pronouncedly) and I, too, fear it may lead us into another terrible war, for the underlying reason for these periodic "butcheries," with all the world a shambles as history clearly proves, is not only territorial greed, but ignorance, intolerance, religious, socialistic differences and the Prussianistic doctrine that "might is right" and we being the "salt of the earth" can do as we please without regard to the smaller or weaker fellow's human prerogatives.

"The Chinese has always proved himself a good citizen; law-abiding, more so than any foreigner of like intelligence, I can now bring to mind. His qualities

of honesty, respect for the aged, patience under abuse, faithfulness in service, are certainly to be commended. If we Anglo-Saxons hold ourselves superior, why are we so bitter, so hostile toward those who, possibly, have not had our advantages? Many an Oriental has practically made himself over to suit an Occidental environment—the generations stand back of us. We have them to thank for all that we have and all that we are. Why can we not be magnanimous, happy to be ourselves, and with ready sympathy for others? I cannot understand this feeling of hostility and I am sure that until lately it has not been felt by alien races toward America.

"I believe that this unnecessary goading of Japan will force her to retaliate. The Japanese are plucky, adaptable and essentially clever. Can it be that we are jealous? I believe suspicion of Japan and her motives has all along been entirely unwarranted. That they have whole-heartedly admired and emulated us for years, I do not doubt. To me their desire for learning all about our great and glorious Republic has no sinister meaning whatever. The red revolutionist who is in our midst is more to be feared than any peace-loving son of Nippon.

"I am sure the "Overland's" stand in the matter, which is a most timely one, will appeal to the good sense and love of "fair play" of all broad-minded Americans, and I shall continue intensely interested in the contributions promised for this department.

"Most sincerely,

"ALICE I'ANSON."

The New Spirit

By H. M. M.

No longer raise I sword in angry fight,
No longer do I kill.
I've put the War God's image from my sight,
No longer do his will.

The world has had enough unhappy woe.
I turn to home and wife,
To rice fields or to trading, now I go,
To lead a quiet life.

Gread Buddha grant that all my children's sons,
And mine, will never cease,
To greet the distant stranger as he comes,
With friendship and with peace.

Rush!

By Eleanore Farrand Ross

I REMEMBER the wonderful thrill I used to experience when in some old-fashioned military drama, the major, or colonel, or whoever it was in command, handed important papers to his dispatch bearer, and after explaining his destination, and so forth, added impressively—"And ride like hell."

Looking around me, in these riotous, stampeding, bewildering, maddening, H. C. L., after-the-war days, I have come to the conclusion that everyone except the dispatch bearers themselves, (for whoever saw a messenger boy hurry?) are all riding crazily somewhere!

The old-time dispatch bearer at least knew where he was riding and why—the great majority of human beings today, do not. We are simply obeying orders rather blindly, most of us, and even when we can take the initiative ourselves and are our own masters to a great extent, still we find ourselves "speeding up" in a strange, nervous, unnecessary hurry, to get—somewhere.

The silly haste of the age could be epitomized in a little friend of mine, who visited me for awhile. Her time was absolutely her own for a few weeks, yet she would appear every morning trailing a heap of lingerie over her arm, in breathless agitation, checking off importantly "all the things she had to do today." I once went shopping with her, and after flying around a huge department store as if we were possessed; into elevators and out again, (in the end keeping a poor tired clerk past her time for leaving) I heard a saleswoman say: "Is she going to catch the evening train for New York, or is she just crazy?"

In the street car going home, my friend quieted down and then, after a tired sigh, remarked: "I always hate to do things in a hurry!"

After spending valuable time shilly-shallying, and passing innumerable notes back and forth to a practically irresponsible, if not insane Emperor, our country prepares for war over night, and drafts boys from peaceful pursuits into the trenches inside of six weeks, a "speeding-up" process which cost more lives in the camps that this government will ever admit.

The senseless tragedy of the "Titanic," with the criminal ambition of its agent to make a record trip, is an example of what speed dementia can culminate in.

The speed mania of autoists is too universally conceded to be mentioned. I will never cease to deplore the passing of the old-fashioned barouche, with its jingling harness, and prancing steeds, even though I were not fortunate enough to possess such an equipage. Elegance and leisure are vanishing into the never-never land. Surely the old adage "Haste makes waste" was never more applicable than it is now. Waste of food, fabrics, human flesh and blood.

In the press rooms of large publications, one realizes this I think, perhaps more than in any other industrial hive. Listen to the loud hum of the presses—"hurry, hurry—quick, quick," see the press feeders, perched on their great machines like jockeys, driving on their steeds; note the strained, pale, purple-shadowed eyes of the reporters, whose nerves and brains and energy must go towards supplying those racing steeds; realize what the publishing of a paper means to the workers on that paper. And then flirt over the leaves of your magazine or your news sheet, and exclaim petulantly: "There's simply nothing in the paper tonight!"

The spirit of the age is driving us all with hardly more kindness than the Simon Legrees of slavery days.

Poor humanity is riding like the dispatch bearer in the old-fashioned military drama—"Where to."

In the Realm of Bookland

"Dave Darrin On The Asiatic Station," by H. Irving Hancock. This is the fourth of the Dave Darrin series, any of the six volumes of which would make a very welcome gift for any boy or girl, either, being extremely instructive as regards the ethics of the American navy. There are three very thrilling incidents in this story. The first is the attack by the Chinese rebels on the American Mission, wherein Dave, and Dan, his chum, distinguish themselves in repelling the attackers; the stealing of a wonderful old medallion, owned by a Japanese officer; which theft is laid upon Dave, but he of course secures his complete exoneration; and the attempted bombing of the Japanese Emperor and Empress, as they ride in a parade to the Embassy. This attempted assassination is foiled by Dave Darrin, but why an American should risk his life for an Emperor of a foreign country is rather a mystery to me.

"Dave Darrin On The Asiatic Station," Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

When one goes camping with friends it is best to determine before-hand which of the party snores most quietly before choosing a partner for your shelter-tent, which is the army word for tent. William Gerard Chapman, neglected to do this before leaving for the Algoma district of Ontario when last he went camping with friends. His bunkie proved to be a past master at snoring. After he had retired, the small tent vibrated and the ground quivered at the rumbling disturbance and Mr. Chapman was unable to sleep. Remembering an ancient belief that whisting often quieted a snoring sleeper, he tried this remedy with but temporary and spasmodic effect.

The next morning Mr. Chapman was up bright and early. He chanced to overhear the head of the party confiding to a friend who had come over from a nearby camp, "I got a pair o' grand musicians wid me. Wan of them snores —like a saw-mill workin' up knotty spruce, whilst the other wan whistles in his sleep. 'Tis rare harmony, I make no doubt, but between the two of thim song-burrds not a wink did I be after gettin'; not a wink the whole night through!"

"French Ways and Their Meaning," by Edith Wharton, Author of , "The Marne," etc.

A small volume of one hundred and fifty pages depicting in a clear and intimate study some of the characteristics of a nation and its people. To cover so broad a subject within a small compass one must penetrate into the heart of things at the beginning. The author introduces to us immediately what she believes to be the prominent qualities of the Gallic spirit: Reverence, taste, intellectual honesty and continuity. Upon these conclusions are drawn. These are discussed from various points of view and in relation to the things they modify.

The concluding chapters comparing the French and American women are a little over-drawn. To those who have lived among the French such a statement as, "Compared with the women of France the average American woman is still in the kindergarten," seems rather out of place in such a volume. Aside from its being a rather exaggerated way of putting the matter, it fails in its conviction. The remaining pages do not help the discussion but throw some light upon the relation of the French woman to the "shop" and the home. But when the grand array of words; "France! Look at her as she has stood before the world for the last four years and a half, uncomplaining, undiscouraged, undaunted, holding up the banner of liberty; liberty of speech, liberty of thought, liberty of conscience, all the liberties that we of the western world have been taught to revere as the only things worth living for—etc., "come marching up at the conclusion of the chapter on "The New Frenchwoman" we fain would smile and remind the author that in France the "conscientious objector" was not even tolerated, as he was in America (if such could be called toleration), and certain-

ly not compared to England, who was probably the most tolerant of all in that respect. As for liberties of speech, thought, etc. Did not Clemenceau once change the name of his famous paper from "The Free Man" to "The Man in Irons?"

Space is too limited to give a more extended criticism. Like all volumes on French life by Americans there is too much perfume.

"French Ways and Their Meaning," D. Appleton & Co., New York, N. Y., Publishers, $1.60.

"Stuff o' Dreams," by Rex Hunter.

"Quick action" is surely the key note of this little volume of four plays, by Rex Hunter, for there is no padding, nor superfluous dialogue. From the first playlet, "The Wild Goose," on through "Stuff o' Dreams," "Hands and the Man," and "The Romany Road," the writer takes us at a sprightly pace, until the small book is finished, leaving us rather breathless.

"The Wild Goose," who cannot be staid, "with his eyes set to the sea and his beak to the salt air," somehow appealed the most to me. The young traveler, about to settle down at last, with the girl of his heart, ("a lovely slim young thing, would charm the heart out of any man's body," as he himself declares), is disclosed in his bedroom busily typing. Mary, the inevitable house-maid, comes in, and starts to clean the room, meanwhile asking innumerable questions. Michael leaves his writing eventually and dragging out an old trunk, that has been "half around the world," begins to turn over its contents.

"Pictures of Honolulu," he answers Mary's questions; "Honolulu — cross-roads of the world. With the big liners pausing for awhile and going on to remote parts. The crowds on the wharf with leis of flowers and paper, and the band playing "Farewell to Thee"—farewell— how it grips the heart-strings, wild sadness—the sadness of the butterfly that has so little time to flash bright wings in the sun. Brown boys diving in the blue water—"

And again, "And here's a souvenir from London — London, old and gray, with the street lamps shining in the fog. And the roar of the traffic like an organ. Little cafe in Soho, when that merry party of artists gathered the night before I sailed — aimless drifters, the children of this world would call them—but how gay!"

Then, through these memories, the wanderlust surges over him again. He suddenly flings his things into a suit case, directs Mary to send his trunk after him, when he writes her the address, and is off! And what about "the lovely slim young thing" he was about to marry? Alas!

"The Wish Fairy of the Sunshine and Shadow Forest," by Alice Ross Colver, and "The Four Little Pigs," by Kenneth Graham Duffield, both prettily illustrated, are tiny books which would not harm any childish fancy. In the "Wish Fairy" we are told how the parrot got all his gayly colored feathers, why the giraffe's neck grew so long, how butterflies were born, (butterflies, who make people happy to see them, and gentle when they touch them). And I will wager, also, that very few grown-ups, let alone children, know how the first Easter bonnet came to be worn! Read this book and learn!

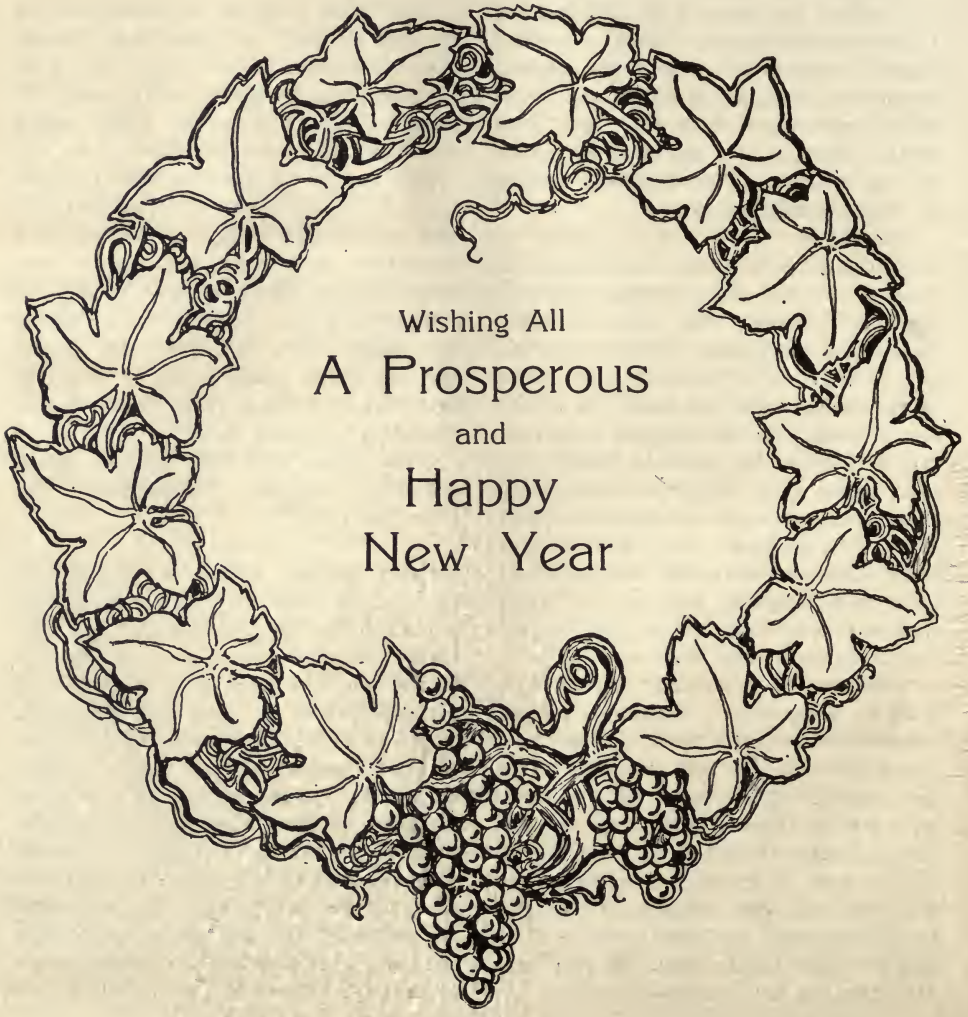
"Wee Books For Wee Folks," Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Price 50c each.

Harry Hansen, author of "The Adventures of the Fourteen Points," soon to be published by The Century Co., has joined the union of author-lecturers. He will lecture on The League of Nations and his experiences in Paris and Versailles, where he represented over twenty American newspapers at the Peace Conference. Mr. Hansen served as the representative of the Chicago Daily News in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy during the first two years of the Great War. He witnessed the march of the German army through Belgium, and later made a careful study of the war efforts of the Austrians and

Magyars, interviewing leading statesmen in Vienna and Budapest. At the height of the war he made a close study and gave a graphical report of wartime conditions in the three Scandinavian countries.

BOOK NOTES FROM THE CENTURY COMPANY.

A special edition of three copies of a novel is an unusual event in the publishing business. The Century Co. announces that they have given permission to a Boston printing house to print and bind three copies of "Slippy McGee," by Marie Conway Oemler. According to The Century Co., the Boston printer was requested to reprint this novel in especially large type for the benefit of a wealthy gentleman whose poor eyesight prevented him from reading the customary type used by publishers for novels. "Slippy McGee" was read to this gentleman by his wife and he was so impressed with it that he expressed the wish that he might have the book printed in large enough type for him to read. His wife immediately consulted a printer and binder, who have asked and obtained from the publishers permission to print three special large-type copies of the novel. One of the extra copies is to be presented to the author and the other to The Century Co.



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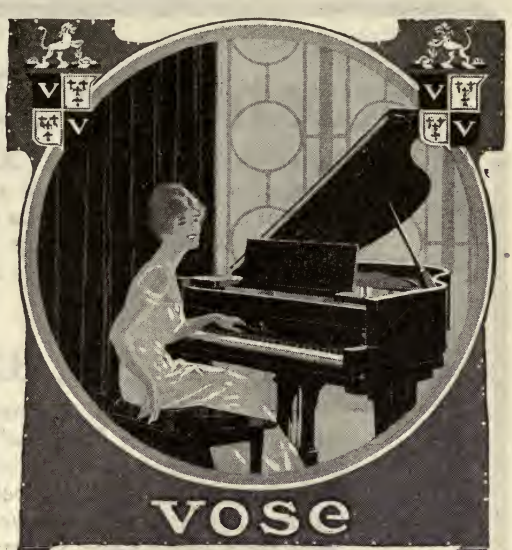
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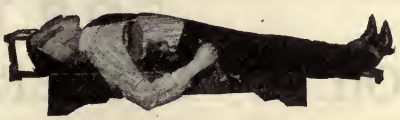

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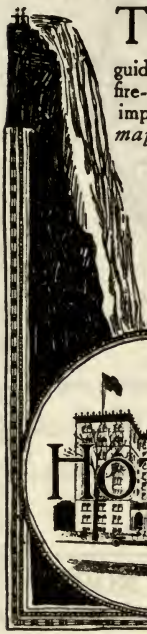

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The Poet's Hills, After the Forest at "The Hights" was Grown

The Poet and His Lake at "The Hights"

JUN 11 1920

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXV San Francisco, February, 1920 No. 2

The Poet Directing the Harvesting of Hay. Herman Whitaker to the Extreme Right

Joaquin Miller and His Books

By Henry Meade Bland

(Author of "A Song of Autumn," and "In Yosemite.")

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THERE is, for anyone fighting a battle for success, a profound lesson in perseverance and patience, in the struggle of the poet, Joaquin Miller, from the obscurity of a mining camp to the finished and famous stanzas of "Columbus"; from the scanty beginnings of his striking genius to the completion of his score and a half volumes: for it must be remembered that while his shelf of volumes contains many reprints, it was his custom to laboriously rewrite and revise what he republished. The story of this work is a marvel of achievement.

Joaquin began his first serious attempt in Mow-o-wa valley on the sunny south slope of Shasta. He had built a cabin on land given him by the Shasta chief whom he sometimes calls in his stories Warotetot, sometimes Blackfoot.

It was during a two weeks' stay in this

cabin, all alone in the dead of winter, that he began with his pen. What did he write? Probably no one will ever know.

It is certain that the next time he tried his genius on paper it was under the instruction of his father, after coming back from Central America to Oregon by way of San Francisco. At this time he wrote parts of the "Arizonian," the most important poem of "Pacific Poems" which was first printed in England at his own expense.

Before publishing "Pacific Poems" he had in Oregon published "Specimens," a thin book containing two long productions "Lou Ellah" and "Shadows," both on themes which were prophetic of material in "Songs of the Sierras."

A second book "Joaquin et al.," was brought out in Portland, Oregon, by S. J. McCormick. This contained one hundred and twenty-four pages, while "Specimens," though bound more pretentiously in leather, was not half the size.

It was "Joaquin et al.," that the poet carried under his arm when early in 1870 he arrived in San Francisco and confronted the coterie of writers who controlled the editorial policy of the "Overland Monthly." Bret Harte, the Editor-in-chief, wrote a burning unfavorable review, which Ina Coolbrith, author of the exquisite "In Blossom Time," persuaded him not to publish. He turned the task of a notice of to her, and this is what appeared concerning Miller in the "Overland" for January, 1870.

"If he (the poet), is to be detected, like the Prince in the Arabian Nights, from a habit of putting pepper in his cream tarts, we should say his name was Miller, and he lived in Oregon.

"But, if we dared to answer the unasked and unimportant question which of the three (there were three different volumes of poetry touched upon in the same notice), wrote what might be reasonably called poetry, we should say Miller; with, perhaps, the impertinent addition that he gave the promise of writing much more vigorous local poetry than has yet been written in California. For when we have overlooked the dubious taste of subject and title, and have stripped away the husk of some crudities, we find in "Joaquin et al.," the true poetic instinct, with a natural felicity of diction and a dramatic vigor that are good in performance and yet better in promise (i. e. Miller is good from the top of his head up.) Of course, at present, Mr. Miller is not entirely easy in harness, but is given to pawing and curveting; and at such times his neck is clothed with thunder" (note the figure) "and the glory of his nostrils is terrible. But his passion is truthful, and his figures flow rather from his perception than his sentiment. And when instead of contenting himself with such easy epithets as 'snow-clad,' as applied to the Sierras, he intimates that Dian had on the mountain line 'hung all her linen out to dry' the picture is laughable, but striking."

This was all the recognition that Bret Harte, the distinguished arbiter of Western taste could offer the aspiring Oregonian. With his usual attitude of humility toward his critics, and with gratitude for small favors, Miller wrote his parents he was off for New York, and thus for the time brushed the golden mists of San Francisco from his eyes.

And so the San Francisco critics had missed "Is it Worth While?" which continues to live; and there was the striking prophecy concerning San Francisco, which was also overlooked in the search for something to ridicule:

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pity us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-broken brother,

London Bland MacCormack, (Youngest of the Poet's Line); Great Grandson of the Poet

Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey.
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
That we give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain—
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

Why should we envy a moment of pleasure

Some poor fellow-mortal has wrung
from it all?
Oh! could you look into life's broken
measure—
Look at the dregs — at the wormwood
and gall—
Look at his heart hung with crape like
a pall—

Look at the skeletons down by his
hearthstone—
Look at his cares in their merciless
sway—
I know you would go and say tenderly,
lowly,
Brother,—my brother, for aye and a
day,—
Lo! Lethe is washing the blackness
away.

—MILLER.

From the Bear Edition,
HARR WAGNER, Publisher.

PROPHECY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Dared I but say a prophecy,
As sang the holy men of old,
Of rock-built cities yet to be
Along these shining shores of gold,
Crowding athirst into the sea,
What wondrous marvels might be told!
Enough to know that empire here
Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star
Here art and Eloquence shall reign,
As o'er the wolf-reared realm of old;
Here learn'd and famous from afar,
To pay their noble court, shall come,
And shall not seek or see in vain,
But look and look with wonder dumb—

From "Joaquin Murietta."

Here, too, was "Benoni," later called the "Tale of the Tall Alcaldi," which contained the figure:

"Where mountains repose in their blue-
ness—
Where the sun first lands in his newness,
To gather his beams and his lances
Ere down to the vale he advances
With visor erect, and encounters
The terrible night in his way,
And slays him and out of his blackness
Hews out the beautiful day,
With his flashing sword of silver,
Dwelt I,"

—which, though slightly, yet not vitally, changed in the "Songs of the Sierras," was pointed out later by the London "Spectator" as a striking example of originality and freshness.

And here, too, was his famous description of himself which the good San Franciscans overlooked:

"It may be where white moonbeams
kneel
At night beside some rugged steep;
It may be where mad breakers reel,
Or mild waves cradle one to sleep;
It might have been in peaceful life,
Or mad tumult and storm and strife,
I drew my breath; it matters not.
A silver'd head, a sweetest cot,
A sea of tamarack and pine,
A peaceful stream, a balmy clime,
A cloudless sky, a sister's smile,
A mother's love that sturdy Time
Has strengthen'd as he strengthen'd
wine,
Are mine, are with me all the while,
Are hung in memory's sounding halls,
Are graven on her glowing walls.
But rage, nor rack, nor wrath of man,
Nor prayer of priest, nor price, nor ban
Can wring from me their place or name,
Or why, or when, or whence I came;
Or why I left that childhood home."

There is such a thing as being too busy looking at pebbles to see the mountains.

Of the first Oregon book, "Specimens," the most important survival is a quatrain printed at the head of "Shadows:"

"And full these truth's eternal
O'er the yearning spirit steal,
That the real is the ideal
And the ideal is the real."

This is printed early in the "Songs of the Soul." "The Last of the Taschastas" contained, otherwise the best of "Specimens" although this poem was much modified when reproduced in the "Songs of the Sierras." In "Specimens" this poem was called "Lou Ellah."

One thing more about the the "Second

The Poet and His Grandson

Book"—Miller had written Charles Warren Stoddard who was practically a member of the staff of the "Overland" asking him to pen a review of "Joaquin." The review copy was duly sent. But Stoddard had gone to Hawaii, and when the message and book followed him over the Pacific, Stoddard passed them on his return to California. So when the poems at last arrived at Stoddard's hand, it was too late for a timely review. But when Joaquin after the shower of London glory was thought worthy of extended magazine notice, Stoddard sympathetically wrote of the early work of the poet:

"He was original, to say the least; and being original was ingenuous, and being ingenuous was most refreshing. Never had a breezier bit of human nature dawned upon me this side of the South Seas than that Poet of the Sierras when he came to San Francisco in 1870."

But Charlie Stoddard even then could not fail to see the funny side of "To the Bards of San Francisco Bay," which no

doubt the author intended as a serious tribute. But the "Bards of San Francisco Bay" to Stoddard were a joke;

"From country come to join the youth
Of some sweet town in quest of truth,"

indeed seemed very absurd especially when that town was San Francisco. Well it WAS far-drawn and Stoddard could hardly be blamed for using his gentle shafts of humor upon it. But this, had it been printed on the first appearance of "Joaquin," would have been better than Bret Harte's silence and Ina Coolbrith's faint praise.

Stoddard finally in 1890 presented Miller to Harte but without moving the imperturbable editor further in the Oregonian's favor; and to Ina Coolbrith, concerning whom Miller whispered the elegant line from Tennyson:

"Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Ina Coolbrith, would she do so, could tell some interesting tales of Joaquin and his aspirations; for she knew him well later. That she finally came to a just appreciation can be seen in her "Vale Joaquin," read at the scattering of the poet's ashes on the pyre in May after his death.

"March 26 (1871)," wrote the poet in his Journal, "Eureka! The St. James Gazette says 'Arizonian' is written by Browning."

This was after "Pacific Poems" came out—a thin book, of less than one hundred pages, with no publisher, and paid for with the proceeds of a pawned gold watch.

This booklet contained, beside the "Arizonian," a lengthy piece, "The Oregonian." With the glowing press notices greeting this new collection, Joaquin went straight to the biggest publishers and immediately contracted with Longruans & Co. for his fourth volume, "Songs of the Sierras."

In a single night he had leaped from the obscurity of an adventurous wanderer to recognition as a great and original poet. The reports of Joaquin's sudden fame, drifting across the waters, were calculated to give very wrong impressions in the West of his successes. The English press had said some things of Byron and Miller. "The Saturday Review" had said "The Faults of (Miller's) matter are faults inherent in Byronism; the faults of his form are excusable in one who can have had but little opportunity of familiarizing himself with literary models. But there is at least one point in which the American poet possesses incontestable superiority over his English Model. It is not upon the dreams of a morbid imagination, but upon his own actual experience, upon materials derived from an adventurous life upon the borders of civilization, that he has drawn—— Hence, even in his most feverish and over-charged passages there is a ring of genuineness which is absent from Byron's poetry."

It is William Michael Rosetti, poet art-critic, brother of Dante Gabriel Rosetti who wrote this critique for "The Academy" in an article which makes seven closely printed columns (see p. 504, Volume 110, "Littell's Living Age)." This is the general estimate our critic gives:

"We have emphatically to pronounce him an excellent and fascinating poet qualified by these, his first works, to take rank among the distinguished poets of the time, and to greet them as peers."

Who are these distinguished poets? Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rosetti, Matthew Arnold. This critic finds, lastly let it be said, in Miller's poems, traces of powers which make a Browning, and musical qualities which make a Swinburne—Other English reviews were no less emphatic in their estimates. But there was only one item of all this that drifted to far Oregon—Joaquin was influenced by Lord Byron. In the minds of Miller's political enemies along the Willamette, this item meant that Joaquin stole his verse; and this they vigorously used against him; for he might return to Oregon laden with his new honors and win in spite of their opposition the place he wanted on the State Supreme Bench. So they fought him tooth and nail, these puny politicians, and saw to it that the name "plagiarist" stuck to him. Even today the Old Ore-

These are Books Written by Joaquin Miller

gonian harking back to these troublous times will tell you that

Heine Miller copied his poetry. Truly he was without fame in his own land!

Now doubtless the truth about Byron's influence is this: Joaquin, like other young poets of his day, read Byron and youth-like, was charmed with Byronic music and melancholy, and doubtless was strongly, but not vitally influenced. His mind had a photographic sensitiveness and he was readily touched by any beauty or strength of thought in what he read. Other poets, Tennyson, Markham, and the great swarm of lesser singers have been influenced by Byron in the same way.

"The Arizonian" was selected by English reviewers as the best in "Songs of the Sierras"; and in this judgment it is agreed. Almost a monologue, it has the rapid rush and fire possible in that style of composition. It is full of passion. It draws a vivid picture of the man who speaks, and his sorrow to think love has been sacrificed to a life de-

"For what is it all, in the words of
fire,
But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?"

The index of the English edition of "Songs of the Sierras" contained "Arizonian"; "With Walker in Nicaragua"; "The Californian" (later called "Joaquin Murietta"); "Ina"; "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde"; "Burns and Byron," and "The Last of the Taschastas."

When the "Songs " were published in America "Kit Carson's Ride," "Myrrh" and "Even So" were added.

"The Songs of the Sierras" closes the first period of Joaquin Miller's literary career; but his greater work was yet to come; and he was destined after years of wandering in many lands to return to his beloved Sierra Nevadas and to still further tell the great romantic story of gold mines and pioneers as well as to sing of his own tireless wanderings.

The "Songs of the Sierras" were dedicated to his daughter, Maud, in the fol-

Because the skies were blue, because
  The sun in fringes of the sea
Was tangled, and delightfully
  Kept dancing on as in a waltz,
And tropic trees bowed to the seas
  And bloomed and bore years through
    and through,
And birds in blended gold and blue
  Were thick and sweet as swarming
    bees,
And sang as if in Paradise
  And all that Paradise was spring—
Did I too sing with lifted eyes,
  Because I could not choose but sing.

With garments full of sea winds blown,
  From isles beyond of spice and balm,
Beside the sea, beneath her palm,
  She waits, as true as chiseled stone.
My childhood's child, my June in May,
  So wiser than thy father is,
These lines, these leaves, and all of this
  Are thine—a loose uncouth bouquet—
So, wait and watch for sail or sign,
  A ship shall mount the hollow seas
Blown to thy place of blossomed trees,
  And birds, and song, and summer-
    shine.

I throw a kiss across the sea,
  I drink the winds as drinking wine,
And dream they all are blown from
    thee—
  I catch the whispered kiss of thine.
Shall I return with lifted face,
  Or head held down as in disgrace
To hold thy two brown hands in mine?

From the Bear Edition, Harr Wagner, Publisher, San Francisco.

Miller's poems and stories clearly reveal the course of his life and travels. Indeed the poet's life was one long journey.

When he returned to America in 1871, he went direct to Philadelphia where his brother John was dying of disease contracted in the Civil War, and like a true brother, stayed as nurse until John passed away.

"I sat all Summer at the bedside," he says in a note to "Olive Leaves," (Bear Edition), editing the book, Sierras") and trying to write the Life of Christ in verse for my Brother. The new book came out just in time. He took it, still damp from the binders, said it is a pretty book, and laid it down. He said some other things sacred to us, and passed."

John Miller was a type opposite to Joaquin — hair, like night, black eyes; yet he was tall, too, as the "Tall Alcalde."

The "Life of Christ," here begun, was not finished, as the measure did not suit Joaquin, being too monotonous. Yet when he wrote "The Building of the City Beautiful," in the early nineties, parts of this poem were used as headings to chapters, where what survives of this older poem may be seen.

Some very touching lines were written at this time on the demise of his brother John:—

O boy at peace upon the Delaware!
O brother mine, that fell in battle front
  O life, so braver, nobler far than I,
The wanderer who vexed all gentleness.
  Receive this song; I have but this to
    give.
I may not rear the rich man's ghostly
    stone;
  But you, thru all my follies loving still
And trusting me—nay, I shall not forget.

  A failing hand in mine, and fading
    eyes
That look'd in mine as from another
    land,
  You said: "Some gentler things; a
    song for Peace.
'Mid all your songs for men, one song
    for God."
  And then the dark-brow'd mother,
    Death, bent down
Her face to yours, and you were born
    to Him.

Permission of Harr Wagner, S. F.

Other sorrows had come to the Millers. The same letter from John in Philadelphia asking Joaquin to come to the Delaware to comfort him in what proved to be his last illness told the

eighteen-year-old Ella the only sister had grown sick and died. It was therefore a sorrowful visit when "Sunny Ridge" by the Willamette was reached. The poet said that no word was spoken when he arrived home, of the brother and sister gone; the sorrows were passed over in silence by the mother and father, but the sorrows were none the less deep.

Joaquin remained only a short time in Oregon, and then proceeded on a visit to his old haunts among the Indians around Mt. Shasta.

He saw not a single familiar face among the warriors, all the old braves having gone down in the battles with the whites and the few young Indians left having taken their places. All the old trails however he traced; he saw his old friend, the Doctor, and also the Prince who yet clung to this primitive paradise. The Doctor had married an Indian woman and lived a life of very simple ease, while his young half Indian daughter played with a pet bear among the firs around her father's homestead.

He saw, too, his own Indian help-meet of the earlier days, daughter of the Chief of the Shastas, whom he was obliged to leave behind, when, a fugitive, his life in danger, he had fled from his Indian allies. She now, however, believed that Joaquin had come to take the daughter, young and beautiful as a gazelle, away with him. Calla Shasta, (Lily of the Shasta) was the name given by the Indians to the child of the firs.

Giving up in despair that he might even find Calla and her mother, Joaquin was about to return to San Francisco, when they were discovered.

The main purpose of this visit to the old Sierra abodes, was to write the story of his four years with miners and Indians. Choosing a deserted Indian lodge as a romantic and appropriate place for shaping his theme, and lending a half consent to the wish of the Doctor that he might now stay for the

the Modocs" was here written in the fall of 1871, except the opening and closing chapters. This was done for Mr. John Carney, who, when it was completed, decided, after all, he did not want it, and so Joaquin kept the manuscript. It was not published till the poet later in 1873 reached London when, made timely by public interest, both in Europe and America, in the final Modoc Wars, which swept the Indians from around Mt. Shasta, Prentice Mulford, a California journalist, then in London, edited the work and it was printed. This book was the most popular of Joaquin's prose though Joaquin personally called the story of the "Danites," his best. The book on Indian life saw four revisions, all appearing under new titles. These titles are: "Unwritten History," with a sub-title "Life Amongst the Modocs"; "Shadows of Shasta" (a book I have been unable to trace, but which Charles Warren Stoddard told me of); "My Own Story," which is much cut; and "Paquita, the Indian Girl Heroine." Besides these Joaquin told me there were pirated editions. This story which is, allowing for some poetic license, autobiographical, was translated into the French.

Joaquin said that his mother and father never seemed to realize the popularity of his work, until this French version came out. His wild, restless, early life was a source of great worry to them; yet it is to be remembered that the poet liberally shared with them the gold which he got from the mines or from his books.

This personal story "Life Among the Modocs" was a truly veritable gold mine for the poet, and it did perhaps more than any book ever written, to arouse sympathy with the red man of the West. No doubt it will remain the most sought-after of Miller's prose.

Almost immediately now Joaquin plunged into the new countries of South America. He met and became a friend of the famous Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, by whom later, he was offered

Joaquin Miller at Work in His Mountain Camp

Empire of Brazil. This was not accepted probably because the acceptance involved the writing of verse in Spanish, while Joaquin clearly understood that his poetic fame was to be wrought out as a poet of English. He could not sacrifice the heart of his sacred calling even for the great honor offered by the Emperor.

However, the Emperor was so loyal to the poet as to translate "The Isles of the Amazons" into Spanish that his people might know Miller's message. This poem was published in 1873 as one of the "Songs of Sunland." It was intended as a real call to the people of England, bringing to their attention the unmeasured wealth of Amazonian Brazil; and pointing a way for the poor, especially, of London, to find freedom and riches in the New World—an ambitious design on the part of the poet, and worthy of one who had dreamed in his boyhood of Indian Emancipation upon the poet for he wandered in this eventful year as far as Jerusalem and gave us evidence of his first impressions of the Holy Land in "Olive Leaves," which is a part of the "Sunland" poems. The impressions of Palestine, however, were not so immediately productive as other impressions, but, they were years after destined to be woven later into the "City Beautiful."

The romantic story of Joaquin's life at the Hights, east of Oakland has been repeated many times, both by myself and others who have climbed to, and lived upon the poet's Olympus, and my present story, already long, must end here. Suffice it to say that the last of his lines which seem to me to be truly creative, was written upon a California theme. (Joaquin's love for anything Western was a passion, strange intense, enduring.)

This poem was on "Berkeley," which

A Last Visit

By John Jury

WHAT a strange thing is life! Yes, and death! It seems only a short time ago when in company with Herman Whitaker I walked to the Hights to visit Joaquin who was then very feeble. It proved to be my last visit to the beloved "Poet of the Sierras."

It was a clear spring morning and the walk from Fruitvale up through the hills was delightful. The air was suffused with the electrifying warmth that fills the open places. The meadow-larks sang from fence and tree and field, and the poppies spread, as it seemed, a path of gold to the poet's door. No doubt the birds and the flowers will always keep their accustomed vigils, on these as on other paths, and will make the outer temples glorious with beauty and song. That day is now only a memory—for not only Joaquin, the beloved poet, has passed away, but Herman Whitaker, too, has since gone down the little trail that all must walk alone.

I speak of this visit not because it was typical, although it was in respect to the cheer and good fellowship that always marked visits to Joaquin, but rather, because it seems now a summary of the years that preceded, and has resolved itself into such a memory as one must always prefer to recall.

On that day Joaquin greeted us from his bed. It was the first time I had ever seem him ill enough to take his bed. He seemed very feeble, and yet he was especially animated in mind and spirit. I remember though that there was a pathetic wistfulness in his great, deep eyes, for only death itself could quench the passion of his soul for life and youth and love.

Mrs. Miller and Juanita were there and their presence was indeed a benediction. They busied themselves at the many little duties of home and during the time served tea. I know it pleased her father to have Juanita sit on the floor much as a faithful nature-woman might do; and there were symbols and trophies and relics of the West enough to make all this seem very natural indeed. Juanita recited from memory a few Indian songs. Only those who have lived among the Indians can quite understand the motif in their incantations and the primal music that seems to be almost a spiritualization of wild-

Mrs. Abbie Miller and Juanita.

Juanita Miller at six years old.
(Photograph by Sarony, New York)

ness of mountain and weirdness of desert. Nor was the illusion forced, for through the open door came the free air blown through the pines and cedars that Joaquin himself had planted. The mountain birds, too, knew the call and were singing from these very trees. The silence seemed changed to echoes of the patriarchal days. Perhaps Joaquin rehearsed in thought a few of his lines that came to him while yet he struggled and persevered. Did he call up the past and its enchantments:

"The glad earth with her ample light";

"The angel with his flaming sword";

"Huge Indus-dusks, fierce Saxon dawns;
And all the host with clashing shields
That front Pacific's fearful fields?"

Or were his thoughts directed into the future?

"O thou Tomorrow! Mystery!
O day that ever runs before!
What hast thy hidden hand, in store
For mine, tomorrow and for me?
O thou Tomorrow, what hast thou
In store to make me bear the Now?"

And who can say that visions did not arise of the open plains, the majestic mountains and the restive seven seas that he loved so well!

I do not now recall anything in particular that was said. One might suppose that the conversation was dolorous, but it was anything but that. There was anecdote and story and laughter and good cheer. Nothing of hopelessness or even of sadness was there. Moreover, I am quite sure that no one present thought this was the last illness of the poet. If Joaquin himself thought it, no one could divine his thoughts from his speech or manner. However, later developments might indicate that a great resignation was back of all that was said and done at the time, and so the brighter essences remain.

A few short months from that time Joaquin passed away, and his dust was

Juanita Miller.

scattered from the altars which he, himself, had built. But he has erected greater altars than those which stand on the Hights. When time shall have made ancient these primal years of California's literature; when the California of our days shall be "as one with Nineveh and Tyre" and Joaquin Miller shall seem as far distant as Homer; and when even our memories of him shall be lost—then I imagine his work will be reduced to its purpose and live forever in that. If I were asked what that controlling purpose was, I would say that it could be summed up in the words—"Above all he loved his fellow men."

And so, it might otherwise be written:

Beauty, thou art loath to free
The leaves that wither in our hands;
Thou, only, know'st where expands
The perfect flower—eternity!

Unto the past the heart still clings
And yearneth blooms of yesterday;
Bleak Winter must recall the May,
And melt for Joy's rememberings!

Tho petals turn again to dust—
They opened once—Thy glory lies

The cottage of Joaquin's mother, which was built to resemble a tent, and lined with gray canvas; Mrs. Miller had a fancy for tent life.

Therein—and love and sweet surmise
From darkness wake as lilies must!

If then an impress shall remain
Or less—'tis well! If but a sigh
Shall go unscathed, who can deny
Thy part or even deem it vain?

CALIFORNIA'S CUP OF GOLD

The golden poppy is God's gold,
The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down
The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town,
But singing, laughing, freely spills
Its hoard far up the happy hills;
Far up, far down, at every turn.—
What beggar has not gold to burn!

—Joaquin Miller.

Joaquin Miller

By Henry Meade Bland

Doer of wild deeds, singer of wilder songs,
He was of them to whom unrest belongs.

No desert pass, or sky-born mountain rim,
But had an ever-changing trail for him!

Wherever life was young and fresh and bold
There was his way; wherever life was old,

And touched with dusty age, that deeply peered
Into the past, thither his footstep veered.

He drank life deep in wood-grown Oregon,
And where white Shasta gleams, a rising sun.

From where Willamette wears her diadem
Of camas e'en to far Jerusalem,

The unforgotten, to the untracked plain
Of Amazon, unto Alaska's chain

Of golden hills he journeyed, then afar
Where shines Luzon, an oriental star;

Then on the ocean's wild and flying foam,
Until he loitered in the heart of Rome—

Yet but a moment; driven by fate purblind
Homed with the Aztec, then in peace divined

A lodge where he in quiet might abide
By that calm bay where the world's navies ride,

Where the low hills, in fold on emerald fold
Look out forever on a Gate of Gold,

Great son of the great, happy, primal West,
He gave the world whate'er was in him best,—

The vital things of which he was a part,—
His book, his love, his soul, his earnest heart,

Scattering his joy in flowers, in trees, in rills,
He wove his spirit in these gentle hills.

A Broad Estimate of the Poet

By W. C. Morrow

THE first poetry that came out of Joaquin Miller was as natural and irrepressible as that which issued from Burns, whom Miller greatly admired. No lack of scholarly preparation could have stopped him, no subsequent refinements could have cooled his fires. Many professional critics looked askance at his first published volume, "Songs of the Sierras," but the great public felt the innate beauty and power of them and at once proclaimed him a poet. Almost over night he found himself famous as the result of that publication, and then he began with greater earnestness and care to write "Songs of the Sunland." Meanwhile he had learned much from the critics and perhaps more from his friends. His second volume showed a distinct advance in growth and a surer understanding of prosody.

Possibly if it had not been for the influence of Byron and other poets whose work manifested a fine distinction in form, Miller's early ruggedness — or as some critics called it, crudeness — might have developed into a more individual style than his later work showed. It is supposable that if he had established his form under such conditions as now exist his large sense of freedom and unconventionality would have given his verse more power—and less music. But no one can say. From the beginning, his musical sense was very strong. If he could find in rhythm and cadence, carried to higher and still higher levels of finish as he advanced in years, something that was more satisfying than was suggested by his dress and manner, we have an explanation of his growing mastery of the singing word and the eloquent figure.

Joaquin Miller.
"Above the sky of boundless blue,
Below, the green, green sod;
And oh! and oh! between the two
Went the wonderful winds of God."

Except his later respect for prosodic accuracy his manner in composition was all his own. The reader accustomed to the highly educated British poets preceding him would be sure to miss in him the classical color which lay on them. If Miller had ever been finished in Latin and Greek his work did not disclose the

After a Northern trip, Joaquin returned to his beloved "Hights," to find it more rustic than ever.

fact abundantly; but he knew the Bible, and that greatly enriched him. In his fresh vigor and striking originality it may have been his natural preference to swing free of all classicism and set his own high standards. Nowhere in his poetry is there evidence that he aimed for anything beyond a spontaneous, yet ordered, outpouring of the very genuine poetry that filled him. His nature-environment impressed him profoundly; he found there a thousand wonders and beauties that miss a more studious and less observing and sentient poet. In his verse there are no studied efforts at rhetorical impressiveness; better than that we find an opulence of vision and imagery pouring forth in a stream that no consciousness could dam. With all of that goes a childlike simplicity of expression far removed from the cautious sophistication of the present. A dashing, yearning, enjoying youthfulness of spirit constitutes his most distinguishing quality—never gross, never over-refined, never leaving poetic license for poetic bathos, never the clown nor the actor, always the friend and gentleman.

He followed tradition in making most of his poetry poignantly subjective. His domestic and other personal troubles were to him, as were similar matters to other eminent poets of his time and before him, appropriate material ready to his hand—particularly experiences of a sort that distressed him. Possibly he regarded such disclosures and complaints as standing for something broader than his personal reflections; he may have intended merely to speak through them for all souls grieved as his had been. But it is doubtful that such expressions increased the admiration of his many followers, although his generosity and magnanimity were a counterbalance that all were glad to find. Even his scant objective poetry was largely personal in its direction, and so was his application of whatever philosophy of life we may deduce from his writings. The poetry of today has largely outgrown that subjectivity; it looks outward rather than within, and none the less searchingly. The beam has learned to extend its radiance and so enlarge its revelation. Yet in doing

so it has perhaps lost some of its vitality, some of the direct drive of its power, for the seeming expansion of its boundaries has enclosed wider areas than may be richly cultivated. The modern fire burns paler than Miller's burned, its glow is less warming. Where it wakes to life, the stirring is less personal than social; but that may be because the times have changed and social consciousness has risen.

A fine constructive quality runs through his verse, and yet the reader has no feeling that the poet designed it to be constructive. The light which he constantly saw was true and ahead, and he sang to it and showed others the way that it made plain.

He is not being read enough now. The conditions which made him invaluable in his time have passed; other fields of aspiration have been entered; but we may be certain that his verse was one of the great agencies which brought about the erection of the structure now serving to obscure his own. No higher praise can be given a man than that he builded beyond his time.

"The meek-eyed stars are cold and white
And steady, fixed for all the years;
The comet burns the wings of night
And dazzles elements and spheres,
Then dies in beauty and a blaze
Of light blown far through other days."

Mrs. Joaquin Miller's Cottage, built to resemble a tiny abbey, after Joaquin had visited Newstead Abbey, England.

THE VOICE OF THE DOVE

Come, listen O Love to the voice of the dove,
Come, hearken and hear him say
"There are many Tomorrows, my Love, my Love,
There is only one Today."

And all day long you can hear him say
This day in purple is rolled
And the baby stars of the milky way
They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is thy secret, serene gray dove
Hearken and hear him say
"There are many Tomorrows, my Love, my Love,
There is only one Today."

—Joaquin Miller.

JUANITA

To Juanita

By Joaquin Miller

You will come, my bird, Bonita?
Come! For I, by steep and stone,
Have built such nest for you, Juanita,
As not eagle bird hath known.

Rugged! Rugged as Parnassus!
Rude, as all roads I have trod—
Yet are steeps and stone-strewn passes
Smooth o'er head and nearer God.

Here black thunders of my canyon
Shake its walls in Titan wars!
Here white sea-born clouds companion
With such peaks as know the stars!

Here madrona, manzanita—
Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang o'er steeps, Juanita,
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell!

Dear, I took these trackless masses
Fresh from Him who fashioned them;
Wrought in rock, and hewed fair passes,
Flower set, as sets a gem.

Aye, I built in woe. God willed it;
Woe that passeth ghosts of guilt;
Yet I built as His birds builded—
Builded, singing as I built.

All is finished! Roads of flowers
Wait your loyal little feet.
All completed? Nay, the hours
Till you come are incomplete.

Steep below me lies the valley,
Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.

O, the sea of lights far streaming
When the thousand flags are furled—
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world!

You will come, my dearest, truest?
Come my sovereign queen of ten;
My blue skies will then be bluest;
My white rose be whitest then:

Then the song! Ah, then the saber
Flashing up the walls of night!
Hate of wrong and love of neighbor
Rhymes of battle for the Right!

Joaquin Miller's Poetry

By Herbert Bashford

BE it said to England's credit that she was the first to recognize the genius of Joaquin Miller—then a stranger in a strange land—when his own people were inclined to poke fun at his efforts. Nor was it the picturesque Western dress of the poet and his free and easy Western manners which won the English critics. His first book was published anonymously, and the St. James Gazette declared it to be the work of Robert Browning. Miller literally sang himself into the hearts of the people of England. Before the identity of the poet was revealed he had won the hearty endorsement of the usually conservative Britons, not by any display of the alleged eccentricity with which he was sometimes charged, but by the sheer originality of his impassioned utterance.

It is not to be wondered at that the Californian should have so impressed English reviewers. Never before had their attention been directed to the mighty mountain ranges of the far western coast of America. Never before had they been made to feel something of the unutterable majesty and splendor of those "mantled magistrates in white," of which this new singer sang with such power and passion, and never before had they listened to song in which was heard the wind among the lonely pines or the voice of the storm amid "such peaks as know the stars."

As an American poet Miller proved something of a revelation to the people of England. While they hearkened with pleasurable interest to the songbirds of New England, whose notes were not unlike those of their own singers, the "Poet of the Sierras" struck a note that thrilled them with the absolute newness of its lyrical quality. Here was the distinctively American poet, the man who had gone to the "god of the wood to fetch his word to men," who had not drawn his inspiration from the world of books or the crowded streets or luxurious drawing-rooms of great capitals, but from the trackless wildernesses of the west, from the roaring mountain torrents, and the solitudes of Shasta.

We can readily see why America's truest interpreter should find a royal welcome in London's most exclusive literary circles. Doubtless had Mr. Miller remained at home he would have won recognition abroad after a more prolonged series of disappointments, for he was born to wear the purple, and as an eminent critic has said, true genius will find its way through all obstacles, and its flight will be the eagle's.

It is not surprising that America should have shown less appreciation of the author of "Songs of the Sierras," than did England. The vast majority of American readers show a decided preference for verse dealing with the simple joys of country life down on the farm—songs of the home and fireside, sentimental love ditties, or those voicing the happiness or pathos of the nursery. Many readers mistake the rhymed sermon for poetry, but so long as it affords them spiritual consolation it serves a worthy purpose even though it lack the divine spark.

However, popularity is no test of genius. If it were, two or three of our

Fremont's Tower. At this spot at the "Hights" Fremont first glimpsed the Golden Gate.

singers might be accounted greater than Shakespeare. This is not to say that Joaquin Miller's poems do not appeal to a large circle of our readers who appreciate work of a high order, but, like Shelley, he is something of a poet's poet, finding his most ardent admirer in him whose imagination is easily kindled by the divine fire that illumines the pages of the true singer, and who revels in the marvelous wealth of imagery which stamps the poetry of Joaquin Miller.

The time has now arrived when we may inquire as to Mr. Miller's place in American literature. Someone has called him its most "picturesque figure," which is by no means satisfying to the one who would endeavor to make an estimate of his work, and as estimates are most easily reached through com-

Juanita gathering rose leaves at the "Hights" for sachet.

parison we may ask ourselves what American bard can approach him in any way as a Nature poet. Certainly among the singers of the present time there is not one whose work would not suffer by comparison with that of the late Poet of the Sierras.

No American poet, I think, has surpassed Joaquin Miller in his description of nature in her stormy moods or in her wild, virgin beauty and grandeur. What poet of the New England group has ever excelled Miller in the vividness and fidelity with which he has pictured the rivers and the plains, the mountains or the sea?

To the lover of the strictly academic verse his poetry may seem crude and unfinished at times, but even his most exacting critic must admit that when he

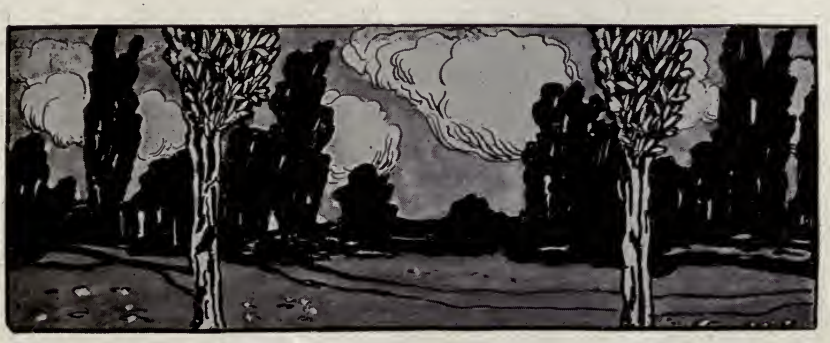
struck the strings of his harp there was no mistaking the minstrel, and this is more than can be said of some of those of the academic school. The music is peculiarly his own and in it we hear the very choice of the mountain stream and the tumultuous harmony of wind swept forests, and are made to feel that nearness to the great Primal Heart — that spiritual exultation which comes to the one who hearkens to the sounding waters of the Yosemite.

In examining his complete poetical works and comparing his earlier verse with that of his later years we find the human touch more evident than at first —the work of a man who has kept to his "cloud-capped heights of stone, to watch for light, to toil for Truth." At the same time he sacrificed none of his characteristic strength and passion while the simplicity of his diction is peculiarly noticeable. He never lost himself in a wilderness of words, believing that it was the short Roman sword that went straight to the heart and not the long, tassled lance of the barbarian. This simplicity is one of the chief charms of his work, taken as a whole.

He was by far the most typical poet of the new world and as characteristically Californian as a giant redwood.

While commercialism and poetry have little in common, it may be well to mention that our magnificent sunland owes to Joaquin Miller the same debt of gratitude that rugged Scotland owes to Robert Burns, for, the "Poet of the Sierras" sang of this Western empire and its beauties until "Europe lifted up her face and marveled at their matchless grace." The truth is he did more to call attention of the European countries to the grandeur of California's scenery than all the descriptive literature for purely advertising purposes that was ever strewn throughout the old world. By his wonderful mastery of song he thrilled the hearts of those bowed down by the conventionalities of custom and breathing the artificial atmosphere of ancient capitals. Were his verses polished in the manner of the stained glass school of poets, it would not have been possible for him to picture the scenic splendor of the West with such fidelity. California's mountains and canyons cannot be painted with a delicate brush and in delicate colors.

The poet who would picture the scenery of the Golden State must wield a broad brush, for "where the plants are as trees and the trees are as towers" there must be a big canvas and plenty of color laid on good and thick. This Joaquin Miller has done, and because of his work more than that of any American writer, with the exception of Harte, California literature has impressed itself on the civilized world. Therefore his poems should not only appeal to every loyal Californian, but to every lover of true poetry—poetry that breathes of the pine-clad slopes of the Sierras and the mighty woods and waters of our glorius West.



Joaquin Miller

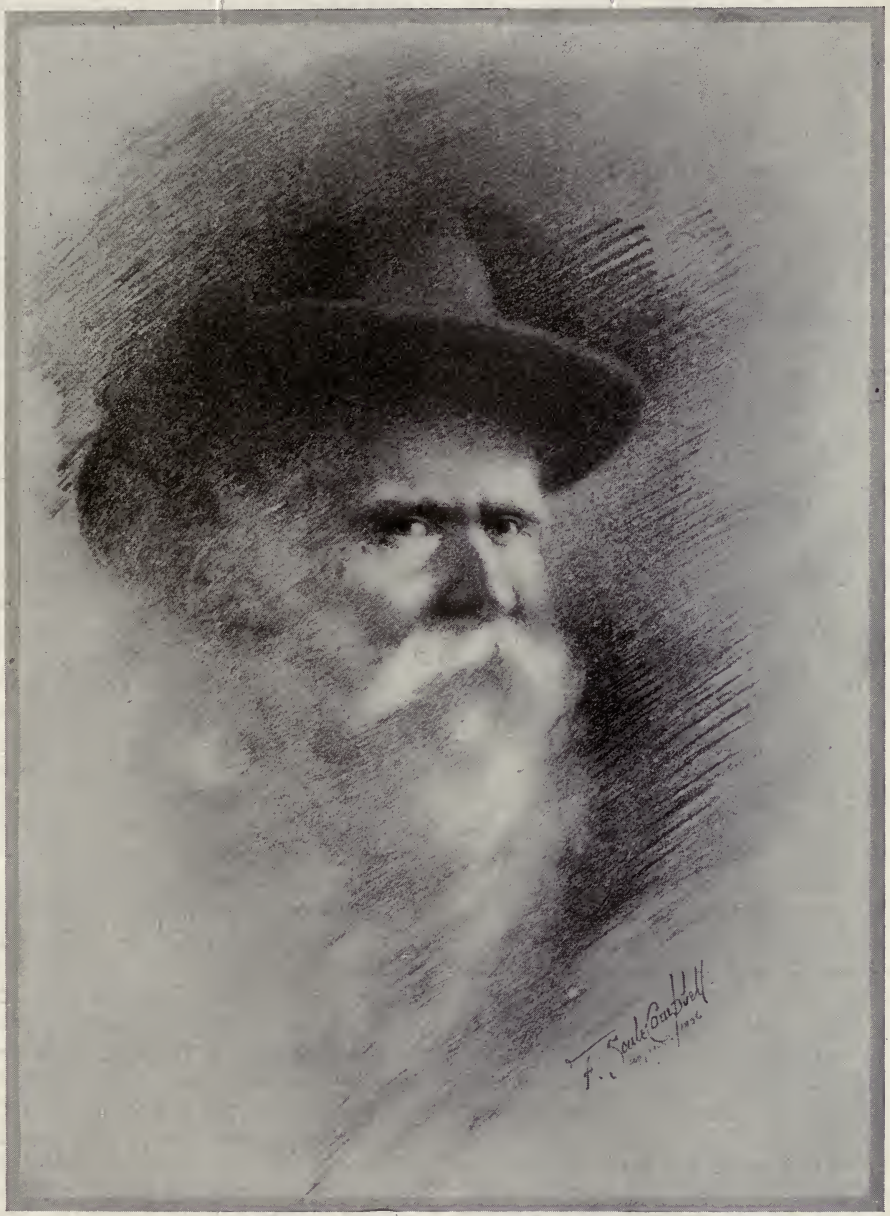
In Memorium

By Evelyn Swanstrom

God called his mighty soul to lay
Aside its frail humanity.
His work is done. His words are left
To leaven future years. His thought,
His love, his life he gave to man.
God touched that life through every breeze,
And looked through every little flower
Into the eyes where truth abode.
Each little child found shelter there,
And love, within his tender heart.
He called to us, life's restless ones,
And sought to calm our wayward souls
With his strong faith and peace, and lead
Our feeble lives to nature's God.

O, hill! ye hills that call him back
To claim through love the Poet's dust;
Thy tranquil peace proclaims to us
That life is love and love is God!

He hath not left us. That great soul
Lives on through trees and birds and breeze,
To sing life's everlasting truth—
That faith is life and love is king.
Rejoice! O, sunny land and sea!
Rejoice! Ye friends who claimed his thought!
Though he has gone, he is returned—
He speaks in his own deathless verse.
Why should ye mourn, his brothers, friends,
As though he walked no more his hills?
Our Poet gave his love, his life,
The glory of his master-mind;
And from "The Hights" God's voice
Hath blessed his soul. Incarnate love
Gives earth his spirit. Peace! Rejoice!



JOAQUIN MILLER

—From a Sketch by F. Soule Campbell

Personal Reminiscence of Joaquin Miller

By Harr Wagner

(Editor Western Journal of Education and Author of Pacific History Stories.)

JOAQUIN MILLER was living in his log cabin in Washington in 1885 when I wired him an offer to come to San Francisco and become associated with me on the "Golden Era." He came, and for more than twenty years I was intimately associated with him in friendship, in professional work and travel. Together we visited Adolph Sutro and secured his donation of many thousand cypress and pine trees for California's first Arbor day in 1886, and planted the Greek cross on Goat Island. There was a distinguished group at that first notable tree planting, including General O. O. Howard, General Vallejo, Ina D. Coolbrith, Madge Morris, Carrie Stevens Walter, Wells Drury, Senator Perkins and John P. Irish.

In a few months a fire swept over the Island and burned the trees. The trees the school children planted in the Presidio where John P. Irish spoke fared much better, and today add to San Francisco's picturesque landscape. Joaquin determined not only to teach tree planting, but to be a tree planter. He sold his log cabin in Washington* and bought the place now known as the "Hights" and forested the bleak hillside with many varieties of trees, and on the mountain side there is the forest shape of the Greek Cross.

I was located in San Diego in 1887 and gave him two hundred dollars to write and read the poem, "The Larger College" at Pacific Beach. He loved the Southland and wrote some of his most beautiful poems while visiting me. I also induced him to prepare his lecture: "Lessons not Found in Books," for the Teachers' institute. It was a great success and he delivered it during the years 1892 and 1906, more than three hundred times. It was while visiting me at San Diego that a young man who bore his name took his favorite horse from the "Hights," robbed the stage in Mendocino County and was captured and convicted. The news was kept from him. The daily papers were full of it, but he did not learn of it until one day he picked up the Police Gazette at a bootblack stand and saw the whole story in a most sensational presentation. That night instead of delivering his regular lecture, he gave a most pathetic and thrilling plea for kindness to the bad boy. I never knew and never cared whether it was his real son or not. I simply know that Joaquin suffered and sympathized with unfortunate men and women whenever he came in contact with them. The night he learned of this boy's misfortune, he went off alone in the canyon near the house to meditate in the silence of the midnight. When he returned, he went to his room, cut off his hair, changed hats with me, and with a determined effort to disguise himself, left San Diego, stating that he would go to Japan and live free from the newspaper notoriety that came to him through this unfortunate boy—But friends rallied around him and he returned to the "Hights," allowed his beard to grow long, and from the gay cavalier of earlier days, became the sage teacher and prophet of "The Hights." He was always fond of Michael Angelo's picture of Moses with the long beard and he liked to have his beard as near like it as possible.

**U. S. Senator James D. Phelan, presided on June 29, 1919, at the celebration of California State Association of Washington at the Joaquin Miller Log Cabin, now preserved in Rock Creek Park.*

In February, 1897, we started on a journey to show McKinley stereoptican pictures of the Sierras from Mt. St. Elias to Popocatepetl, Mexico. On our way he lectured and was entertained at many places. At Louisville, Madison Carwein, the poet, met him at the train, and Joaquin missed three trains while he sat in the depot, unmindful of time, as the Southern poet talked to him of his poetry and aspirations. At Indianapolis, James Whitcomb Riley came down to the train to meet him. The two great poets had never met before. They walked from the depot to the hotel, arm in arm, but never spoke a word until they reached their destination. They did not need to talk; they were kinsmen in the highest form of human speech—the speech of silence. That evening, while at old Plymouth Church, where Riley introduced the poet, Joaquin said: Jim, why did you never marry? and Riley in return recited to us his poem: "Her Beautiful Hands" — That was his answer. The room was dark, the pathos in Riley's voice, and the environment was such as to make a wonderful effect on my memory. The next day the legislature of the State of Indiana suspended its crowded program while the Governor introduced Joaquin as Indiana's most illustrious native son, and Joaquin rendered for them, not "Columbus" but the "Voice of the Dove" and the "Bravest Battle."

At Cincinnati, Ohio, Philip Van Ness Myers, the Historian, and Dean of the University, introduced him to a fine body of students, and Joaquin improvised a lecture on the snow. After the lecture, Mr. Webber, the great American artist, came up to Mr. Miller and said: "I have never seen a more divinely inspired human face before; I must paint your picture." Joaquin obliged him by giving up his other engagements and sitting for him. The picture is now in the hall in which he spoke at the University.

President McKinley had the little house at Canton filled with men interested in national affairs, but when he heard that Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras," was there, he had us go around to the back of the house and enter his room through the kitchen door. The meeting between the poet and the President was dramatic and interesting. McKinley put his arms about the poet as though they were brothers. Unfortunately Mrs. McKinley was too ill to permit the President to give the evening to Joaquin's description of the Sierras.

On our return to California, the rush to the Klondike was on, and although Joaquin was over sixty years of age, he insisted on going. I remained at home, with instructions to care for his mother, supervise the publication of his complete poems and to syndicate his letters. The letters came pouring back from Chilkoot, from Dawson, from Arctic Circle. The writing was almost illegible. Thomas Nunan, of the Examiner, and myself were the only two people who could decipher his writing, and we certainly can appreciate the story of the London printer, who, when Joaquin said at a banquet, holding in his hand the book, "Unwritten History," "When I die and go to heaven, this book will be my vindication for having lived." "Well, Mr. Miller," said the printer, "I hope you will take a printed copy, for God Almighty himself could not read the manuscript."

I sold to the S. F. Examiner, Chicago Tribune, St. Louis Republican, and the Boston Globe over $6000 worth of Joaquin's letters in less than four months. Certainly a great reward for even so famous a poet. He wrote me a personal letter, saying: "I am shut in for the winter, with only a copy of Shakespeare and the Bible — I am reading the Bible. The story of Benjamin is the greatest dramatic tragedy in all history." After his return he went to the Chinese war, but outside of his great interview with Li Hung Chang, the trip was a disappointment. The Keith's Vaudeville Circuit offered him five hundred a week to appear in a suit of Arctic fur with gold nuggets for buttons, and he did so for a short season. It seemed like it was beneath the dignity of a man who could write "The Passing of Tennyson, the Songs of the Soul," but he never de-

scended to any kind of vaudeville — He would get the attention of his audience by hurling at them this question: "Have you ever seen treasures of the snow?"

At my request, he called on Carnegie, with the intention of writing a life of him. He always admired the great Iron Master. Part of this biography appeared in the Overland Monthly. When Mr. Miller was fatally ill, I wrote to Carnegie and asked him if he would care to purchase the original Ms., and he said: "You may not know that I have given Mr. Miller a pension for some years past." Joaquin was always temperamental about money matters. With Ike Mossman, his partner of early days, he divided the money without counting it. He had a keen and sensitive sense of financial honor. He would not borrow money, and would not accept it unless he gave an equivalent. In accepting the Carnegie pension, he must have felt that the work he performed on his biography had a real value.

His income from books was never large. Mrs. Frank Leslie paid him a big price for "The Baroness of New York" and for occasional poems and stories, Roberts Bros. paid him a large sum in royalty for "The Songs of the Sierras."

Belford, Clarke & Co., who were his most ambitious publishers and advanced him $2000 to edit twenty volumes of his writings, failed, and W. B. Conkey issued a spurious edition of "Songs of the Sierras." I sold his book of "Bear Stories" to Rand & McNally for $400. Helen Brown Potter paid $50 for the "Sioux Chief's Daughter." Mrs. Frank Leslie paid him only $50 for "Columbus," but it was not supposed at the time that it would grow to be recognized as America's greatest poem. The Century paid him $100 for "Missouri," which he counted among his greatest poems. He always wanted his books published in California. The present edition of his poems, in six volumes, was first published by the Whitaker-Ray-Wiggin Co. They are now published by the Harr Wagner Publishing Co. The sale is not large and the royalty does not amount to over $260 per year. A new edition will bring a revival in his life and writings. He was a liberal spender. He insisted on spending a dollar like a king. He used to say when he got money for prose writing that a newspaper man's dollar was as big as a cart wheel. I remember one day he came down from "The Hights" and gave the bootblack a dollar, the bellboy a dollar, and threw down twenty dollars on the bar at the Bohemian Club and refused to take back any change. "How can you do it, Joaquin," I said. "Oh! easy," he answered. "In the first place I only come down from 'The Hights' about three times a year. In the second place that money I got for a poem—It does not count." He considered his poetic expression a gift while his prose writing represented hard physical labor.

Joaquin to me was always a dual personality. His spiritual and physical natures were not properly balanced. He was not hooked up right to conform to the social order of the times in which he lived. He was a natural man. He had the courage to live the way he wanted to live and the spiritual power to make his physical senses passive while he wrote great poems of fine spiritual quality.

Hamilton Mabie, the literary critic, always said he was a poseur. He was not; all the years I knew him he was ever the same, in public or in private. It was natural for him to do the things he did in the way he did. His top boots, his long, beautiful hair, his upright, picturesque figure, his large rimmed hat, were a part of himself.

He told Herbert Bashford, the poet and dramatist, whom he loved best of all the younger poets he knew, that when he died he wanted to fall prostrate like the giant Sequoias—but, alas, he died a lingering death. Just a few weeks before he died, W. G. Hartraupt, of the firm of Silver, Burdette & Co., the Boston publishers, took Lily Langtry and myself up to "The Hights" to see him. It brought back to him a touch of those wonderful years in London, when the dew of fame was upon him, and his marvelous blue eyes shone with "a light

from worlds before and after," when Mrs. Langtry recalled to his mind the reception at Lord Houghton's, where he scattered roses on the steps for her to walk upon, and she quoted the beautiful lines he had written to her.

In a few weeks the poet had passed on to join his great kinsmen in the realm of kingly thought—Whitman, Tennyson, Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier. And whatever his physical faults were I think when he wrote the following lines he meant them not only for Burns and Byron, but for all mankind:

In men whom men pronounce as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two when God has not.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

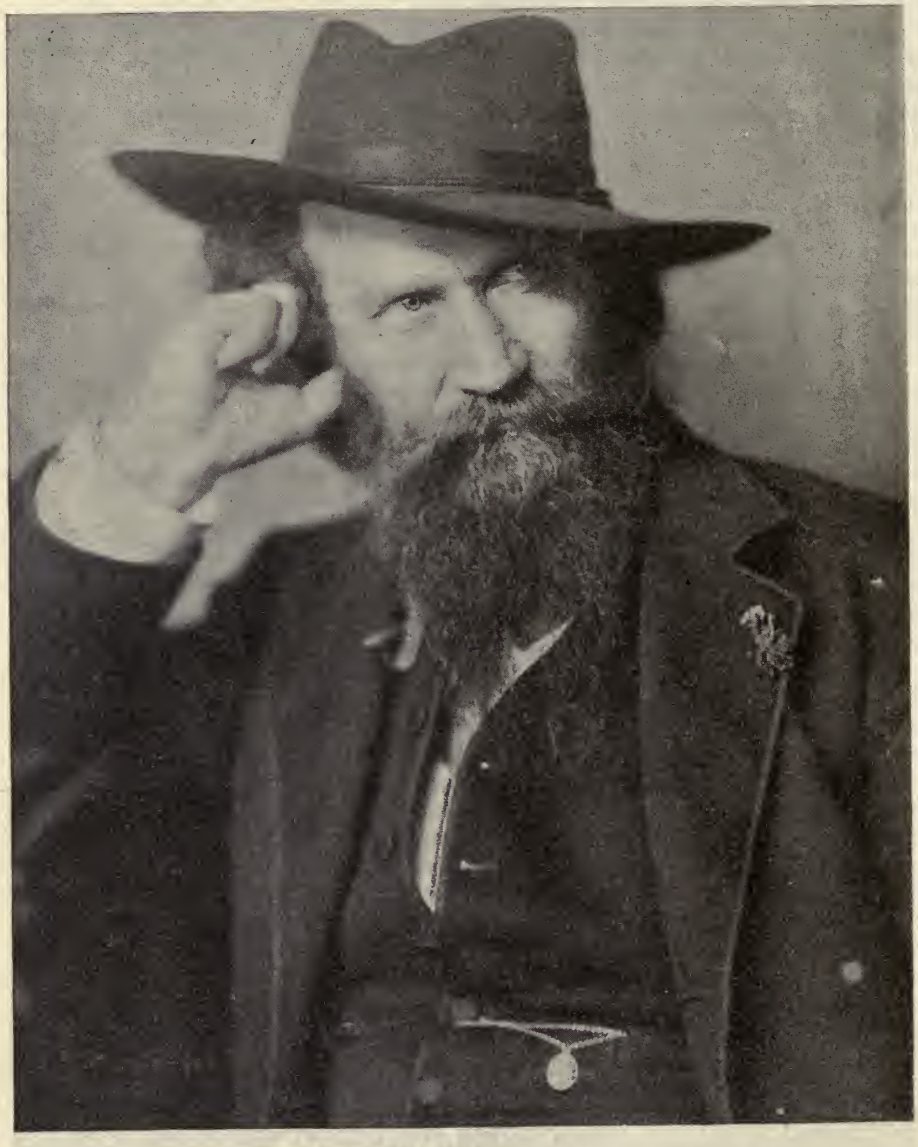
Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or braver pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a woman's walled-up heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
Lo! there in that battle-field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave;
And ho! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

—Joaquin Miller.



Joaquin Miller, as He Appeared After His Return From London.

The Human Side of Joaquin Miller

By George Wharton James

Author of "California, Romantic and Beautiful," "Arizona, the Wonderland," "New Mexico, the Land of the Delight Maker," "Living the Radiant Life," "Singing Through Life With God," etc.

WHAT is it that attracts us to men, women? It cannot always be genius, for there are those of undoubted genius who repel and irritate us, and while we may admire and revere their power we have no desire to be near them. Others there are who seem to possess no mental or spiritual power, yet they possess something that draws us to them, gives us pleasure, delight, profit in their association. This is the divine gift of personality—their spiritual, or real selves shining through the fog or mist of their physical presences.

To me Joaquin Miller had this divine gift. Regardless of his genius, his vision, his power, he attracted me and I found joy and satisfaction in being with him. Thousands of others recognized and enjoyed this same possession. What was it? of what did it consist?

I have no desire to attempt to analyze or mentally dissect Miller's personality. How can you explain the lure of the desert, the charm of a rose, the fascination of a landscape? Like only can see like; the wireless reaches only those wires or receivers attuned to the machine that sent them. But there are a few features of Joaquin's personality that stand out pre-eminently.

1. He was essentially human. He loved men, women and children. He believed in them, in the main trusted them, wept with and for them, encouraged, hoped, feared, prayed, longed and aspired for and with them. His fame and genius never led him to set himself up as a little tin God for others to worship. Yet he enjoyed being lionized as much as anyone I ever knew, and took a keen and childlike delight in it. That he was a genius he well knew—and why shouldn't he know? What is a genius?

A number of definitions of the word have been given to the world, and here is another one: "A genius is one who preserves the aspiration, exuberance, enthusiasm and fervor of the adolescent period, no matter what his age." This definition especially fits Joaquin Miller, for seldom did he ever cease to be a boy. When the poet was upward of seventy years of age, Arthur McEwen, one of the most brilliant journalists of California, wrote a confirmation of what I have just said: "Joaquin Miller is the youngest man in California—not in years, of course, for he must be seventy, but in those impulses and illusions which differentiate reckless youth from calculating and sedate old age." And elsewhere he remarks that "He is wise enough to keep his illusions and hang on to his eccentricities and enjoy them as much at seventy as he did at twenty."

Modern psychology is showing us the wisdom of endeavoring to do what Joaquin did naturally. There is no need to grow old. Old age is a disease of the mind. The poet refused to allow himself to be old. He lived in the same mental atmosphere of earlier thoughts and feeling. This was manifested in what people called his eccentricities. When he wrote his "Tale of the Tall Alcalde," many and varied were the "reviews" that appeared. Many of them claimed that he, himself, was the horse-thief, that it was he who

broke jail, etc., and it so tickled and amused Joaquin to find these "yellow smart alecks" writing such ridiculous trash that he urged them on, encouraged them in it, and never once, in forty years seriously denied the oft-reiterated charges. This kind of fun is so foreign to the ordinary, little-minded, vain, mediocre man that he cannot conceive how any intelligent creature could enjoy it. He would arise in his indignation and deny the charge, and assert his own purity. This was one of Joaquin's eccentricities, and it led many people to accuse him of being a poseur. I have always insisted that he was not a poseur. That he was eccentric is simply to say that he did not think and act as ordinary men and women did, men and women who are as alike as peas in a pod or bricks in a pile. He was himself and dared to be himself without any thought or care as to whether he is like anybody else or not.

It was his spontaneity, his naturalness, his perfect childlikeness of mind that led him to do those things that people regarded as eccentric. For instance, I once expressed to him the desire to meet Colonel John P. Irish, who was then editor of one of the leading San Francisco dailies. One night Joaquin came down to Oakland to deliver a lecture, and, being in the city, I attended. Unfortunately, some pressing duties detained me and I arrived at the lecture hall after he had begun to speak. The room was well filled. It must have been a lodge room, for at each end and on either side there were small, raised platforms, on which were seats covered with canopies, such as are used for officers of secret organizations. Desirous of giving me a good seat, the usher took me to the raised platform on the side, on the right of Joaquin. My entrance naturally disturbed the speaker, and, seeing who it was, and noticing that Colonel Irish sat immediately in front of him, the thought doubtless flashed through Joaquin's mind that here was a good opportunity to make the promised introduction. Accordingly, without any apology to his audience, he stepped from the stand upon which he was speaking, took Colonel Irish by the hand and led him to where I sat, exclaiming, "James, Irish! Irish, James!" and then walked back and resumed his speech. To say the audience was amazed is but to express it mildly, while Irish and I stood quietly laughing at each other, at the audience, and at Joaquin's consummate imperturbality.

Who else but a natural man, with a childlike mind, would have treated me as he did one morning when he had invited me to spend the day with him? I determined to make a full day of it, so took one of the early trains, and with my camera slung over my back, arrived at "The Hights" soon after sunrise. Winter and summer the poet slept with his door wide open. As I walked up the steps I found him still in bed, but hard at work, writing. Before I had time to greet him, he burst forth in a gruff and harsh salute: "What do you mean by coming and bothering me at this early hour of the morning? The desire to write seizes me seldom enough, and when it does, I don't want to be bothered by anyone coming to see me. Go into the garden!"

Now many people would have been offended at a salutation like this, but I knew Joaquin too well to be such a fool. He simply meant what he said and no more. His whole nature was absorbed in giving expression to some thought that interested him, and I came as a disturbing presence. He did not want me and said so emphatically; therefore I withdrew without a word to enjoy the delights of the garden.

I sat there for half an hour or more, enjoying the flowers and looking down upon the Bay of San Francisco, so beautifully described in his invitation to his little daughter to come up and live with him:

"Steep below me lies the valley,
Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.

"Oh, the sea of lights far streaming,
When the thousand flags are furled,

When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world!"

But while I was enjoying myself, little by little, there had seeped into Joaquin's preoccupied brain the thought that, perhaps, he had been discourteous to me. The moment he saw this, with an intenseness, fervor and simplicity as of a little child, he jumped out of bed, regardless of the fact that he wore nothing but his pajamas, rushed into the garden, rapidly and silently picked a most beautiful bouquet, and then, stalking up to me where I sat eyeing him with unaffected amusement, he said, "If you can read what the flowers say, you will see that I am sorryy for not having greeted you more hospitably this morning. I love you and am glad to see you, but I am very busy and want to work out what I have in mind. Excuse me for a little while." During this speech, that calm, blue eye of his looked at me with tremulous intenseness of simple trust and affection that brought tears into my eyes, and I thought then, as I have thought many times since, how little people understand this great, big, simple-hearted, bewhiskered boy. There was no more thought of effect in this action than there is in the simplest doings of a child. He had yielded to the generous impulse that struck him, without any more thought of incongruity or ludicrousness than that displayed by a little child who rushes into a crowded reception room in its night-dress, to kiss papa and mamma good-night!

As I sat there, however, cogitating over this interesting instance, somewhat in the fashion I have just written down, a new thought struck me. It was this: Though Joaquin does much of his writing in bed, I have never seen a photograph showing him at work. Now is the time to get one.

Carefully I set up my camera, got everything ready, and then calmly and as silently as I could, stole up the steps into his room. In a moment his ire was aroused. With gruff impatience he called out, "What are you doing?" Deliberately proceeding to focus on him, I replied, "It is not often the divine afflatus seizes me with the desire to make a photograph of a man at work in bed. When it does, I don't want a measly old poet to interfere with my work. You have your work to do and I have mine." A merry twinkle came into his eyes and then he laughed outright.

"Well, what do you want, anyway?"

"All I want is that you will go right on with your work, just as you are, until I ask you to stop. Then I want you to hold still and look pleasant for a little while, until I tell you to resume your natural expression."

He did exacty as I asked him, and the result was I secured two of as fine negatives as I ever made.

Here is another story that I gave to the world some years ago and that has since often been quoted as a proof that he is a mountebank and poseur.

Lady Constance Rothschild, the wife of Mr. Cyril Flower, then a member of Parliament, well known for the brilliancy of her salon, where the elite of England gathered together, once arranged for a grand reception where Joaquin Miller was to meet Mrs. Langtry, then at the height of her fame. Joaquin, when notified, asked Lady Constance if he might dress as he chose, and when the evening arrived, astounded and shocked the functionary at the door by appearing in a red flannel shirt and blue overalls, which were tucked into tall miners' boots, and wearing a very high-crowned, broad-brimmed sombrero.

On greeting Lady Constance he preferred the further request that he be allowed to enter the drawing room wearing his hat. On receiving her gracious permission, he entered that wonderful assemblage as calmly and coolly as if he were the king ascending his throne, and deliberately took up his place in a recessed window, with a book in hand, to intimate that he preferred to remain alone.

When Mrs. Langtry appeared, robed with the perfection of taste that helped make her name world-famed, Joaquin advanecd to meet her, led by Lady Constance. When the introduction took

place, the poet seemed not to see the proffered hand of the beauty, but instead, rapidly raised both hands to his sombrero, took hold of it and dexterously showered upon the astonished and delighted lady a profusion of beautiful rose leaves, at the same time exclaiming, "The tribute of the California miners—California, the land of poetry, romance and flowers — to the 'Jersey Lily.'"

Instead of this being posing, it was the childlike act of a poet, daring all convention to do a unique and poetic thing, and Mrs. Langtry once made the statement that though she had been graciously received by royalty and by the great of every kind she had never had a reception which to her was so beautiful, so pleasing, so to be remembered, as this of the simple-hearted poet.

Here is a new story of Joaquin that I think has never been told in print. Miss Adeline Knapp, the poet and author, was one of his near neighbors, and one day they were out driving together when they were stopped by a couple of ladies who inquired if they would kindly direct them to the home of Joaquin Miller. Without revealing his identity, the poet engaged the ladies in conversation, and soon learned that they were from the East, were noted woman-suffragists, and were great admirers of his work. One of the visitors exclaimed with enthusiasm, "We have come all this way to see him because he is so strong an advocate of peace and writes so nobly about women being the greatest of heroes." With a twinkle in his eyes, the poet calmly said:

"Well, ladies, Mr. Miller is away from his home and doesn't expect to return for several days, but this lady by my side is Miss Adeline Knapp, the well-known poet, socialist and woman-suffragist. The best thing you can do is to invite yourselves home to dine with her."

Then quietly stepping out of the buggy and courteously raising his hat, he left the group. Miss Knapp was speechless with indignation. The poor woman was put in such a position that she couldn't help herself, and at the same time her sense of humor was keen enough not to give Joaquin away, so she drove home, followed by the ladies, and in her wrath simply placed upon the table a dish of cold beans, a plate and spoon for each of her visitors, and then invited them to sit up and partake of her frugal fare.

Her risibles were much quickened by the way her guests took what she offered. One of them earnestly and solemnly asked if life were really as hard as this meager fare would indicate that it might be. Miss Knapp replied that she was indeed poverty-stricken and with the best desire in the world to be hospitable she could not give them more than she possessed.

I have often wondered if the two ladies ever realized that they had been the victims of Joaquin's irrepressible youth and love of a practical joke.

Well do I remember a visit made to Joaquin, lo these many years ago with Ina Coolbrith and Joaquin's Indian daughter, since deceased. After taking us all over the place he said: "And now I am going to take you to the holy of holies, the place where I daily go to worship, yes, often two and three times a day. No pagan worshipper values his sacred shrine more than I; no Christain crusader even struggled more earnestly to reach the Sacred City than I long for my shrine when the spirit of devotion is upon me!" and thus he talked on, as he led us to where a pair of most gorgeous Persian shawls of finest and rarest texture, which had been given to him by some admiring friend, were hung before a doorway. His solemn words and demeanor produced such an effect upon me that I really thought I was approaching a sacred spot. I took off my hat, and —as the old Methodists used to say— solemnized my heart. Imagine our feelings when he swept aside the portieres and revealed his greasy old cook stove and kitchen table where, when he was alone, he prepared his solitary and unpretentious meals.

In his poem "A Turkey Hunt on the Colorado," he tells of this same kind of

boyish, exuberant fooling of Queen Victoria, where he recites that he and his companion were caught by the Apaches when out hunting turkeys. At the proper pause, skillfully prepared, the Queen asked him if they spared their lives on account of their bravery, and his reply comes with a grin and a chuckle as that of a mischievous boy: "No, they slew us then and there and nailed our scalps to the turkey pen."

Yet he was not always in this boisterous mood. His poems show the profound depth of his feeling. Many of his couplets are quoted constantly by men of literature, oratory and science who are not familiar with the poet whose words they so glibly use. The man who could write:

> "All you can hold in your dead cold hand,
> Is what you have given away,"

is a true poet.

Many years ago, soon after he had settled in his present home, I asked him where he lived. His reply came promptly: "Three miles east, one mile perpendicular!" In that expression you have a graphic, symbolic statement of Joaquin's mental habitat. He lived nearer the rising sun than most people, and his normal dwelling place was "a mile perpendicular." His nest was on "The Hights"; his eye far-seeing, blue, prophetic, keen, kind; and his soul attuned, when he sang to the harmony of the spheres.

Long after my first visit to him on "The Hights," I asked him how it was that with all his great love and desire to be with his fellows, he isolated himself on a mountain top. With tears in his eyes and the solemnity that comes only when a man is giving expression to the thoughts of his heart, he stopped, and looking me full in the face, said, "I have always known that I was a poet and that God had messages that He wished me to deliver to men. I may not know all my own weaknesses, but I know some of them, and I knew that the only way I could listen uninterruptedly to the voice of God would be to come up here, or to some other remote spot, where I could hear the Divine Voice without interruption."

When Lord Tennyson read Miller's "Columbus," he exclaimed in delight that it was the greatest poem expressive of a nation's destiny ever written.

ON THE FIRING LINE

By Joaquin Miller

For glory? For good? For fortune, or for fame?
Why, ho, for the front where the battle is on!
Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the lame;
For forward as ever the valiant have gone.
Whether city or field, whether mountain or mine,
Go forward, right on for the firing line!

Whether newsboy or plowboy or cowboy or clerk,
Fight forward; be ready, be steady, be first;
Be fairest, be bravest; be best at your work;
Exult and be glad; dare to hunger, to thirst,
As David, as Alfred—let dogs skulk and whine—
There is room but for men on the firing line.

Aye, the one place to fight and the one place to fall—
As fall we must all, in God's good time—
It is where the manliest man is the wall,
Where boys are as men in their pride and prime.
Where glory gleams brightest, where brightest eyes shine—
Far out on the roaring red firing line.

—Success Magazine.

My Nest

By Juanita Miller

The first poem by my Papa that I memorized, was his "Fortunate Isles."

"You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles?
The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
Then steer straight on through life's watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you cannot go wrong.

Nay! Not to the left, nay, not to the right—
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight,—
The Fortunate Isles where yellow birds sing,
And life lies girt with God's yellow ring;

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why! Duty and Love and a large Content.
These are the Isles of life's watery miles,
That God lets down from His firmament.

Lo! Duty and Love and a world of smiles,
These, O friends, are the Fortunate Isles."

Later he wrote to me—

"You will come, my bird, Bonita?
Come! For I by steep and stone,
Have built a nest for you, Juanita,
Such as any bird hath known;

Rugged? Rugged as Parnassus!
Rude as all roads I have trod,
Yet the steeps and stone-strewn passes,
Are smooth o'er head and nearer God."

In 1912, after I had studied singing and composition for about ten years (that I might cultivate a "bird" voice) we were invited to take part on a program together at an Oakland celebration. He said that he would recite

his "Columbus" and told me to write music for his poem "Oakland," saying also that I would find no fairer spot on the face of the earth than "The Hights," and that it must be my home always, and so I sang:

"Be this my home till some fair star
Stoops earthward and shall beckon me,
For surely God-land lies not far
From these Greek heights and this great sea."

Therefore it seems to me that I have found my "Fortunate Isles" right here in my dear little nest, where I am content and at rest; and because he said "Poetry is a devout and all prevading love for the sublime, the beautiful," I am trying in my small imperfect way, to design and fashion pretty things of sight, scent, sound and taste. I call my Souvenir Shop the "Sign of the Four Hearts," and print my little souvenir cards in the form of a heart, which, opened, are in the shape of a four-leaf clover, for good luck, you know.

"On dishes delft, where blue birds dwell,
I choose to eat;
Beneath the golden poppies' spell
I take my sleep;
Some problems, work, a little play,
And the road winds upward all the way,
(After the night, the full noon day)
With thoughts of thee.
Birds and care-free happiness,
In this, my nest;
Rough-fashioned? Yes, yet 'tis to me
A shrine of dearest memory,
This place I love the best!

Bits From My Journal

Published Under the Title of "Memorie and Rime."

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, 1882

(Editor's Note. — The volume of Joaquin Miller which appeals to me the most among the six books of the Bear edition, kindly loaned to me by Harr Wagner, publisher, is volume one. In it appear "An Introduction," being Joaquin's early life, as told by himself; "Bits from My Journal," "Recollections of the Rosetti Dinner," "Fragments from the British Press," [England, the fountain head of poesy, showed a warm appreciation and hospitality towards Joaquin which I fear, his own country did not emulate!] "Lessons for My Lovers," [all young poets should read this masterly, yet simple and sweet advice], "The Last Interview With My Mother," and the best known of Joaquin's shorter verses.

Because I believe that the average reader finds a lure in tales of far-a-way places, we are re-printing "Bits from My Journal," which Joaquin wrote on his travels; and because it seems to me that his "Recollections of the Rossetti Dinner" is the finest symposium of opinions on the Art of Poesy, and the Cult of Beauty which I have ever read, we are re-printing this also for the benefit of "Overland Monthly" readers.)

GOING

NEW YORK, August 19, 1870. I shall get out of this town at once. * * * At Central Park today I wanted to rest under a tree, a cool, clean tree, that reached its eager arms up to God, asking, praying for rain, and a policeman, club in hand, told me to keep off the grass. "Keep off the grass!" There was no grass there. New York, if you will come to Oregon you may sit untroubled under the trees, roll in grass that is grass, and rest forever. * * * I must put my trousers outside my boots. Then I am sure they won't nag me and get after me everywhere I go. * * * If I was living in this town I would make these policemen give up their clubs. Are the people here a lot of dogs, that these fellows have to use clubs? Take away their clubs, and give them pistols and swords. If a man must be killed, let him be killed like a gentleman, not like a dog. I am going to get out of this town quick. I do not fit in here.

August 20. Bought my ticket, $65, second class, ship Europa, Anchor Line, to land at Glasgow, and off tomorrow. * * * Have tried so hard to see Horace Greeley. But he won't see me. Maybe he is not here. But I think he is. * * *

August 21. Went over and tried to see Beecher; found a door by the pulpit open, and went in. The carpenters were fixing up the church, but they looked so hard at me that I did not ask for Mr. Beecher. I went up on the platform and sat down and peeled an apple, and put the peelings on the little stand. Then I heard a man cough away back in the dark, and he came and climbed up the little ladder, and took those peelings in his thumb and finger—long, lean, bony fingers, like tongs—and backing down the ladder he went to the door and threw them away with all his might. Then he coughed again, but all the time he did not let on to see me. I felt awful, and got down and left soon. However, I got some leaves from a tree by the door to send mother. * * * Two handsome, well-dressed gentlemen spoke to me today, the only people who have spoken civilly to me since I have been here—except to bully me; said they knew me in Texas, but could not recall my name. Buncos?

IN AYR, SCOTLAND.

September 4, 1870. What a voyage!

Cold? Cold seas and cold seamen. I don't think I spoke a dozen words in the whole desolate dozen days. A lot of Germans going home to fight filled the ship; a hard, rough lot, and they ate like hogs. * * * Saw an iceberg as big as Mount Hood in the middle of the ocean. * * * And why may there not be people on these broken bits of the great sealed-up North? Fancy Sir John Franklin's ship frozen fast and all in trim, he there stiff and stern, glass in hand, his frozen men all about him at their posts—fancy all this drifting away to the friendly warm waves of the South, on one of these great islands of ice. * * * Saw Ireland on the north; green as the green sea; dotted with cottages, crossed by stone fences like a checker-board. It is a checker-board: the white cottages are the chessmen. What games shall be played? Who play them? And who win? * * *

September 10. God bless these hale and honest Scotch down here at peaceful Ayr. Did not stop an hour in Glasgow. It looked too much like New York. But here I have come upon the edge of Godland; mountains and rivulets and cold, clear skies. It looks like Oregon. Only I miss the trees so much. A land that is barren of trees is old and ugly, like a bald-headed man, and ought to get ready to die. * * * I have made lots of friends. One man showed me more than one hundred books, all by Aryshire poets, and some of them splendid! I have not dared to tell anyone yet that I, too, hope to publish a book of verse. * * *

I go every day from here to the "Auld Brig" over the Doon, Highland Mary's grave, and "Alloway's auld haunted kirk!" * * * Poetry is in the air here. I am now working like a beaver, and shall give up my journal. If my mind is not strong enough to hold what I see, or if my thoughts and notions are not big and solid enough to stick together and stay with me, let them go. * * * Heigho! what a thing is the mind: a sieve, that catches all the ugly things, stray and wreck and castaway, all that is hard and hideous. But lo! our sieves will not hold the sweet, pure water. * * *

September 12. Am going from here to Byron's tomb in Nottingham very soon now. I have a wreath of laurel, sent by a lady from San Francisco, for the great poet's grave, and I go to place it there. Shall take in Scott's home and tomb. * * * Good-by, Burns, brother. I know you, love you. Our souls have wandered together many a night this sweet autumn-time by the tranquil banks of the Doon. * * *

September 16. They say Carlyle lives near here, on a farm. I like Carlyle—that is, the parts of him which I don't understand. And that is saying that I like nearly all of Carlyle, I reckon.

September 18. In the sunset today, as I walked out for the last time toward the tomb of Highland Mary, I met a whole line of splendid Scotch lassies with sheaves of wheat on their heads and sickles on their arms. Their feet were bare, their legs were bare to the knees. Their great strong arms were shapely as you can conceive; they were tall, and their lifted faces were radiant with health and happiness. I stepped aside in the narrow road to enjoy the scene and let them pass. They were going down the sloping road toward some thatched cottages by the sea; I toward the mountains. How beautiful! I uncovered my head as I stepped respectfully aside. But lifting the hat and giving the road to women here seems unusual, and one beautiful girl, with hair like the golden sheaves she carried, came up to me, talked and laughed and bantered in words that I could not understand, much as I wanted to. * * * And then the beautiful picture moved on. O Burns, Burns, come back to the banks of bonny Doon. It is worth while. * * *

IN THE RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

The Royal Inn, September 20. Waded Tweed yesterday, and looked over Sir Walter Scott's "poems in stone," as he called it. So beautiful, and so sad. Empty as a dead man's palm is this place now. Wet and cold, I walked on

to Melrose Abbey, three miles distant. Was let in through a great gate by a drunken old woman. The sun was going down; the place of buried kings seemed holy—too holy at least to have a drunken and garrulous and very ugly woman at my elbow. I gave a half-crown and asked her to leave me. She did so, and I rested on the tombs; still warm they were with sunshine gone away. Then a sudden fog drew in up the Tweed past Dryburg, where the great wizard is buried, and I began to grow chill. I got up and groped about in the fog among the tombstones and fallen arches. But in a very little time I found the fog so dense that together with the night it made total darkness. I hurried to the great gate. It was closed. The wretched old woman had maybe got still more drunk on my half-crown, and I was there for the night. And what a night I passed! It would have killed almost any other tramp. As it is, my leg is so stiff I can hardly hobble downstairs.

AT LORD BYRON'S TOMB.

O master, here I bow before a shrine;
  Before the lordliest dust that ever yet
Moved animate in human form divine,
  Lo! dust indeed to dust. The mould is set
  Above thee, and the ancient walls are wet,
And drip all day in dark and silent gloom;
  As if the cold gray stones could not forget
Thy great estate shrunk to this sombre room,
But learn to weep perpetual tears above thy tomb.

September 25. Something glorious! The old man, John Brown by name, took the wreath for Byron's tomb—and a sovereign—and hung it above the tablet, placed on the damp and dingy wall by his sister. Well then, the little-souled people who preside over the little old church did not like it—you see my bargain with the old man is that he is to have a sovereign a year to keep the wreath there as long as he lives (or I have sovereigns)—and he faithfully refused to take down the wreath, but nailed it to the wall. Then the little-souled people appealed to the Bishop. And what has the Bishop done? What has the Bishop said? Not a word. But he has sent another wreath to be nailed alongside of my wreath from California!

O my poet! Worshipped where the world is glorious with the fire and blood of youth! Yet here in your own home—ah well! The old eternal truth of Christ * * * but why say the truth of Christ? Better say the words of Christ; and that means eternal truth. * * * I have not told any one here that I write verses. * * * Byron sang in the voice of a god: and see what they say of him. But they may receive me. "No prophet is without honor, save in his own land," is the language of the text I believe.

September 28. Have written lots of stuff here. I have been happy here. I have worked, and not thought of the past. But tomorrow I am going to go down to Hull, cross the Channel and see the French and Germans fight. For I have stopped work and begun to look back. * * * I see the snow-peaks of Oregon all the time when I stop work—the great white clouds, like hammocks swinging to and fro, as if cradling the gods; maybe they are rocking and resting the souls of great men bound heavenward. * * * And then the valley at the bottom of the peaks; the people there; the ashes on the hearth; the fire gone out * * * there is no one there to rekindle it. * * * Stop looking back, I say. Get back to the Bible truths; the story of Lot and his lost. * * * Never look back. A man, if he be a real man, has his future before him and not behind him. The old story of Orpheus in hell has its awful lesson. I, then, shall go forward and never look back any more. Hell, I know, is behind me. There cannot be worse than hell before me. * * * Yet for all this philosophy and this setting the face forward, the heart turns back.

Calais, France, October 30, 1870. Been

to the war! Brutes! Shuttlecocked between the two armies, and arrested every time I turned around. I am sure the Germans would have shot me if I could have spoken a word of French. I am doubly certain the French would have sabred me if I had been able to speak one word of German. As I knew neither tongue, nothing about any language except Modoc—although I am trying to pick up the English—they contented themselves by tumbling all my manuscript—which they could not read—and sending me out of the country. And such heartlessness to each other! By the road one day I found a wounded soldier. He had got out into the hedge: hundreds passed—soldiers, citizens, all sorts. He was calling to all, any one. I got out of the mass of fugitives and tried to help him. Then, when it was seen that someone was at his side, others came up, and he was cared for, I reckon. * * * Everybody running away! I running faster than ever cripple ran before. This would not sound well in Oregon. I must put it in better form: I will merely say I came on in haste.

IN LONDON.

London, November 2, 1870. Am at last in the greatest city of all this earth. I was afraid to come here, and so it was I almost went quite around this boundless spread of houses before I entered it; saw all these islands and nearly all the continent first. But I feel at home almost, even now, and have only been here three days. Tired though, so tired! And then my leg bothers me badly. There's a bit of lead in there about as big as the end of my thumb. But ever since that night in Melrose Abbey it has felt as big as a cannon ball. And then I have been rather active of late. The Oregonians ought to have seen me running away from the French, the Germans—both at once. But you see they took my pistols away from me before I had a chance to protest or even suspected what they were going to do. Ah well! I am safe out of it all now, and shall, since I am too crippled to get about, sit still and write in this town. When I came in on the rail from Dover, I left my bag at the station; paid two pence—great big coppers, big as five of America's—and took a ticket for it, and so set out to walk about the city. And how delightfully different from New York!

Now, I want to note something strange. I walked straight to Westminster Abbey—straight as the crooked streets would let me; and I did not ask anyone on the way, nor did I have the remotest idea where it was. As for a guide-book, I never had one in my life. But my heart was in that Abbey, going out to the great spirits, the immortal dust gathered there, and I walked straight to where my heart was. * * * And this encourages me very much. * * * As if by some possible turn of fortune or favor of the gods I—I may really get there, or at least set out upon the road that these silent giants have journeyed on. * * *

The Abbey broods beside the turbid Thames;
Her mother heart is fill'd with memories;
Her every niche is stored with storied names;
They move before me like a mist of seas.

SETTLED DOWN IN LONDON.

I here, because so many false and unfair stories have been told, set down my first few days in London for the good and guidance of earnest young scribes.

November 4. After keeping on my feet till hardly able to stand, I left the Abbey and walked up Whitehall, up Regent street, down Oxford street toward St. Paul's. Then I broke down, and wanted to find a place to stop. But I must have looked too tired and wretched as I dragged myself along. I told a woman finally, who had rooms to let, that I was ill and must stop. She shut the door in my face. New cities, cities new to me, of course, have new ways. If one does not know their ways one frightens the honest folk, and can't get on with them at all.

A public-house here is not a tavern or an inn. I tried to get to stop at two or three of these reeking gin-mills. They stared at me, but went on jerking beer behind the counter, and did not answer. At one place I asked for water. All stopped and looked at me—women with great mugs of beer half way to their brutal big red mouths; a woman with a baby in one arm, wrapped tightly in a shawl along with herself, and a jug of beer in the other, came and put her face in mine curiously; then the men all roared. And then one good-natured Briton paid for a pewter mug full of beer for me. But as I had never tasted beer, and could not bear the smell of it, I was obliged to refuse it. I was too tired to explain, and so backed out into the street again and hobbled on. I did not get the water. I now learn that one must not ask for water here. No one drinks water here. No public-house keeps it. Well, to one from Oregon, the land of pure water, where God pours it down from the snowy clouds out of the hollow of His hand—the high-born, beautiful, great white rain, this seems strange.

* * * * * *

All drinking-shops here — or rather "doggeries," as we call them in Oregon —are called "publics." And a man who keeps one of these places is called a publican. Now I see the sense and meaning of the Bible phrase, "publicans and sinners."

When I reached Aldersgate street that first day, I saw the name "Little Britain" to my left, and knowing that Washington Irving had dwelt there, I turned aside to follow where he had been, in the leaves of the Sketch Book. But I could go but a little way. Seeing the sign of the Young Men's Christian Association close at hand, I climbed up the long crooked stairs, and soon was made quite at home and well refreshed by a cup of coffee and a roll at three half-pence; also a great deal of civility and first-class kindness for nothing at all. I had bed and breakfast at the same reasonable rate; and the next morning, leaving my watch and money here, I went to Mile End by 'bus, to see where Mr. Bayard Taylor had lived when here.

I lost my way in one of the by-streets, and asked how to get out. People were kind and good-natured, but they spoke with such a queer accent that I could not understand half they said. At last a little girl of a dozen years, very bright and very beautiful, proposed to show me the way to the main street. She was a ray of sunlight after a whole month of storms. * * * She was making neckties, she said, and getting a sixpence a day; five pence she paid to a Mrs. Brady, who lived at 52 New street, and this left her a penny a day to dress and enjoy life upon!

"And can I live with Mrs. Brady for five pence a day?"

"Maybe so. Mrs. Brady has a room; maybe you can get it. Let us go and see."

November 6. We came, we saw, and settled! I give Lizzie a shilling a day to run errands, for my leg is awful. She went to the station and got my bag, and she keeps my few things in perfect shape. I think she has some doubts about my sanity. She watches me closely, and I have seen her shake her head at this constant writing of mine. But she gets her shilling regularly, and oh! she is so happy—and so rich! Mrs. Brady is about six feet high, and very slim and bony. She has but one eye, and she hammers her husband, who drives a wagon for a brewery, most cruelly. He is short and stout as one of his beer-barrels, and a good-hearted soul he is, too. He loves his old telegraph-pole of a wife, however, and refuses to pound her back when she pounds him, although he assured me yesterday, in confidence, that he was certain he could lick her if he tried.

November 8. Mrs. Brady must be very old or a very great liar. Last night she assured me that her father used to shoe Dick Turpin's horses. She went into detail to show how he would set the shoes on hind side before, to look as if he was going away from London, when, in fact, he was coming this way. As if I did not know anything about horses,

and how that all this was impossible. I expect she will next develop that she had some intimate relations with Jack Sheppard.

November 20. Lizzie is a treasure, but she will lie like sixty. Yet she is honest. She goes and brings me my coffee every morning. Mrs. Brady acts as a sort of mother, and is very careful of her in her coarse, hard way. I must find out who she is, and get her to school if I get on. She tells me her people live over on the "Surrey side," wherever that is. But I have already found that, like Mrs. Brady, she does not like to tell the truth about herself if she can get around it. How odd that poor people will lie so! Truth, the best and chiefest thing on this earth, is about the only luxury that costs nothing; and they ought to be persuaded to indulge in it oftener. New street! It is the oldest street, I should say, in this part of London. This house we are in is cracked and has been condemned. The reliable Mrs. Brady says it has only a few months more to stand; that the underground railroad or something runs under it. So I must get out, I guess.

November 30. Camberwell, Surrey Side. Am over here, south side of Thames, close to the Dulwich picture gallery. * * *

COWLEY HOUSE, COWLEY STREET, WESTMINSTER.

February 14, '71. From Mile End to old Westminster, via Camberwell! I am right back of the Abbey. From my garret window I can see the Virginia creepers, which they say were planted by Queen Elizabeth. The walls are high; but this garret of mine is still higher. They call it the poet Cowley's house. As if any poet ever had money enough to build so big a house, or ever had such bad taste as to build such an ugly one.

I hear all the bells of Westminster here, and of Parliament, big Ben, and all. And I hear perpetual pounding and hammering about the Abbey — all the time building or repairing. Not a good place to sleep or to rest, O immortal poets! Such an eternal pounding and pecking of stones and rasping of trowels and mortar no one ever heard. I had rather rest in Oregon.

Where the plants are as trees; where the trees are as towers
That toy, as it seems, with the stars at night;
Where the roses are forests; where the wild-wood flowers
Are dense unto darkness; where, reaching for light,
They spill in your bosom their fragrance in showers
Like incense spilled down in some sacrament rite.

HUNTING FOR A PUBLISHER.

February 27, '71. I have nearly given up this journal to get out a book. I wanted to publish a great drama called "Oregonian," but finally wrote an easy-going little thing which I called "Arizonian," and put the two together and called the little book "Pacific Poems." It has been ready for the printer a long time. But here one cannot get a publisher at all unless one pays for it. And my money is about out and I have nothing to pay with. My brother is slow about sending me money. I am so afraid he is seriously ill. But the book must come out, if I even have to publish it without a publisher!

March 12. What a time I have had tramping about this city with my printed "Pacific Poems" under my arm. I think I have called upon or tried to call upon every publisher in this city. I had kept Murray, son of the great Murray, Byron's friend, to the last. I had said to myself: "This man, whatever the others may do, will stand up for the bridge that brought him over. If all others fail I will go to the great Murray. * * * All others failed, and I went, or rather tried to go, but only tried, the first time or two. I at first marched stiffly and hastily up Albermarle street, past the great publishing house. I then went home. I had seen the house, however. That was a begin-

ning, at least. I slept well here in the gloomy old Cowley House at the head of Cowley street, and next day boldly entered the great publishing house, and called for Mr. Murray. The clerk looked hard at me. Then, mentally settling the fact that I really had business with the great publisher, he said: "Mr. Murray is in. Will you send up your card?"

My heart beat like a pheasant in a forest. For the first time I was to meet a great publisher face to face. "No, no, thank you; not today. I will come to-morrow — tomorrow at precisely this time." And I hurried out of the house, crossed the street, took a long look at it, and went home the happiest man in London.

I came next day an hour before my time, but I did not enter. I watched the clock at the Piccadilly corner, and came in just as I had agreed. I think the clerk had forgotten that I had ever been there. For my part I had remembered nothing else. The great Murray came down—a tall, lean man, bald, with one bad eye, and a habit of taking sight at you behind his long, thin forefinger, which he holds up, as he talks excitedly, and shakes all the time, either in his face or your own; and I was afraid of him from the first, and wanted to get away.

He took me up stairs, when I told him I had a book all about the great West of America; and there he showed me many pictures of Byron — Byron's mother, among the rest, a stout, red-faced woman, with awful fat arms and low, black curls about a low, narrow brow.

I ventured to say she looked good-natured.

"Aye, now, don't you know, she could shie a poker at your head, don't you know?" And the great Murray wagged his finger in her face, as he said this, quite ignoring me, my presence, or my opinion. Then he spun about on his heel to where I stood in the background, and taking sight at me behind his long, lean finger, jerked out the words: "Now, young man, let us see what you have got."

I drew forth my first-born of London town and laid it timidly in his hand. He held his head to one side, flipped the leaves, looked in, jerked his head back, looked in again, twisted his head like a giraffe, and then lifted his long finger:

"Aye, now, don't you know poetry won't do? Poetry won't do, don't you know?"

"But will you not read it, please?"

"No, no, no. No use, no use, don't you know?"

I reached my hand, took the despised sheets, and in a moment was in the street, wild, shaking my fist at that house now and then, as I stopped in my flight and turned to look back with a sort of nervous fear that he had followed me.

MY FIRST BOOK.

March 20, '71. Published! And without a publisher! No publisher's imprint is on my little book; a sort of illegitimate child, I have sent it forth to the press for a character. The type still stands, and if this goes well I can get a hearing and shall have a lot more of my rhymes set up, make a big book, and fire it right at the head of these stolid Britons.

March 26. Eureka! The St. James Gazette says "Arizonian" is by Browning!

Walter Thurnbury, Dickens' dear friend, and a better poet than I can hope to be, has hunted me up, and says big things of "Pacific Poems" in the London Graphic. Two splendid Irish enthusiasts from the Dublin University are at my side, staunch and earnest in their love. Now, the new book must come out! Yesterday I submitted a list of names for it —nine names—and one of my Irish friends settled on "Songs of the Sierras." And that, it is agreed, shall be the name of the new baby. Good! Good! I see a vast new sun shouldering up in the east over the dense fog of this mighty town. * * * I have met———, the society poet of this city. I met him through Tom Hood. And he is a character—a sweet, gentle character, but so funny. Yet here I am on forbidden ground. The decent custom of Europe, which forbids

personal mention of men in channels such as this, cuts out nearly all that is of interest in journals. But this one man stands out like a star in his quaint and kind originality. He gave me letters to almost everybody, and I in turn gave him the manuscript of "Arizonian," written mostly on old letters and bills, for it was written in one night and at a single sitting—and I got out of paper. But I think this generous-hearted gentleman half regretted giving me the letters; and I shall not present all of them. He has already taken me to see Dean Stanley, and it is more than hinted that if I get on I am to meet Her Majesty the Queen at the Dean's in the Abbey some evening at tea. * * *

Dear, dear; you should have seen him last night as he stood with his back to the fire, fluttering his long, black coat-tails with one hand, while his other hand swung his eyeglasses in a dizzy circle before his eyes. And he tiptoed up and he fluttered and swung as he said, with a final high flourish of his long black coat, "Yes, yes; I—I—I like the Americans. I must say that I have never found an American yet that was really vi-vi-vicious. I have found some that I thought were d-d-dreadful fools. But I never found one that I thought was really vi-vi-vi-vicious!"

THE END OF THE JOURNAL IN LONDON.

April 19. The book came out; and in the whirl of events that followed, the "notes" were neglected. It was a great day—a great year. Such a lot of favors and countless courtesies! For example, I had three letters in succession come to me signed "Dublin." I could not answer or even read all my letters, and so was not particularly disturbed or elated to find these letters from "Dublin," whoever "Dublin" might be. But one of my young Irish friends discovered these letters one day, and fairly caught his breath! "His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin! He wants you to breakfast with him. Why, your fortune is made!

May 1. The doors of all social London are wide open. But somehow I am too full of concern about home to be very happy. * * * My dear elder brother is very ill at home.

London, May 3. I find here among the Pre-Raphaelites one prevailing idea, one delight—the love of the beautiful. It is in the air. At least I find it wherever the atmosphere of the Rosettis penetrates, and that seems to be in every work of art—beautiful art. I am to dine with Dante Rossetti! All the set will be there. I shall hear what they say. I shall listen well, for this love of the beautiful is my old love—my old lesson. I have read it by the light of the stars, under the pines, away down by the strange light on the sea, and even on the peaks of the Pacific — everywhere. Strange that it should be so in the air here. And they all seem intoxicated with it, as with something new, the fragrance of a new flower that has only now blossomed after years of waiting: a sort of century plant—a quarter of a century plant, maybe. For, nearly twenty-five years ago, I am told, these Pre-Raphaelites began to teach this love of the beautiful.

BACK IN AMERICA.

Easton, Pa., August 3. At "Dublin's" breakfast, I met Robert Browning, Dean Stanley, Lady Augusta, a lot more ladies, and a duke or two, and, after breakfast, "Dublin" read to me—with his five beautiful daughters grouped about — from Browning, Arnold, Rosetti, and others, till the day was far spent. When I went away he promised to send me his books. He did so. I put them in my trunk, and did not open them till I got to America. Fancy my consternation as well as amazement and delight to find that this "Dublin" was Trench, the author of "Trench on Words." Ah! why didn't he sign his name Trench? for I knew that book almost by heart. * * * My brother is very ill.

Recollections of the Rossetti Dinner

There is no thing that hath not worth;
  There is no evil anywhere;
There is no ill on all this earth,
  If man seeks not to see it there.

SEPTEMBER 28. I cannot forget that dinner with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, just before leaving London, nor can I hope to recall its shining and enduring glory. I am a better, larger man, because of it. And how nearly our feet are set on the same way. It was as if we were all crossing the plains, we the workers and lovers there, and I for a day's journey and night's encampment fell in with and conversed with the captains of the march.

But one may not give names and dates and details over there as here. The home is entirely a castle. The secrets of the board and fireside are sacred. And then these honest toilers and worshippers of the beautiful are shy, so shy and modest. But I like this decent English way of keeping your name down and out of sight till the coffin-lid hides your blushes — so modest these Pre-Raphaelites are that I should be in disgrace forever if I dared set down any living man's name.

But here are few of the pearls picked up, as they were tossed about the table at intervals and sandwiched in between poems, songs, tales of love and lighter thoughts and things.

All London, or rather all the brain of London, the literary brain, was there. And the brain of all the world, I think, was in London. These giants of thought, champions of the beautiful earth, passed the secrets of all time and all lands before me like a mighty panorama. All night so! We dined so late that we missed all relish for breakfast. If I could remember and write down truly and exactly what these men said, I would have the best and the greatest book that ever was written. I have been trying a week in vain. I have written down and scratched out and revised till I have lost the soul of it, it seems to me; no individuality to it; only like my own stuff. If I had only set their words down on paper the next day instead of attempting to remember their thoughts! Alas! the sheaves have been tossed and beaten about over sea and land for days and days, till the golden grain is gone, and here is but the straw and chaff.

The master sat silent for the most part; there was a little man away down at the other end, conspicuously modest. There was a cynical fat man, and a lean philanthropist — all sorts and sizes, but all lovers of the beautiful earth. Here is what one, a painter, a ruddy-faced and a rollicking gentleman, remarked merrily to me as he poured out a glass of red wine near the beginning of the dinner: "When traveling in the mountains of Italy, I observed that the pretty peasant women made the wine by putting grapes in a great tub, and then getting into this tub, barefooted, on top of the grapes, treading them out with their brown, bare feet. At first I did not like to drink this wine. I did not think it was clean. But I afterward watched these pretty brown women"—and here all leaned to listen at the mention of pretty brown women—"I watched these pretty brown women at their work in the primitive

wine-press, and I noticed that they always washed their feet—after they got done treading out the wine."

All laughed at this, and the red-faced painter was so delighted that he poured out and swallowed another full glass. The master sighed now and then as he sat at the head of the table rolling a bit of bread between thumb and finger, and said, sitting close to me: "I am an Italian who has never yet seen Italy. **Belle Italia!**" * * *

By and by he quietly said that silence was the noblest attitude in all things; that the greatest poets refused to write, and that all great artists in all lines were above the folly of expression. A voice from far down the table echoed this sentiment by saying: "Heard melodies are sweet; but unheard melodies are sweeter." "Written poems are delicious; but unwritten poems are divine," cried the triumphant cynic. "What is poetry?" cries a neighbor. "All true, pure life is poetry," answers one. "But the inspiration of poetry?" "The art of poetry is in books. The inspiration of poetry, in nature." To this all agreed. * * * Then the master, bending close, said softly to me, "Poetry is soul set to music." * * *

Then the master very quietly spoke: "And yet do not despise the books of man. All religions, said the Chinese philosophers, are good. The only difference is, some religions are better than others, and the apparent merit of each depends largely upon a man's capacity for understanding it. This is true of poetry. All poetry is good. I never read a poem in all my life that did not have some merit, and teach some sweet lesson. The fault in reading the poems of man, as well as reading the poetry of nature, lies largely at the door of the reader. Now, what do you call poetry?" and he turned his great Italian eyes tenderly to where I sat at his side.

"To me a poem is a picture," I answered.

Proud I was when a great poet then said: "And it must be a picture—if a good poem—so simple that you can understand it at a glance, eh? And see it and remember it as you would see and remember a sunset, eh?" "Aye," answered the master, "I also demand that it shall be lofty in sentiment and sublime in expression. The only rule I have for measuring the merits of a written poem, is by the height of it. Why not be able to measure its altitude as you measure one of your sublime peaks of America?"

He looked at me as he spoke of America, and I was encouraged to answer: "Yes, I do not want to remember the words. But I do want it to remain with me—a picture—and become a part of my life. Take this one verse from Mr. Longfellow:

"'And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.'"

"Good!" cried the fat cynic, who, I am sure, had never heard the couplet before, it was so sweet to him. "Good! There is a picture that will depart from no impressible clay. The silent night the far sweet melody falling on the weary mind, the tawny picturesque Arabs stealing away in the darkness, the perfect peace, the stillness and the rest! It appeals to all the Ishmaelite in our natures, and all the time we see the tents gathered up and the silent children of the desert gliding away in the gloaming."

A transplanted American, away down at the other end by a little man among bottles, said: "The poem of Evangeline is a succession of pictures. I never read Evangeline but once." "It is a waste of time to look twice at a sunset," said Rossetti, **sotto voce**, and the end man went on: "But I believe I can see every picture in that poem as distinctly as if I had been the unhappy Arcadian; for here the author has called in all the elements that go to make up a perfect poem."

"When the great epic of this new, solid Saxon tongue comes to be written," said one who sat near and was dear to the master's heart, "it will embrace all that the new embraces; new and un-

named lands; ships on the sea; the still deep waters hidden away in a deep and voiceless continent; the fresh and fragrant wilderness; the curling smoke of the camp-fire; action, movement, journeys; the presence—the inspiring presence of woman; the ennobling sentiment of love, devotion, and devotion to the death; faith, hope and charity,—and all in the open air."

"Yes," said the master thoughtfully, "no great poem has ever been or ever will be fitted in a parlor, or even fashioned from a city. There is not room for it there."

"Hear! hear! you might as well try to grow a California pine in the shell of a peanut," cried I. Some laughed, some applauded, all looked curiously at me. Of course, I did not say that well, yet I did say it far better. I mean I did not use the words so carefully, but I had the advantage of action and sympathy.

Then the master said, after a bit of reflection: "Homer's Ulysses, out of which have grown books enough to cover the earth, owes its immorality to all this, and its out-door exercise. Yet it is a bloody book—a bad book, in many respects — full of revenge, treachery, avarice and wrong. And old Ulysses himself seems to have been the most colossal liar on record. But for all this, the constant change of scene, the moving ships and the roar of waters, the rush of battle and the anger of the gods, the divine valor of the hero, and, above all, and over all, like a broad, white bosomed moon through the broken clouds, the splendid life of that one woman, the shining faith, the constancy, the truth and purity of Penelope—all these make a series of pictures that pass before us like a panorama, and we will not leave off reading till we have seen them all happy together again, and been assured that the faith and constancy of that woman has had its reward. And we love him, even if he does lie!"

How all at that board leaned and listened. Yet let me again and again humbly confess to you that I do him such injustice to try thus to quote from memory. After a while he said: "Take the picture of the old, blind, slobber-mouthed dog that has been driven forth by the wooers to die. For twenty years he has not heard the voice of his master. The master now comes, in the guise of a beggar. The dog knows his voice, struggles to rise from the ground, staggers toward him, licks his hand, falls, and dies at his feet."

Such was the soul, heart, gentleness of this greatest man that I ever saw walking in the fields of art.

After a while they talked about the construction of poetry.

"As for the construction of a poem, I hold that there never was a long poem written continuously," said the master; "as a rule, great poems are built like Solomon's temple, section by section, and put together without the sound of a hammer. This brings us back to the assertion that all poems are pictures, and long poems only a succession of pictures strung together on some sweet story of devotion and love." And with this the master was a long time silent.

"Shining beads on a blessed rosary," piped in a little poet not before heard from, away down among the accumulated bottles, as he lifted his beaded glass of wine high in his hand and adjusted the glasses on his nose preparatory to drinking, lest they might fall into the glass.

"I find," said one, after a good deal of skirmishing and idle talk, "that great poems are oftener born of accident than design. On looking over the original manuscripts of 'Childe Harold' at Newstead Abbey last summer, I noticed that Lord Byron had first written it 'Childe Byron,' instead of 'Childe Harold.' And it was clearly evident that it was not meant for publication at first, but only as a brief chronicle of his own sentiments and sad life on setting out on his pilgrimage."

Again the advocate of silence, the master, was heard: "To me every man or woman who loves the beautiful is a poet. The gift of expression is a separate affair altogether. I am certain that the greatest, sweetest, and the purest poets upon earth are silent people—

silent as the flowers. Pictures of the beautiful are as frequent to all really refined natures as are the flowers of the field. Yet only one in millions has the gift, desire and power of expression."

"To me the savage or the negro is a truer poet than the scholar of Oxford," cried a lover of Walt Whitman. "They may have been alike born with a love of the beautiful, but the scholar, shut up within the gloomy walls with his eyes to a dusty book, has forgotten the face of voiceless nature, and learned only the art of utterance. He has been at school all his life."

"Been at school all his life! Poor man! How ignorant he must be," sighed the fat cynic.

A great deal of merriment followed this, and finally some one talked of alliteration. But the great master sat silent, and did not venture to talk on this theme.

"As to the verbal construction of a poem," piped the little man among the fast accumulating bottles, "add all the decoration you can without covering up the proud proportions of your structure. The world is round, and we are getting back to the soft vowel sounds of the old Greek kings of thought, who, if they ever knew the art of rhyme, had the good sense to disdain it, and use only alliteration and soft, assonant words. Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Swinburne and the master, Rossetti, though they disagree in many things, are unanimous in alliteration and soft sounds. Take a familiar example from Tennyson:

"'I hold this true what'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'"

Here is not only soft, liquid alliteration, but the vowels fall in, all through the little quatrain, in a sad musical sort of a way that gives us both sentiment and song together. Then the man beyond the bottles gave a verse from Atalanta and Calydon:

"Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
There is help if the heavens have one;
Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
We have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
When, refreshed as a bride and set free,
With the stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
Night sinks on the sea."

I remember a long pause here; some changed seats; the dinner resolved itself into a sort of mass, or a binding together of souls that attracted souls; there was more wine, much smoke, some laughter, and some stories of love. But over all that was said or done or thought shone like a halo this one delight—the love of the beautiful.

By and by the master began, half sad, half humorously, and carelessly and indifferently threw out this little thought: "Hundreds of years ago a poet said, by way of illustration, and in a forceful argument for charity for all, for the good in all things, beauty in all things, that even the toad, repulsive as it seemed, has a jewel in its head. And so the dull, passive world accepted it literally, and has gone on saying, 'The toad hath a jewel in its head.' I suspect millions of toads have been killed by seekers after the traditional jewel. O my friends, go out in the cool of the evening in your garden, and there in the green grass of the fence corner fall down on your knees, and look the panting little toad in the face—look in his soft, tender, love-lit and liquid eyes, and you will understand. No, no; all jewels are not to be worn in rings and weighed in scales and sold at a pawnshop. The prettiest jewels, God hangs on the grass, hides in the light of the soft eyes of the toad, and forbids you to touch them. Oh, it is a beautiful, beautiful world! Only let us have capacity to see the beauty that is in it, and we will see nothing that is ugly at all—nothing that is evil at all."

MRS. ABBIE MILLER

My Memories of Joaquin Miller

By Mrs. Abbie Miller

DO you recall ever looking into a small box containing loose bits of colored glass which exhibit themselves in beautiful symmetrical forms as they change in position— called a kaleidoscope—so events in Mr. Miller's life present themselves to me—not when taken in individual bits—but forming a perfect pattern.

A person who had never been to the Yosemite might ask me about it expecting to have it visualized for them through my description. I might show them a bucket of water I had brought from the falls. Would these drops of water convey to them the grandeur and the sublimity? Mr. Miller's poem in the Yosemite transmits its majesty to a great degree. It needs a genius in words or painting to do it. And as regards the writing of Mr. Miller's biography there is no person I know of competent to do it—no one familiar with his life in its entirety. It was a mosaic, many parts inlaying to form the whole. He was born in Liberty, Indiana, November 10, 1841, and crossed the plains with his parents when ten years old. It took them seven months and five days. They started with two teamsters — yokes of oxen — their speed was two miles an hour. Mrs. Miller had horses and carriage to convey her and her little daughter. Joaquin's sensitive mind received and produced later images and pictures during that early period of his life. When thirteen years old, in 1854, he had gone into the mines, he said: "I was employed to push a tub along a wood track underground —a new tunnel experiment.

"The mouth of the tunnel opened out toward the Klamath River. I was employed because I was so small. The two men worked on their hands and knees. On the 5th day the hill side slid in and one of the men was crushed. The water came in. My head was caught between two timbers, lifting my face above the water. I could hear the man groaning till the water reached where he lay—that was the end. But as one of the men was out of the tunnel getting timbers, and I happened to be near the mouth of the tunnel with my tub at the time of the slide, I was dug out by the man who escaped, on the same day.

"I set this down as an example of a thousand, and that almost any surviving miner might narrate from his underground life in California. But it was from these small beginnings that the great hydraulics, tunnels, drifts, shifts and underground cities of California, and Nevada, grew.

"My experience in the underground world of California was brief and bitter; so bitter that reason was almost overthrown, and I dwell upon it now only with pain and terror."

He writes of his Indian encounters: "'Mountain Joe,'" one of Fremont's old guides, told me romantic traditions of Comanches. He was a remarkable man in many ways, of good culture and family. though a sad drunkard. He was a friend of my father and took me under his wing when I, a lad, found my way to California. I was with him at the South base of Mt. Shasta, and he told me traditions, vague and romantic, out of which I wrote the Arizonian, and the first piece in the Songs of the Sierras. My first battle with the Indians was with him. This was the fight at Castle Crags,

where I was fearfully hurt with an arrow in my face. He died in Oregon about the time of Fremont's death."

Mr. Miller had desperate encounters with mountain wolves. He had another battle with Indians and took part in the Pitt River massacree and was wounded in his right arm, so he could never work continuously with it or use it to shave, and therefore wore a beard most of the time. He wore his hair somewhat long on his neck to protect his neck from cold after the arrow went through his left cheek and lodged at the base of his brain, in the fight at Castle Crags. People generally thought it an eccentricity, or because he was a poet for his friends, Tennyson and Longfellow, did not have their hair closely shaven. Strange and untrue things have been circulated regarding Mr. Miller's attire, without reason. There are many photographs taken in various years of his life and he is always attired in conventional garb. Yet fancy and fable has dressed him in red shirts. I recently read that someone told "Mr. Miller had been seen near London wearing a pink coat." It is not generally known that men in England wear red coats to the hunt and Mr. Miller took part in the chase of the fox and his riding was greatly admired. He was as one with the horse. He could, when riding at full speed, throw his handkerchief and catch it while on the run. "In Rome he did as Romans do," and conformed to customs. In New York City he wore the stiff starched white shirt. In California and in other warm climates, white soft silk shirts. When in China and Japan, silk pongee suits. He liked a soft broad hat, but at times when in London wore the tall silk hat. In New York City and in European cities he wore the conventional broadcloth "swallow tail coats." I believe that's the name—for dinners and evenings. In the latter part of his life here he wore corduroy velveteen suits. He was six foot tall of distinguished bearing and of an unusually engaging personality. Of course it is very gratifying to me that he is so beloved and his poems appreciated. This is attested to by myriads of people who come, to "The Hights" to see his house, from Australia, New Zealand, Canada and all parts of the United States, and before the war, from abroad. His physical, as well as mental, work was prodigious. He took this bare hill of over 70 acres, devoid of trees, and planted over 50,000. The first trees he planted were in the shape of a cross. He said: "Look up to the Cross, remember the Cross and bear our Cross." In the first place he had to dig up numberless stones and boulders from the ground, deeply imbedded, a gigantic task. He built a little three-room cabin, which he designated as "The Abbey." It is a small frame building; over the door in wood panels, a crescent and rays of the sun, signifying nature and above them a wooden cross and two stained glass windows. The door was always open night and day, and he wrote in this "dim religious light," in bed, mornings—a couple of pillows to rest his neck on. He was obliged to support his head thus after the arrow penetrated the back of his neck, and for a time to sit on the ground, resting his head against a tree. He wrote always with a quill pen. At Oxford at the present time, the students are supplied with quill pens, and they are used in Court in England. The frame cottage, I now live in, Mr. Miller built for his mother. It is called the "Grandma Miller Cottage," the exterior is frame, the interior is in the shape of a tent and is lined with canvas, and she had her fig and vine, according to bible tales. In one of the two rooms I have an excellent speaking portrait of Mr. Miller, painted by Mrs. Herbert L. Coggins of Berkeley. She was a pupil of the eminent painter, Keith, and has great talent in portraiture, and is an architect as well, having built over a hundred artistic houses. I am very proud to record notable women and the work they have accomplished. Mrs. Coggins studied Mr. Miller closely and it is universally pronounced most excellent as a likeness, besides its merit as a painting. I have the death mask made by an eminent sculptor, Mr. Schmidt. George Wharton James gave a series of lectures on Mr. Miller and his writings and from the proceeds procured the mask and I have a fine bust of Mr. Miller's

noble head made from the mask by the sculptor, Mr. Schmidt, a small standing figure and several photos at different ages and also Mr. Miller's quill pen, blue pencil and some Mss. and when the roof of his cottage "the Abbey" is repaired, I will place these souvenirs there, and Oakland will guard them as a cherished possession. I have also a large oil painting, now boxed, which should be purchased and placed either in the City Hall in San Francisco, or Oakland, or in the Capital at Sacramento, or in the Palace of Fine Arts. It was painted by a celebrated artist in New York City, of Mr. Miller in middle age. Mr. Miller erected a cottage for our daughter, Juanita. It is her studio and souvenir shop, "The Sign of the Four Hearts," and she has made a fine pastel and crayon head of her father and she puts many of his poems to a musical accompaniment as well as her own verses. Just back of her small cottage there is a log cabin, her Papa built, she calls it "Juanita's Wigwam." Mr. Miller dug up stones and erected a pointed pyramid to Moses — to obey the commands of God — and a tower to Robert Browning, with whom he traveled in Italy and Greece, and a Funeral Pyre where Mr. Miller desired to be cremated. He believed in cremation and said it was the cheapest and the healthiest and the quickest way to dispose of the remains. When Mr. Miller passed away on February 18, 1913, the authorities thought it best to have him cremated in Oakland, and the ashes were scattered on the hills, where Grandma Miller is buried. She lived to be 90 years old. The President of the "Joaquin Miller Club," Dr. Minora E. Kibbe, brings up the members of her club and invites every one who desires to do so to participate in exercises held here every year in his memory, and she and Mrs. S. C. Borland, members of numerous clubs, presented many petitions to the Mayor and Council and Park Board advocating the purchase of "The Hights" to be preserved as a "Joaquin Miller Memorial Park." Mayor Davie vetoed it but it was carried by the vote of the Commissioners and Park Board and has been carried into effect.

The Atheneum, the most critical journal in England, pronounced Mr. Miller's poem Columbus "the finest piece of workmanship in the English language." He wrote it in 1893, while living in "The Abbey."

Mr. Miller in 1858 (17 years old) taught school not far from Vancouver, Washington, later on he was a lawyer and a judge for four years in Grant county. He ran again for the office and was not appointed and said: "he thought it was a misfortune" but afterward he said "how fortunate was my misfortune," for he went then to Europe and was proclaimed "a genius" and pursued a literary career. In Indiana, from Liberty to Richmond, 16 miles, they have constructed a "Joaquin Miller Road" past the farm where he was born and on a granite boulder placed a bronze tablet to his memory.

In 1885 Mr. Miller bought land in Washington, D. C., on Meridian Hill and put up a log cabin, and the California Society and the Washingtonians have removed it to a most picturesque spot in Rock Creek Park and exercises in his memory are held there every year.

LINES FROM "THE LARGER COLLEGE."

The soul that feeds on books alone—
I count that soul exceeding small
That lives alone by book and creed,—
A soul that has not learned to read.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

Joaquin Miller Visits Stanford

By David Starr Jordan

In the first year of Stanford University our most picturesque guest, indeed, the most striking personality in California at that time, was Joaquin Miller, a unique figure, tall, straight, broad-shouldered, long-haired and "bearded like a pard." A big soft *sombrero*, high top-boots and coats to match, completed the picture.

A *poseur* undoubtedly, but simple-hearted as a child, he was altogether delightful. He was moreover a true poet, with a fine sense of word-color and rhythmical values, as most of his verse, particularly the poems on Egypt, Columbus, and England in the Boer War, amply testify.

In December of the first year, I invited him to address our students. On arriving he explained that it was his invariable custom to wear a white rose in his buttonhole when speaking. It was a novel thing for me to look for roses at that season, but fortunately I found one in our garden at Escondite cottage.

His lecture was entitled "Education in China." It treated of many current subjects—the affection of doves, the significance of world peace, and devotion to an idea, almost the only topics not mentioned being China and Education. Its key note was taken from a new song of his, then unpublished,

> "*There are many tomorrows, my love, my love,*
> *There is only one today.*"

His own lines, inherently musical, he read most charmingly.

At the station, looking at his great boots, our little Knight, three years old, piped up, "I know why they call you Joaquin (walk-een). It's because you walk so much!" Which infantile joke delighted the poet.

To Joaquin

By Bessie Sloan

The twinkling tread of Time hath made thee dear,
Thou star and inspiration of my youth,
Kindling with kindly rays each later year
To glowing dreams of Beauty and of Truth.

The Hights, long loved, are still a beacon fair,
To all who give to Poetry or Art,
And Joaquin's dear ones, yet abiding there,
Pay memory's tribute to his loving heart.

* * * *

Joaquin Miller! The name calls forth happy memories of the cheery, blue-eyed poet who has seen clearly down the ages; he whose beautiful dreams are finding realization in everlasting music.

Joaquin, the dreamer!

Joaquin, the builder!

Joaquin, the friendly, sympathetic, helpful lover of all humanity!

At "The Hights" of years ago, he remains a picture unforgettable. His greeting, his encouragement, (when in the assurance of youth, I carried crude lines to the great poet), stand out clearly against the background of his loved trees and flowers, his noble hills from which he sang his songs as he looked out over his sea of seas.

And now, a visit to "The Hights" is made doubly interesting, for the wife and daughter of Joaquin Miller burn the incense of loving memory at his shrine, making the tourist, the "hiker," the casual visitor, welcome with the same royal cordiality as art class or club.

There, Mrs. Miller recites Joaquin's poetry, and Juanita creates the beautiful and original things that are making "The Hights" more famous and of which a book might well be written, for is she not a child of love and poetry, music and art?

Joaquin, the years go by, years of sorrow or of joy, but shining clear through all time are memories of the inspiring walks and talks up there on your beautiful hights, inspiring and loved now as then.

"Come here when I am far away
Fond lovers of this lovely land."

Joaquin Miller invites you.

OLIVE.

Dove-borne symbol, olive bough;
Dove-hued sign from God to men,
As if still the dove and thou
Kept companionship as then.

Dove-hued, holy branch of peace,
Antique, all enduring tree;
Deluge and the floods surcease—
Deluge and Gethsemane.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

A Confession

By Eleanor Farrand Ross

HAVING lived, so to speak, the most of my life near Joaquin Miller, and having heard his name as a household word, with the usual contrariness of human nature, I knew very little of him, not only as a man, but as a poet, which is a sad commentary upon myself as a Californian.

All the old English poets I had devoured when I was quite young; Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Dryden, Shelley, Keats, Burns, Byron; I had even dipped into Cowper, and of course, the New England poets were part of my education; but my own poet, the poet of my hills and forests and streams, the poet who was so a part of nature itself, so virile, so akin to the "Music of the Spheres," that no one who ever met him can imagine him as **dead**, this poet I had neglected utterly.

So when it was suggested to me that the February issue of the Overland Monthly be a memorial number for Joaquin Miller, I am ashamed to state that my thoughts went groping into the past vaguely, something like this:

"Joaquin Miller! Joaquin Miller—Poet of the Sierras—high boots, slouch hat, flowing white beard; lived in the foothills of Oakland ever since I can remember; some little girl friends of mine went up to see him once. They peered in at his open cabin door; he was lying in bed, writing, with a buffalo robe or something over him. He spoke rather impatiently to them, and they got scared, and ran home. Joaquin Miller—Oh, he wrote "Columbus," and "The Bravest Battle," and "At Byron's Tomb," — People generally spoke of him as a poseur; the English made much of him—I never got out a special edition. It will be hard work."

I have followed the trail that was enthusiastically blazed for me; spoken to people who really knew Joaquin and admired and loved him; I have made the pilgrimage to the "Hights," and felt his very presence in the tree-crowned hills, living again in his lovely daughter, and fostered in his widow; I have carried home to my eyrie overlooking the blue bay that he loved so much, an armful of his volumes of poetry and prose, lent me by his friend of twenty years' companionship, Harr Wagner; and, in sackcloth and ashes of an humbler but wiser spirit, I am at last reading the great poet, Joaquin Miller!

A NUBIAN FACE ON THE NILE.

One night we touched the lily shore,
And then passed on, in night indeed,
Against the far white waterfall.
I saw no more, shall see no more
Of her for aye. And you who read
This broken bit of dream will smile,
Half vexed that I saw aught at all.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Black Opal

By Caroline Katherine Franklin

I.

The Man in a Slouch Hat.

ASK anyone who was at Mrs. Fiske's June house-party what happened, and they will tell you it was just one weird, and apparently unaccountable, thing after another.

Aunt Charlotte Fiske, for whom Charlotte Jerome was named, insisted that the fateful house-party be given at her ranch house at Alpine, an hour's drive from San Diego.

She felt sure that her pretty namesake would have an engagement to announce before the party broke up; and Aunt Fiske, a widow of forty-two, was a born match-maker. Some said that this was not because Mr. Fiske, in dying, had done his wife a favor—the first and last. Be that as it may, Aunt Fiske was doubly anxious for the success of the party after hearing the list of invited guests read over the telephone by Charlotte.

"You are embarrassingly short of men," she commented, "but there are four young college men, all single and a jolly lot, in camp at the north end of the ranch. Why not ask them?"

After much discussion and a good deal of good-natured bantering, Charlotte and her mother consented; and the plans were made to turn the Ten Oaks ranch house into a "Palace of Fun."

Early in the morning of the 16th of June, Charlotte and her mother motored out to the ranch. The rugs were all removed from the floors; things were turned around generally; and even the Grandfather's clock was moved to the landing on the turn of the stairs to get it out of the way.

"Let's decorate with red geraniums," suggested Aunt Fiske. "The hedge needs trimming anyway, and there are scads of them."

"May we be of an assistance?" called a voice from the broad veranda, through the screen door; while four heads, noses pressed against the screen, peeped in.

"No end of things you boys can do. Come in! Mrs. and Miss Jerome, Mr. Hallet, Mr. Wells, Mr. Harkey and last, but not least, Mr. Lee, their host." She touched each nose as part of the introduction with a little brush of her hand on the screen, before unlatching the door.

"Now, properly introduced, I suppose Aunt Fiske will let you in," laughed Charlotte Jerome.

"Yes; and come in right quick, and get busy! If I had only known you were such willing little workers, I never —or rather, we never—would have tried to move the Grandfather's clock. Both the maid and the man were down at the village. Wish you could have seen the three of us!"

"Dr. Bryce has forbidden me to lift—and see how I have disobeyed! Well, I've been humoring myself too much. My dear"—to Aunt roly-poly Fiske—"if you would exercise more—"

"What was all that racket up at camp last night?" asked Aunt Fiske, hastily. "I heard a most unearthly sound, followed by the baying of hounds."

"Just a small hunting party," said Lee, discreetly playing up to his hostess' lead. "The mail carrier told us he saw

a mountain lion with two cubs cross the road near the big pine; and so we sent word to town to a friend of ours who owns a pack of hunting-dogs. He brought them out about eight o'clock; and that eerie sound you heard was the horn he uses when calling the pack. We trailed the brute over to granite mountain; and that pack of dogs certainly worked fine. They had her surrounded before midnight. You ought to have seen the finish.

"She laid out two of the dogs before we could get a shot," one of the men broke in. "They were all in a heap, fighting like fiends when we reached the big oak near which she had taken refuge; and we didn't dare shoot for fear of hitting one of the dogs. Finally they answered the call of the horn, and then we got in our work."

"Weren't you afraid her mate would steal up on you?" asked Mrs. Jerome. "I heard Mr. Jerome say one day that the lions up in our mountains are very savage when cornered, and that the mates are terrible, especially if the cubs are in danger."

"We heard him answer her call," Mr. Lee returned, "but he was evidently too far away. We are going to try and bag him as soon as the hounds get straightened out after their melee."

"It must have been thrilling!" interposed Charlotte. "How I wish I were a man. I'd love to help hunt him!"

"We'll give you a chance if you know how to handle a gun."

"I've shot a rifle ever since I was able to stand and sight one," answered Charlotte.

"Lottie Jerome! What have you on your finger?" shrilled Auntie Fiske. She trotted — Aunt Fiske was — er — rather more than plump—across the room, and bent to inspect Charlotte's ring. Charlotte had put up her hand to push back a brown curl that strayed from the hair net, and the ring had caught in the mesh of the net. "An opal! A black opal!"

"Yes, Aunt Fiske. Get it loose for me —that's a dear! Papa gave it to me just before his Eastern trip; it's a pre-birthday present. Isn't it a love?"

"But—an opal! And a black opal! Not that I'm superstitious," she hastened to add. "There are so many stones, though, that are more beautiful—that is, not so devilishly beautiful. Of course it is a stone. What's in a stone? I'm not one mite superstitious!"

"It winked at you!" laughed Charlotte, holding the ring up to the light.

And indeed, the red and green fires, aglow in the depths of its black heart, flashed with a sinister beauty.

"Mrs. Fiske will be giving us a gentle reminder that we have work to do," suggested one of the amused young men. "Let's get busy, and give the geranium hedge a close shave."

Charlotte shot a sheaf of dazzling smiles from the blue eyes under long silken lashes, and the men followed her out of doors even as the little woolly lamb followed Mary. In short order Charlotte and the men had all the flowers needed for the decorating, and the willing hands soon had them arranged tastefully. Then Mr. Lee, it was, who suggested that they go in his car for a lot of fern brakes, and with them fashion a screen so that they might have a hidden orchestra for the dance.

"Boys, suppose you stay and help the ladies, and Miss Jerome and I can be back in a jiffy."

Their looks told that they felt like choking him. Jack Benton, who arrived just as a very pretty, flushed Charlotte was lifted out of Mr. Lee's car, would glady have assisted in the throttling. Mr. Lee held her by the waist just long enough to prove the strength of his arms.

"Jack! I'm so glad you came early!" was Charlotte's greeting. "Meet Mr. Lee, Mr. Benton."

"Glad to meet you," was Lee's greeting, which statement was flatly contradicted by his cold and formal tone.

"And you brought the Farrels, Jack! How did you all pile into the roadster, people? Look at our load of ferns! Aren't they wonderful? Mrs. Farrel, you are a dear to have come, and to have brought the girls! I want you to meet Mr. Lee."

Mr. Lee, hat in hand, soon discovered

that he and the Farrels had mutual friends, and so they became intensely interested in one another. And then Dr. Hoffman Gordon drove up in his car, and getting out, informed the guests who sat, stood and lounged on the veranda that it was a hot day. No one disputed him. There was that in any assertion of the doctor's which forbade question.

In the meantime, Aunt Fiske was bemoaning to Mrs. Jerome:

"My dear, this house is a model of inconvenience! No electricity; nothing but gas, and not too much of that. It's big; but I'm beginning to fear that even fourteen rooms and a garden are close quarters with two lovers and the fair lady on hand at one and the same time. Which man do you favor, Janice, Dr. Hoffman Gordon, or Jack Benton? I should say Jack. He's twenty-eight—just the right age for her; while Gordon has two patches of gray on his temples already—"

"But he's attractive, dear; you'll have to admit that he has a way with him. He makes plenty of money, and he'll be good to Charlotte. Her father decidedly favors the doctor. I suppose the end of this house-party will see her engaged to one or the other of them—"

"Not with that black opal on her finger," said Aunt Fiske, with emphasis. "I doubt if Gretchen Mallory will stay when she comes here and finds such a hoodoo in the place. But I'm not keen to have her—though the men like her. She's so superstitious! Above all else, I detest a superstitious woman! Such a thing is entirely out of my makeup."

"Who else is coming? Charlotte told me, but I've forgotten."

"The Farrels—mother and two daughters. They're out there now. Nothing would bring them indoors as long as there's a man about. Violet and Matilda are pepless things; but they'll fill in at bridge. The mother is always talking about her ills. Gretchen Mallory's brother was coming, too; but I remembered that Jack Benton doesn't like him, and so I asked him to a later week-end. And there are four girls in the neighborhood—"

"This isn't Jack's party, dear. Charlotte's father hopes that it will be his funeral. Perhaps he'll be attracted to Gretchen, or some of the young women around here."

Aunt Fiske stood a-tiptoe, and lifted a vase of flowers from the mantel. Holding it carefully in her chubby hands, she trotted across the room and set it on the window ledge. Head on one side, she viewed the result.

"Think of it! This house has but one bath besides the servant's bath!" she complained, returning to her pet grievance. "I'm afraid I was taken in. I bought the place of the Holts as you know; and then he had to go away on a business trip, and she gave possession before he came back. The man simply raved! She told me she hadn't an idea as to what it was all about, or why he should be so wrought up. Well! At last those Farrel girls have given the men a chance to get away. Everybody's coming in."

It was a merry crowd at dinner. The maid and Aunt Fiske were kept busy replenishing the rapidly disappearing supply of ranch viands. Jack Benton's appetite had unaccountably failed; but everyone was having too good a time to notice it. Love and hate were the only senses he realized. Nothing looked good to him. He was suffering from his first real attack of jealousy. The vivacity of the women, the gallantry of the men, goaded his passion. Doctor Hoffman Gordon, as usual, was talking his name into the roster of fame. The facial lines of the more sophisticated elder women showed intense interest.

By nine o'clock everyone was dancing except Aunt Fiske, who had stolen quietly upstairs for a five-minute nap. Before disappearing, she was heard to remark that the moon would presently chaperon the party; it was old enough to be discreet and turn its back.

"Come into the garden," Jack pleaded, his gray eyes telling Charlotte the story that his lips had not yet spoken. "That boob Lee is headed this way. Let's scoot!"

They scooted.

In the shadowy, dew-drenched garden, perfumes, countless, cloying, were as an incense-offering to love. Swaying Japanese lanterns, glowing like great jewels, illuminated the broad veranda and adjacent shrubberies. Charlotte would have seated herself in the hammock, but Jack pulled at her hand.

"The overflow of that mob in there will be spilling out any minute," he complained. "Besides, I know of a nice damp bench over there by the hedge. Come and have a bench with me."

"Remember, you are to dance the next dance with Gretchen Mallory," Charlotte reminded him.

"I remember only that I'm with you."

"Don't be foolish!" said Charlotte, sparring for time. "It is damp out here. I shall catch my death! My hands are like ice."

"Lay 'em on my heart—they'll be warm enough!" muttered Benton, recklessly.

"Look here! My slippers are wet through—"

"I look," Jack went on. "I look into her eyes. What do I see there? I see my own image. But when I look into my heart, it is her image that I see."

Charlotte turned to flee, but Jack caught her hand.

"Don't go!" he pleaded. "I'll be good—really. Behold your slave in sackcloth and ashes, with his feet on his own neck. Will it interest you to know that you are a dream in that pink gown?"

"Blue—baby blue. Listen to the music!"

A rather good string "band" of four pieces was playing a dreamy thing of passion and pain. Against the lowered window shades the figures of the dancers were silhouetted as they whirled past. Charlotte and Jack were standing under a pepper tree; the lace-like canopy of green swept to the ground, effectually hiding them, though the Japanese lanterns, helped out by the rising moon, made that part of the garden fairly light.

"I—I'm such a clumsy fellow, Lottie!" Jack ventured. "Not like that oily-tongued orator, confound him! But sometimes—er—a man feels the most when he says the least—"

"Why, you seem to be doing very well." Charlotte laughed mischievously, if a trifle nervously. "I— Oh, what's that?"

She stilled her voice to a whisper, and gripping Jack's arm with one hand, with the other pointed to a slowly opening door in the basement at the side of the house, near the rear. A head emerged, turned from side to side in cautious scrutiny, and a man with a slouch hat pulled low over his eyes stepped forth. Bending almost double, he ran swiftly, keeping in the shadow of the geranium hedge; and as suddenly as he had appeared, he vanished.

"Well!" exploded Benton.

At that moment, a succession of shrill screams sounded from the house.

(To be Continued.)

DEATH IS DELIGHTFUL

Death is delightful. Death is dawn,
The waking from a weary night
Of fevers unto truth and light.
Fame is not much, love is not much,
Yet what else is there worth the touch
Of lifted hands with dagger drawn?
So surely life is little worth:
Therefore I say, look up; therefore
I say, one little star has more
Bright gold than all the earth of earth.

—Joaquin Miller.

The Silent Shot

By Farnsworth Wright

"YOU say you heard no shot, Dr. Burns?" Wyatt asked.

"No," replied the young physician. "She must have held the revolver so close to her head that it muffled the sound."

"Strange," muttered the reporter. "Where was she when she shot herself?"

"Here in my office. I had just returned from some professional calls, and Helen got me some medicine to take up to my wife, who was ill in bed. The girl seemed despondent, but I didn't dream that she was planning to kill herself. I took the medicine upstairs, and neither my wife nor I heard the shot. I had not been gone ten minutes when the doorbell rang, and I came down to let in George Locke and his wife. The door into my waiting room was open, and we looked in as we went through the hall. Beyond, on the floor of my office, we saw poor Helen lying dead, and my pearl-handled revolver lay beside her. She had shot herself through the head."

"Helen Hume lived here in the house, then?" asked the reporter.

"Yes. She was an attendant in my office, and she stayed here. Her father and brothers live about four blocks down the street, but I don't think she got along very well with them. I think that's what made her despondent."

"How did she happen to have your revolver?"

"I suppose she took it to kill herself. Or maybe she wanted it for protection against burglars. I kept it under my pillow."

"How could Miss Hume take the revolver without being seen, if your wife was lying in the room sick in bed?"

"She could easily do that when she was making the beds. She helped around the house when there was nothing else to do. But you have all the information you need, haven't you?"

"Yes, I guess so. I have her father's address, and her age, and—oh, yes; where was the body taken?"

Dr. Burns gave him the address of the undertaker.

"May I speak to your wife?" asked the reporter.

"No, you can't go up there," Dr. Burns replied. "My wife is so terribly upset by the tragedy that she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She is so ill anyway that she was out of her head for a time, and this has given her a relapse."

"All right, Dr. Burns. Just one question more: do you think Miss Hume could have been shot by a burglar?"

"Oh, no, absolutely not," declared the physician emphatically. "She killed herself. I told you that she was despondent, didn't I?" he went on, growing slightly excited. "This is a plain case of suicide, and you won't get anywhere by trying to make a murder mystery out of it. Burglars wouldn't enter a house as early as 10 o'clock, anyway."

* * *

Ordinarily the reporter would not have gone to the undertaker's, especially so late at night. The case seemed to be an ordinary suicide, and he knew that at that hour, when the mail edition had already gone to press, a suicide story could get only a few lines unless it possessed very unusual features, or concern-

ed a prominent person. But the girl's name sounded strangely familiar to him.

"Helen Hume, Helen Hume," he mused. "Why, that's the name of the little girl I used to play with in Cincinnati. I think I'll run over and see. But it's probably only a coincidence in names, for I haven't heard that Helen was living in Chicago."

The undertaker was just going to bed, but he let Wyatt into his morgue when the reporter explained his errand. The girl was Helen, beyond any doubt, although she had changed much since he had last seen her. Now she was eighteen years old, comely, well formed, just blossoming into young womanhood.

Wyatt looked closely at her face. Suddenly his eyes opened wide.

"Look there!" he exclaimed, pointing to Helen's temple. "Did that girl kill herself?"

"You know as much about it as I do," the undertaker answered, and shrugged his shoulders. "I've seen many people that have shot themselves, but never one like this."

"So have I," said Wyatt. "Let me use your telephone."

"This is Wyatt talking," he told his city editor over the wire. "That girl didn't commit suicide. She was murdered."

"Who murdered her?" asked the city editor.

"I don't know. But listen—this girl didn't have any powder burns, and there isn't a hair singed, although the bullet went in at the temple, close to the hair. Did you ever see a person who had shot himself? Always terribly powder-burned, wasn't he? This girl must have held the revolver at least three feet away."

"That's good work, Wyatt," commented the city editor. "You may have a good story there. Keep after it, and see what else you can find. Ring me up if you get anything. Call back before half-past twelve, anyway, and turn in what you have."

Wyatt examined the body again. The bullet hole was as clean as if it had been drilled with a gimlet. He recollected other suicides whose bodies he had examined. Always the bullet had spread and made a larger hole where it came out than where it went in. This shot, then, had been fired from across the room. It had taken a horizontal path, emerging at the same place on one side of the face where it had entered on the other side.

Wyatt held an imaginary revolver to his own temple, and found it hard to hold the weapon against his head with the barrel horizontal. While this fact in itself was not conclusive, yet, in connection with the clean, even bullet hole and the total absence of powder burns, it made Wyatt certain that Helen Hume had been murdered.

"Surely she was murdered," affirmed the undertaker. "I knew that as soon as I saw her."

Frank went over to see Helen's father, ostensibly to get Helen's photograph, but really to question him.

"So you're little Frankie Wyatt that used to play with my Helen, are you? I never would have known you," Hume greeted him. "Well, this is an awful shock to me. No sir, she hasn't been despondent, as far as I know. No, she didn't have any fellows, so it wasn't a love affair. I can't for the world imagine why she should want to kill herself. Surely she would have dropped some hint if she had been planning suicide. Oh no, sir, there was never any trouble between us. Was she murdered, did you say? Well now, sir, I'll say this much: she didn't have any reason to kill herself. If she was murdered, I want 'em to go to the bottom of it and find out who did it. No sir, I'm glad to hear you say that, because I'd hate to think poor little Helen had gone and killed herself."

* * * *

Wyatt telephoned his story to one of the rewrite men on the newspaper, quoting both the father and the undertaker as charging that the girl had been murdered. He cast no suspicions, contenting himself with trying to show that the girl could not have killed herself. His story was given a column, whereas the other two morning papers printed only a few lines about a "suicide."

Wyatt's account caused the coroner's

inquest to be put over for ten days. The coroner was convinced that the girl was murdered; the undertaker was convinced; and the girl's father was convinced. But the police detectives assigned to investigate her death reported that she had killed herself.

Wyatt asked some of his friends on the detective force:

"Is it possible for a person committing suicide to hold the revolver so close to his head that there will be no powder burns?"

From one and all he got an emphatic no.

"It can't be done," they declared. "There is bound to be a recoil, and there will be ugly powder burns, no matter how close you press the muzzle."

"Can you muffle the noise by holding the revolver close?"

"Why, I suppose you can muffle it a little," assented one. "But see here, young fellow, if you're planning to kill yourself I can show you a way that won't hurt at all, and won't leave a sign to show what happened to you. You'd make a beautiful corpse."

"Thanks," said Wyatt. "I don't care to shuffle off just yet.

"Helen Hume wasn't killed in a love quarrel," he told his city editor, "for she had no sweethearts. The theory that she was shot by burglars is silly. I don't think Dr. Burns killed her, but there are some peculiar things about this case that make me suspicious. One is that neither the doctor nor his wife heard the shot, although he admits that the door was open into the office when he passed by with Mr. and Mrs. Locke. And then his preventing me from seeing Mrs. Burns set me wondering. Maybe she is really sick, but her husband gives me the impression that he just doesn't want anybody to question her."

The coroner's jury, when it finally sat on the case, refused to turn in a verdict of suicide, despite the police report. The jury found that Helen Hume came to her death "as the result of a shot from a revolver, fired by person or persons unknown," and recommended that the police investigate further to find out who fired the fatal shot.

Wyatt's convictions concerned the murder and not the murderer. As to who the slayer was he harbored only vague suspicions, which he could satisfy only by examining the physician's house. This the physician forbade. So Wyatt put the girl's death out of his mind as one of the unexplained murder mysteries which often crop up to puzzle reporters.

* * * *

"Do you think you can find out who killed that Hume girl, if I let you work on that alone for two or three days?" demanded the city editor, several days after the coroner's jury turned in its verdict.

"I might. I'd like to try," Wyatt answered.

He boarded a street car and went at once to Helen's father.

"Mr. Hume," he said, "I want to ask you frankly, have you any suspicions as to who murdered Helen?"

"I think Dr. Burns did it," Hume replied. "I don't know who else could have done it. Somebody did it."

"What kind of a woman is Dr. Burns' wife?"

"Why, she seems to be a nice little woman. But you surely don't suspect her? I might think her husband did it, but not Mrs. Burns."

A few minutes later, Wyatt tiptoed softly up the doctor's front steps and tried the door, but found it locked. He could see a light in the parlor, and a newspaper, behind which he surmised Dr. Burns was sitting. Then the telephone bell rang, and Dr. Burns got up to answer it.

Wyatt silently withdrew into the shadow. The doctor came out, carrying his case in his hand. Wyatt slunk around to the rear door. This was unlocked, and he entered the house without knocking.

There was a back stairway leading down to the doctor's office, as Wyatt had supposed. He turned the doorknob and entered, closing the door behind him. Then he opened the door from the office into the waiting room, and the

door from there into the vestibule. The front stairway was in plain view from the office.

Did some strange acoustic vacuum intervene between him and the front stairs, so that a shot fired in the office could not be heard upstairs? This question was almost immediately answered for him by the voice of the doctor's wife calling from upstairs. Lightly though he had moved, yet she had heard him.

"Robert," she called down. "I thought you had gone out."

A minute of silence ensued.

"Robert," she called again. "I wish you would come up to me."

He returned no answer. Presently he heard her coming up the back stairs. He slunk behind the office door.

"Robert," she called again. "Where are you?"

She entered the office and switched on the lights. She gave a little shriek when she saw Wyatt, and she stood in the middle of the floor in her nightgown, opening and closing her mouth, as if she wanted to speak. Her face was white, and Wyatt observed also that she was thin, that her eyes bore a haunted, scared look, that her face was drawn and careworn, although she was still a young woman.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she finally found voice to ask.

Wyatt closed the door.

"I want to know why you killed Helen Hume."

Mrs. Burns put her hands to her head as if in pain, and stood for more than a minute silently rocking back and forth on her heels. Then her strength left her, and she would have fallen if Wyatt had not caught her. He helped her to a chair, and brought a glass of cold water, which he held to her lips.

"Who are you? And why do you come here to torture me?" she exclaimed indignantly, pushing away the glass.

"Don't excite yourself, Mrs. Burns. I see that it really was true that you were too ill to testify at the coroner's inquest. I had thought it was merely a bluff to keep you away."

"Who are you?" Mrs. Burns asked again.

"My name is Wyatt. I am an old friend of Helen Hume. Why did you kill her?"

"What right have you to enter my house this way, without warrant and without invitation?"

"In cases of this kind, Mrs. Burns, one does not wait for invitation— Helen Hume was standing over here when you shot, wasn't she? And then you fled up the back stairs while your husabnd faced the police, while he shielded you and kept you from being interviewed, and invented a suicide story that can't hold water. Why did you kill Helen Hume?"

"Mr. Wyatt, leave my house this instant. Such affrontry is unpardonable. The girl killed herself."

"Did you see her do it?"

"No. I was just going upstairs when I heard the shot."

"You HEARD the shot?"

"No, no, no! I don't mean that. There wasn't any shot. I didn't HEAR the shot, I mean."

"Then you were NOT upstairs sick in bed. You were down here."

"I wasn't down here, I tell you! I was going up the stairway when she shot herself."

"That is enough, Mrs. Burns. Your husband said that you were both upstairs, and that you were in bed. But you tell me that you were on the back staircase. Your husband says that neither of you heard the shot. You tell me that you heard the shot, and then, remembering that your husband's story was different, you deny that you heard it. You say that you were there on the stairs and knew when it happened, but your husband pretended that he discovered the body when he came through the hall with Mr. and Mrs. Locke. As a matter of fact, your husband left the corpse of the girl to answer the door bell. He led his visitors through the hall, and then, when they saw the body lying in a pool of blood in his office, he pretended that he was seeing it for the first time.

Mrs. Burns, I am a reporter. If I print the statements you have just made, flatly contradicting your husband, he will be arrested. The police will naturally suppose that he was the girl's murderer. Otherwise why should he lie and pretend that he had not heard the shot, and knew nothing about her death?"

"You say my husband would be suspected?" the doctor's wife asked, her eyes big with fear.

"He will be convicted. He is already suspected, because of his fishy story about not hearing the shot when all doors were open between him and the office where Helen was killed. The fact that he perjured himself will execute him. Many men have been sent to the chair on less evidence."

"You won't do it! You shan't do it! You mustn't drag my husband into this! I swear to you that he had absolutely nothing to do with the shooting! His murder will lie on your soul if you bring this unjust suspicion on him!"

"I am only after facts, Mrs. Burns. If your husband is innocent, why does he conceal the facts? It is because he is protecting you. You were jealous of Helen Hume. You thought your husband was too fond of her, and so you shot her. Isn't that so? You will do him a still greater wrong by keeping silent now. I can't vouch for his fate if you still refuse to tell me why you killed Helen Hume."

"I didn't shoot her deliberately! I didn't, I swear I didn't! I am not a murderess! I was out of my head, but even so I didn't intend to kill her. I was arguing with her, and trying to scare her with the revolver. I didn't even know it was loaded. Don't, please don't print anything, Mr. Wyatt! It was purely an accident! Enough unhappiness has been caused already, without adding this."

Wyatt heard a noise, and, turning, he saw Dr. Burns standing in the doorway.

"You're in mighty fine business!" the young physician exclaimed, shaking with wrath. "Mighty fine business, breaking into a house to make a sick woman confess to something that isn't true! What are you going to do?"

"That deepnds on you and your wife," answered the reporter. "I want to know all the details."

"There are no details," replied the physician. "My wife and I were happy, until this tragedy happened. My wife has been very ill. She was not responsible for the shooting, for she was delirious when it occurred. You can't get a conviction on the evidence you have, but the publication of a story such as you want to print would ruin our lives. There was an unnatural situation here—a beautiful girl, just developing into womanhood, living on terms of intimacy with a young married couple. The intimacy was nothing more than a strong friendship, but at that it was an unnatural situation to have her living in the same house. My wife's illness made her supersensitive, supersuspicious. And she was out of her head when poor Helen was shot.

"There is nothing more to tell. But consider this—the coroner's inquest is over, and unless you revive the matter the police will make no further investigation, and it will soon be forgotten except by us. You hold our happiness in your hands."

* * * *

"What success did you have?" the city editor demanded when Wyatt showed up in the local room next day. "Did you find the murderer?"

"I have talked with the doctor's wife," Wyatt answered. "She was my last clue, and I have followed it out as far as I can. Please give me another assignment."

Crucifixion

By Stanley Preston Kimmel

(Being the experiences of a Red Cross Ambulance driver in France)

(Third Installment)

A LETTER from Charlotte just as we were starting up to the lines. Letters are wonderful things. They make us dream of the past and put a new spirit into the future.

The many mornings we have strolled along through the bois, under the great, tall trees which swayed so softly that neither of us could speak. Ah, such a morning as compared with this.

The clouds are so low. They bend down to the tops of the poplars and kiss them, lingering about as if to say, "We shall never kiss you again for tomorrow you will lie crumpled upon the earth." Charlotte, will it be so with me, I wonder?

You say you are so very sad. Poor little girl, if I could only be with you. When I think of the three long months before I can possibly see you again my heart breaks and the hours pass like nightmares. There is only one chance of seeing you before then and you know the price of that. If the end is here, I wish it would come speedily. This life, this torture, it is terrible!

Yes, I have become somewhat accustomed to our general way of living but not to this awful loneliness which seems to gnaw the very heart and soul out of me. It is this knowing that no matter where I might be, you will not rush madly into my arms and ask me to crush your darling lips with kisses.

The blue handkerchief came along safely. It is so deliciously perfumed and Charlotte, it is just like you!

I cannot tell you more. There is so much suffering around me.

* * * *

The French offensive at Hill— is still raging. The noise is deafening. Every gun for miles around is pouring steel into the Hun. The Earth trembles and there is a continual roar. We have not been able to get any rest and the men are just about dead from fatigue. They work too hard and do not look after themselves. To go back and forth over these roads under shell fire without sleep for hours at a time, and be put to physical tests in clearing up a place or carrying the men over stretches of the road where the machines cannot pass, is enough to take the life out of anyone.

The night before the attack was lively. No one slept in the little towns leading up to the front. The men were brought to J—— in trucks. From there they walked to the line. We left about one A. M. The French stormed the Hill at four o'clock that morning. B—— and I had to have three different cars during the first twenty-four hours of the slaughter.

They would get too hot. This life cannot be described. Rain, mud, dead, blood, and the shrieks of the men. Their voices are pitiful against the roar of the guns. It makes one's head swim.

We met a group of Germans running along the road with their hands high in the air yelling, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" They were still under shell fire so we did not take their helmets until we

found them later at one of the cages for prisoners. They had given themselves up and were glad to be out of the fight. One of the prisoners told a Frenchman he was glad to be in France. He said he had had nothing to eat for days except black bread until he came over. A poilu had given him some of his rations. There was an officer in the same cage and he was very sullen when he heard this. Many of the captured Germans look filthy criminals but assume an air of snobbishness which is amusing.

Back a mile or so the noise is not so bad but here it plows into one's head until it almost crazes one.

We hope to hear every day that it is over and the world is at peace again. There is only one way it can end and of course that means a continuation of the slaughter.

We will soon go on repos. The division to which we are attached has lost a great many men. When their loss reaches a certain per cent they are sent to the rear.

War is a cold blooded proposition.

* * * *

The Germans seem to fly over our lines as they please. They have been coming over all day.

A young French officer took B—— and myself to an observation point which overlooked the entire valley. The whole battlefield was below us. It was a sad sight, the ruined villages and ravaged forests. We looked over miles and miles of territory held by the Germans.

These Frenchmen are a peculiar lot. Once in a while they are, as a whole, very decent, but we have had our eyes opened to their gratitude and appreciation. One of the men here took us to D—— with an order for our dinner. We had had nothing to eat all day except a few biscuits which we happened to have in the car. When we reached the town, what was left of it, he went about shaking hands with everyone and finally disappeared. We thought he would return again in a few moments and show us where we were to eat. Soon the Germans began a bombardment and we were left in the open. The car was in danger and so were our lives. We went off without him.

Early this morning we stopped at one of the forest dugouts where we hoped to find a fire. We had been out all night and were cold and wet. When we reached the door we found it latched from the inside. We tried to get at the latch by using a stick but before we got along very far a Frenchman came and asked us what we wanted. We told him in the best French possible for us. He understood and answered, "no, no, no, no," and turned back into the room. All we could do was to stand there and look through the crack in the doorway. I do not know why we were kept out. It was the only place we could find shelter. Two other Frenchmen came up and one of them pushed the latch from the outside with his bayonet. We went into the first room. The Frenchmen were drinking tea in the room opposite.

This reminds me of other incidents. When we first came up these men would sit around in the dugouts drinking their hot stuff and never offer us a cup. When they found we had an ample supply of rum and cigarettes they became a little more generous. This bartering became disgusting and we finally did without tea rather than bother with them.

A Frenchman once explained to me that the men were in their own land and should have all the comforts possible. I was tempted to ask what he thought about those who were three thousand miles or more from home. He told me they did not want the Americans in France. All they needed were the supplies and money. I am afraid he is a little premature in his judgment. Some day he may be glad we are here.

* * * *

An enemy plane has just fallen. It came down slowly and I do not think the pilot is hurt in any way. The Germans are shelling the town as a reprisal. We will have to take cover.

* * * *

B—— came in this morning with a special "Orde de movement" into territory which neither he nor myself had

ever been before. The road is in view of the German entrenchments and full of unexploded shells. It was not well taken care of, and consequently the shell holes were numerous. We searched for the battery half the morning, not knowing whether we were on French or Boche territory.

After we have been in a location for a few days we know just about what "Fritz" will do. He is a punctual fellow and will bombard a certain strip of the road or what remains of a village at an exact hour each day and night. Of course there are exceptions. We know now that D———— is bombarded every evening at six o'clock. If we are unlucky enough to be there we get under cover, if outside of the village, we stay outside until she has had her daily round.

At "Hell's Curve"—it couldn't have a better name—the shells drop thirty seconds apart during the eight P. M. and twelve M. N. bombardments. The driver stops his car just off the curve and waits for the shell to break, then he has thirty seconds to get around the curve. There have been many cars destroyed and hundreds of men killed on that spot.

The roads are horrible. Covered with dead, always under direct fire and nine-tenths of the work done at night in absolute darkness!

The post de secours of the communication trench is a place of torture for those stationed there. The continual moaning, the odor of powder on the dead, the last breaths of the living, the gas and mud and everything else, make us almost insensible at times.

Last night we had to take cover in an old abri which was full of vermin. We were in there twenty minutes. They will send us back to quarters this afternoon, at least I hope so. We are not in very good condition.

* * * *

It is not uncommon to stop the car and carry the dead from the road in order to pass. At night they are hard to see. We are always afraid of running over them. If it is raining or we are passing through a gassed section, we are compelled to go almost in a walk. It is necessary to have someone in front of the car on foot and keep the driver informed about the road ahead of him. He yells the information and the car goes stumbling along.

Our gas masks are hard to work in as the rain blurs the glass and it is impossible to see a thing.

What a life this is!

* * * *

A few hours ago we brought in a Prussian who was wounded almost to the point of death. We put him in one of the racks of our car and took him back to the base hospital. There were also three French blesse in the machine. The Prussian took the place which should have held another Frenchman. He was given the preference because of the seriousness of his wounds. We arrived at the hospital and the lead was removed. When we came back to the post on the return trip the doctor rushed to us. He had just received a message from the hospital that the Prussian had exploded a hand grenade, killing himself and wounding five Frenchmen. One poilu had his arm blown off and died in a few minutes.

We are surprised to find so many of the prisoners speaking English. Another captured Prussian, an officer, who had been cut off from supplies for days looked so fatigued that I took him into the "kitchen" and got a cup of coffee and some hash. I knew he would talk if given some inducement. I could see that he was so hungry he could have taken everything in sight with one mouthful, yet he ate as deliberately as if he had had a meal only a few hours before. He was a gentlemanly fellow. There are exceptions and he was one of them. He had lived four years in London and spoke the language as an Englishman. To him there was only one way of ending the war, that was victory for Germany. He had no doubt as to the truth of the inscription on his belt buckle which read, "Got mit uns."

The "kitchen" is separated from the "morgue" by a small piece of burlap. There the dead are stacked until they

can be buried in the cemetery near by. While we were having our lunch the partition blew down. The first sight which greeted us was a stretcher with its load of dead jammed into the half open mouth of a fallen comrade.

All equipment is taken off the dead and sent to the rear. The women assort it and save what is good to be used again.

One of the men from another section came into the dugout during the German counter attack. We were at "p-3." Just as he entered the room he fell to the floor. He was exhausted and had a high fever. When he became conscious he glared at the candle light. We were afraid he had gone insane, as they so often do. He was sent back to the hospital and no one knew until a few minutes ago what had happened to him. He had been given an order for one of the forest posts. The road which he took on his return trip was impassable. He endeavored to get out by taking a cut. This he found blocked also. The bombardment became so terrific he left the car to look for cover. Wandering about in the woods he lost his way and was out for over an hour before he finally reached our dugout.

Not knowing whether it was a German or French position, as the enemy still held part of the forest, he had waited outside until he could hear the voices of the men.

Man, in his pre-civilized days, existed as a wild and hunted creature of the forests. Blood-eyed he ran from cave to cave either destroying what was in his way or being annihilated by something more powerful than himself.

Today it is the same.

* * * *

The Germans seem to be at their old tricks again. Last night they raided the hospital at A————. It is a custom with them to bomb a hospital now and then. I cannot understand why they do this as the red cross is very large and can be seen from a great distance in the air, so I am told. Why they should fly over in groups and attack men who are helpless or dead, will have to be explained by them. There were about fifty German prisoners in the hospital at the time and all were carried back to safety after the French had been removed. We worked nineteen hours without food or rest. It was awful. The men stood it the best they could, but they would cry out every time we entered the wards. Each one gave some reason why he should be taken first. The poor fellows, we did the best we could for them.

At one side of the hospital about a dozen men, on stretchers, were waiting to be lifted into the ambulance. A shell came and there was nothing left. We were lucky enough to be in the inside. This same building was destroyed before we returned again for another load.

The French are very excitable people. They seem to "lose their hads," as the saying is, when anything goes wrong. All during the bombardment they were telling us, in a hysterical way, to hurry, as if we wanted to loiter about the place, ourselves!

We are to go to Bar-le-Due on repos. The section needs a rest. The men look tired and the machines are in a bad condition. We will likely replace the three we have lost before returning to another section of the front.

There has been a rumor that we are to be cited for the work done at Verdun. Since we have not lost a man it is all right, but what would a small piece of metal amount to if we had come in with a list of missing?

Decorations are the apologies from the government for the misery brought upon the individuals to whom they are presented.

* * * *

Another car is out of commission. Early this morning it was struck by a shell and the rear wheel and part of the body were blown off. M———— was hit by a piece of steel and has been sent to the hospital at C————. This was to have been our last day here but I suppose we will have to remain until the other section arrives to relieve us. Our regiment, the ——th, has gone on repos.

I have received a letter from a lady in the States asking if we ever get near

the front. I wonder where this gracious person thinks a man is wounded or killed—miles behind "the front?" I see by the nature of other letters that some people think we are on a picnic. One lady asked if we had picture shows, etc., to entertain us at night. She must think it is like working in a factory. No Madame, we do not have our evenings off, and there are no picture shows on this part of the front!

(To be Continued.)

Her Picture

By Joaquin Miller

I see her now—the fairest thing
That ever mocked man's picturing,
I picture her as one who drew
Aside life's curtain and looked through
The mists of all life's mystery
As from a wood to open sea.

I picture her as one who knew
How rare is truth to be untrue—
As one who knew the awful sign
Of death, of life, of the divine
Sweet pity of all loves, all hates,
Beneath the iron-footed fates.

I picture her as seeking peace,
And olive leaves and vine-set land;
While strife stood by on either hand,
And wrung her tears like rosaries.
I picture her in passing rhyme
As of, yet not a part of, these—
A woman born above her time.

The soft, wide eyes of wonderment
That trusting, looked you through and through;
The sweet, arched mouth, a bow new bent,
That sent love's arrow swift and true.

That sweet, arched mouth! The Orient
Hath not such pearls in all her stores,
Nor all her storied, spice-set shores
Have fragrance such as it hath spent.

The Purity League

By Edna de Fremery

I CAN see her now, as she used to come towards the house. Each day she selected a different approach—and always, walked timidly, and kept if she could, in the shadow of the houses and trees, that grew in our town along every street.

I am the widow of a physician, and since my husband's death, have found it necessary to earn my living. Our house, though old-fashioned, has a pleasant garden and several more bedrooms than we had ever used. With the help of Susan, who has been our cook for many years, I was able to offer a good table and a comfortable room for a moderate rate. My husband had many warm friends, and I had no difficulty in getting and keeping a sufficient clientele.

Mr. Judson, one of my boarders, was a young man and an invalid. My husband had often attended him in the crisis of his illness, and had often mentioned him to me as a brave and patient fellow. When he applied to me for a room and board, and said that although he was unable to go out much he would not need special attention, I was very glad to have him come. The other boarders were women, and preferred rooms on the upper floor, so I was able to give Mr. Judson the sunny room that had been the Doctor's office—that opened on the garden and was quite private and detached from the rest of the house.

He had been with us about a month, when I first noticed the little lady. She came that day up to the front door. Susan answered the bell, and when I went in to see her I thought I had not seen so pretty a young woman for a long time. She was small and slight, with a delicate childish face, and very large, gray eyes. She flushed all up when I spoke to her.

"I'm very sorry to trouble you, but could I see—is Mr. Judson at home?"

I nodded and left her a moment to tell him that he had a visitor. I remember thinking how nice it would be for him to see someone full of life and near his own age. We were rather a dull household for a young man.

After that, as I said, she came every day—but never again to the front door. When I was sewing upstairs, I would see her running through the hawthorn hedge on one side of the house, or slipping through the lilac bushes at the back. One day I saw them both sitting out in the garden. It was fall then—and an old apple tree was covered with leaves that were gold as new minted money. It was one of those still days, with the sky very blue—and the air dry and quiet. She had brought out two chairs—though Mr. Judson tried to take them from her. She was such a little thing! When they were settled he opened a book, and began reading to her. The words came up to me—the day was so still. It was poetry. I remembered that my husband, who had been very fond of Kipling, had often read it to me.

"To Love's low voice she lent a careless ear—
Her hand within his rosy fingers lay,
A chilling weight. She would not turn or hear;
But with averted face went on her way.

But when pale Death, all featureless and grim
Lifted his bony hand, and beckoning
Held out his cypress wreath, she followed him—
And Love was left, forlorn and wondering.
That she who for his bidding would not stay,
At Death's first whisper, rose and went away."

Mr. Judson's voice, which was a very sweet one, finished the verse, and began —I realized too late—to say something I should not have overheard. Though, after all, I don't know — poor young things—perhaps, I was able to help them a little.

"Laura"—he said, "darling! you have kept death away from me,—in fact, I think I would come back to you if I were dead, and you only spoke—but Oh, do I make you happy? You do so much for me! you're all my life—but it haunts me — that perhaps you're unhappy — that perhaps—"

His voice stopped, as though something had been laid on his lips. I don't think it was a hand. And then another voice—a merry, teasing one—it sounded like a child's.

"Silly boy,—you're not to talk so. And you're ever so much better, dear—don't you know it? And think of me! Such long dull days, as I used to have! Such dreary evenings—" She paused a moment then went on in a little lower tone.

"I know you don't like me to speak of him — but my—awful—awful — husband. Do you know, Arthur darling, that you make me forget all about everything that I used to hate, that you've made my life come—all fresh and new again!"

"You really mean it?" Ah! what love, what man's longing for reassurance! And what man's joy, when he answered her pretty, light voice that whispered: "Of course! you darling silly!" against his hair.

But I was not so reassured at her words, spoken in that girl's voice.

"You make me forget everything!" The frailness and youth of her—and the danger that she was in! It bothered me terribly.

One of the ladies that lived with me was a teacher in the high school. She had come from the southern part of the State, where women take, I think, more active interst in civic matters than we do. Our town was fairly content to let the men of the community look after it—or neglect it, as they chose—the women were all busy enough—with their own affairs.

Miss Clampett, however, felt very strongly about Woman's duty—towards the Vote in general—and her fellow citizen's morals in particular. She organized a Purity League — and was always trying to catch someone doing something they shouldn't. She was fairly successful. Whether it was playing cassino — or sewing on Sunday, Miss Clampett would bend like the willow wand to water, and detect you unerringly. A blouse that I was embroidering for a cousin of mine, was nearly ruined from being stuffed into the jar with my rubber plant. Sunday morning, after every one had gone to church, I would have a little extra time to sew—but each time I took out that blouse Miss Clampett would creep up on me and say that she had forgotten something. She was a queer woman, vindictive, hard — and looking always for what was bad in people.

One evening, about sunset, I had gone into the garden to gather some of the apples that had fallen from the old tree. The little lady and Mr. Judson were in the house—I had seen her come in about an hour ago—and apart from the worry of it, I could not help but think how sweet she must look to the poor young man, who seemed to me to be very ill, indeed. She had on a dimity dress, sprigged in lavender; and she had brought him a nosegay of clove carnations.

I could just hear their voices, not what they said, but they were laughing, and sounded happy and young. I was longer about picking the apples than I needed to be, because I wanted to look out for them.

Presently Mr. Judson's door opened

and the girl came out. Her hair was all mussed, and her cheeks were as red as a rose. She would have slipped by me without speaking, if I had not called to her, which I did rather sharply, because I saw Miss Clampett coming towards us.

Miss Clampett had thin, gray hair—a thin, gray face, with long features, and pale prominent eyes. She was tall and angular, and always wore a skirt and shirtwaist that were separated from each other by a rattlesnake skin belt.

She said "Good evening" to me in her high, loud voice—and then stared at the little lady, who looked very uncomfortable, and tried to arrange her hair, without being noticed. She had so much —and it was so thick—that the more she tried to fix it, the more it rebelled until finally it seemed to untwist itself —and there she stood with it all about her, like a lovely golden mantle. I don't know why, but I thought of the Lady Godiva.

Miss Clampett looked at her, as though she could never look enough—

"Don't I know you?" she said. "Aren't you Mrs. Cushman?"

The little lady nodded.

"Then your husband is president of the Men's Purity League! Why haven't you joined our branch?"

Laura Cushman looked at Miss Clampett helplessly—

"Why not? Why—I don't know— —I don't have much time—"

Miss Clampett opened her large mouth and laughed. It was a very harsh discordant sound. Her eyes went from the girl's face to Mr. Judson's door, and then to me. It was a very evil look.

I moved nearer the girl, and put my arm about her.

"Mrs. Cushman is helping me gather these apples. We are going to put them up tomorrow, but now we're going to get some hair pins (you must have lost yours) when you shook the tree for me."

"Fallen fruit doesn't need much shaking," said Miss Clampett. She didn't come with us, but walked away.

The girl seemed frightened of me, and yet she caught hold of my hand and kissed it. She was like a little humming bird, so bright and quick, and shy. She twisted her shining hair up under her straw hat, and was gone.

Late that night, Mr. Judson called me. If I had not been passing through the room next his, I should never have heard him. Miss Clampett, who had followed me, heard too, and we went in together.

I knew enough of illness to see that he was badly off. He was lying very low in bed, and there was a dark line around his mouth. When we came in, he opened his eyes that were terribly bright. He spoke one word at a time.

"It's—my—heart."

I turned to Miss Clampett. "Do you go for the doctor, while I try to make him comfortable."

The sick man's eyes closed, but his lips formed more words.

"Laura—my wife—Laura—"

"No," said Miss Clampett, "Do you go for the doctor!"

And knowing that the man could die without help, before she would stir to get it, I left (that woman that was no true woman) and ran with all my might for old Dr. Nicholson.

When we got home, Arthur Judson was dead, and Miss Clampett was sitting by his side.

I see the little lady, often in my fancy, as she used to come to my old house, either through the lilac bushes or the hawthorn hedge, but always coming a different way, and walking in the shadow of the houses.

Only once have I seen her since Mr. Judson died, but she would not speak to me. A young girl that was with me, saw her pass and caught my arm—

"Do look!" she said—"Do you know what that woman is?" Her fresh voice trembled, "She was pointed out to the Purity League—She is a Scarlet Woman."

Columbus

By Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grew ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say——"
  He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Department on Oriental Affairs

Conducted by

Charles Hancock Forster and Gladys Bowman Forster

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Purpose of the Department on Oriental Affairs:

Many of the most thoughtful people on the Pacific Coast earnestly believe that here, where East meets West, we should take the lead in developing a sympathetic, intelligent and constructive understanding between the Occident and the Orient. They are deeply convinced that the peace of the future will depend upon such an understanding, and that this Coast is the strategic geographical point from which should go forth a sound leadership in these matters. Only by such leadership can the next great world war be prevented.

In order to do a small part for the constructive peace that is now the earnest hope of all far-seeing men and women, the Overland Monthly has inaugurated this department, and in doing so frankly asks the co-operation and support of the thoughtful people of the West.

Letters and manuscripts dealing with matters that fit into the aim of the department will be gladly received, also photographs of the Far East. A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for the return of unavailable matter.

Pacific Opinion

Film Stars Must Not Osculate.

THE police of Japan do not like to see kissing in public, and therefore film stars are not permitted to osculate on the screen. In six months, up to March the first, the police censors removed 2350 kisses from films. Only one kiss was allowed to remain. It was the kiss granted to Columbus by Queen Isabella, and was shown in Tokio only, as the censors deleted it before permitting the play to go to the provinces.

Three hundred and fifty embraces were also omitted from films, states "The Far East." The titles of 2144 photoplays were altered by the censors and 127 murder scenes were killed. Reels entirely prohibited numbered 57, all on moral grounds. Most of these films came from America. Yet we de-

nounce the Orient for its low standards of morality.

Editorial Love of Truth.

The following editorial appeared in the New York Tribune, under the caption, "Another Japanese Fable":

"Mexican and Japanese officials unite in declaring that the report of the sale of a large tract of land in Lower California was utterly untrue. Most men have five senses and some appear to have the sixth, a faculty that expresses itself in trouble making propaganda.

"The persons engaged in the anti-Japanese campaign here, of course, know a similar anti-American campaign is in progress across the Pacific, and that from the two, if kept up long enough, grave consequences may result.

"Within recent memory, reports have been published that in Mexico are 200,000 trained Japanese soldiers, whereas the total Japanese population of the island of the Montezumas does not exceed 2,000, of which 300 are women and children, 800 miners, 400 farm laborers, 200 household workers, and the remaining 300 are artisans, storekeepers, fishermen, etc. At last accounts the only Japanese residents of practically rainless Lower California are a small colony of about fifty engaged in rice growing.

"Other fables have been put into circulation. They have told of a Japanese naval base, guarded by a formidable fleet, at Tiburon Island, while Admiral Winslow, after investigation, reported that there was nowhere in Mexican waters a shadow of a Japanese warship. When the unfortunate Asama went ashore on a reef and tried to refloat herself it was said that a Japanese dreadnought had been purposely beached. A fleet of Japanese merchantmen were said to be emptying the Mikado's arsenals to arm Carranza, whereas Japan was straining every nerve to send war supplies to Russia. A Mexican mob fired on sailors of the 'Annapolis' at Mazatlan, and the Mexicans suddenly became Japanese. The record is too long to permit the theory of innocent misstatement.

"In Northern Mexico is a great ranch of more than 1,000,000 acres, the property of an American publisher. Two hundred and fifty miles of wire enclose the estate, and if the Mexican Herald has told the truth 60,000 Herefords, 125,000 sheep, and many thousands of horses and hogs bring forth their increase. Something approximating to a private army is maintained, and if the United States could be induced to annex the area the great property would doubtless have increased value. And the liklihood of annexation is increased whenever any American is induced to believe that Japan has designs on Mexico."

Duty to Know Japan.

Baron Shimpei Goto, former minister of Foreign Affairs, on the eve of his departure from the United States made the following statement: "The impairment of international friendship is due in most instances to misunderstanding on the part of either party, and this misconception is traceable to the insufficiency of efforts exerted to understand each other better."

The Salvation of China.

The New York Journal of Commerce discusses the "Salvation of China" in an editorial, part of which is as follows: "The world has heard a good deal from Doctor Wellington Koo and Doctor C. T. Wang about the denial of Chinese rights at the Peace Conference, but neither has had anything to say about the corrupt and arrogant militarism, of which Canton is quite as responsible as Peking, and which is the only form of despotism from whose effects the subject millions of Shantung or any other Chinese province are really suffering; and it is because civil government in China is under the control of the Tuchuns, the military satraps, that the Chinese government faces a deficit on its annual expenditure of at least $130,000,000. It does not greatly help matters to point out that China is enormously

wealthy, for she will not develop her wealth; that she has great mineral resources, when her mining laws do not allow their development; that she has untold commercial possibilities, when she has not transport facilties at all adequate to meet them. The fact is only too manifest that China's immediate need is ready money to fulfill her present obligations. But, knowing this, she still opposes through a corrupt military clique in Peking the efforts of the banking consortium to place her finances on a secure basis."

To this Millard's Review answers: "But it is this corrupt military clique in Peking which Western nations continue to recognize as the government of China, and which, without recognition, would have to go out of the business of spoliation. It is understood that Western nations, when China declared in favor of a republican form of government, accredited their diplomatic representatives to the Republic of China, but it is well-known that since Yuan Shih-Kai received the Provincial Constitution and swore to obey it there has been no republican government in China. The Constitution was nullified by that usurper, and also by the 'corrupt military cliquc' which have subsequently paraded in Peking as the government of China. It would seem that the time has come when Western nations should inquire into the agency assuming the powers of government and learn if the form named in the credentials of their representatives is the form to which their representatives were accredited. And there is reason for the inquiry. When America, France and Great Britain united in a friendly spirit to find a sound basis for Chinese finance, and invited Japan to join, the result was a coalition between Japanese and certain Chinese to reject the offer of the three Western nations. The reason given by Japan was that she wants about half of the land area of China for her exclusive business, and the Chinese reason was that they are receiving money from Japanese and do not care to have the source of supply stopped. These are the Chinese composing the 'corrupt military clique' referred to by the journal and known to the world as capable of any deed of national or international shame.

"It ought to be plain to the wayfarer that China covers too much of the earth's surface to be monopolized by any nation for trading purposes. The equitable doctrine of the open door will hardly be abandoned because of Japan's refusal to join the banking consortium, and China ought to profit by her experience in yielding to the counsel of Japan during the war — a course of action which prevented her from having a seat at the table of the Peace Conference. The purpose of the consortium is to embrace all government loans, unify foreign interest in China, and arrest the process of dismemberment through the growth of local spheres of influence. The arrangement indicated is naturally unpalatable to the military clique, and there is doubt if it commands the approval of the voluble exponents of China's grievances against the nations of the West."—Far Eastern Republic.

Chinese and Union Labor.

The labor union movement seems to have spread to the Far East. Chinese artisans and laborers have formed a National Labor Union of the Republic of China, with headquarters in Shanghai, having held its inaugural meeting on September 14. More than a thousand representatives of the local carpenters, tailors, masons, blacksmiths, and other professions attended the meeting. The union realizes that if China is to stand in the front ranks with the Western nations she must be ruled by the masses, and not by a few selfish, unscrupulous, and scheming politicians and a handful of despotic militarists. Shortly before the organization of this national union a union of coolie laborers was formed in Peking. This national movement has been attributed to the recent student movement, which, through street lectures, roused the people from their lethargy to a high pitch of patriotism that even the government could not suppress. Chinese laborers returning from

Europe will not fail to help the movement along.—Far Eastern Republic.

Korea—A Japanese View

The **Herald of Asia**, Japanese, states: "We are by no means opposed to a liberal policy in Korea, nor are we behind any other friend of the Koreans in sympathizing with their national aspirations for an autonomous program under certain limitations. We are therefore all the more sorry that they have seriously injured their cause by their most ill-advised agitation for independence at an inopportune moment, when there was on foot a strong movement in influential Japanese political circles, to get the present system of government in Korea fundamentally revised, making a purely civil administration under a Civilian Governor General. This outbreak may compel the cabinet to hold back the reform for some time."

Democracy Dissipates Germanism

The death-knell of the Japanese brand of Germanism was sounded when the war came to a victorious conclusion, according to Professor Urabe in the **Tokio Chugal**: "The admirers of German methods," writes the professor, "have done not a little to hamper the progress of Japan. Now that democracy has asserted itself beyond dispute, and no people possessing forethought are sceptical about the ultimate domination of democratic ideas, the question in Japan should be how to reform existing institutions in the light of this new tendency.

"In spite of writers and politicians who argue that the adaptation of democracy to the government of Japan would spell the destruction of what the Japanese hold dear, I fail to see any contradiction in this new idea and the form and policy under which the country has been governed. The energy of the statesmen should therefore be spent in guiding the state in accordance with the universal trend of world affairs, for only by doing so can the best interests of the country be served.

"One way to democratize our institutions is to educate the public so that they will realize more fully and deeply what the possession and the full exercise of freedom of speech granted by the Constitution means. The habit of regarding those who hold dissentient views from the rest as little better than traitors still persists. This habit may be to blame for this unsatisfactory state of affairs. So long as the people do not discuss public affairs openly and candidly, there is little prospect of the country continuing to hold the position which it now occupies in the front rank of nations." (Editor's note: It may be here stated that a large and influential part of the Japanese press support this view.)

Suffrage in Japan

It is stated in a recent bulletin of the Japan Society of New York City that the Hara Administration's bill to extend the suffrage in Japan was introduced to the House of Representatives of the Japanese Diet, and according to a straw vote was sure of a passage by a vote of 200 to 150. The bill lowers the direct government tax necessary to possess a ballot from $5.00 to $1.50 a year. It is estimated that the voters would be thus increased from 1,460,000 to 2,860,000. The government holds that too radical a change is not advisable, and favors a policy of gradually extending the suffrage. Y. Ozaki, former minister of justice in Japan, stumped that country on behalf of universal manhood suffrage.

Fallen Idols

When Japan went in for modernization, law, medicine, education, war, and everything else was reformed upon the models which were considered best by some very intelligent gentleman who made tours of Europe and America for the purpose of investigation and comparison. On the whole they did their work uncommonly well, though every Occidental thinks, quite naturally, that they would have done better to make a

larger selection from his own particular nation's manners and customs. There is one selection, however, which even the most partial patriots smile at, and that was the choice of the Berlin Court etiquette as a model for that of Tokyo. Evidently the stiff tradition of Frederick the Great made a great impression on the visitors from Japan. Now, however, the Hohenzollerns have gone out of business and it is doubtful whether the Japanese Court has any desire to remind other countries in the future whence it drew its inspiration. That this is so is indicated by the announcement that Marquis Nakamikado, a Master of Ceremonies, has been ordered to Europe on a mission of inspecting conditions connected with the various Imperial or Royal Courts in European countries. He will leave Kobe by the Kaga-maru on the 21st instant. It is only to be hoped that the Marquis will not fall in love with the elaborate formalities of the Escurial. It would be better to stick to the Berlin style than this. — Japan Weekly Chronicle.

The Reconcilor

The reconcilor commences his task at the beginning of this year, 1920, with many misgivings, realizing that the spirit of reconciliation is coming to be a very rare human quality in these days of peace! We fought to establish a new era of peace and now, in a most warlike manner, we are discussing the means to peace. We are troubled on every side by belligerent senators, by I. W. W.'s, by strikes and rumors of strikes, and by every little country that thinks it is oppressed trying to get us into a mess by advocating its cause. If we started out to take sides with all who pull for our sympathy there would be the greatest chaos the world has ever known. I have heard of mobs getting so mixed up in a fight that identity of enemy and friends was lost and they battered each other without any idea of who they were hitting or where they were going. That is just about what it would be if we took sides now. The best thing is just to listen to the conflicting stories, made especially for our ears, keeping a good distance away.

I wonder how far we ought to let the Political Propagandist carry on his work? We certainly made it hot for the Prussian Propagandist after we found him out. We must learn to discern between the right and the wrong of Political Propaganda. There is a type of Propaganda that makes for mischief and there is another kind that makes for peace. Any country has a right to combat wilful misrepresentations that aim to create for it enemies, but no country has the right to try, within the borders of another nation, to arouse enmity on the part of that nation toward other peoples. If any nation is wronged, or if it thinks it is wronged, it has a right to put its case before us, but it should always remember that we can be judge but we refuse to be executioner. All effort on the part of one nation to bring another nation to understand its case makes for the peace of the world, if the motive is to preserve peace by creating intelligent, sympathetic understandings. We welcome the efforts of foreign journals that aim to create such understandings, but they should always remember that we will consider it as contempt of court if they become too intense in their attitude toward other nations, and we will especially protest if their evident purpose is to imbue their own hates and prejudices into our people. We don't want propaganda that is aimed to create hate and prejudice, but propaganda that looks toward a new world in which fairness and friendliness is supreme. Let me here quote some interesting statements recently made in Japan about Political Propaganda. In the Hochi, a Japanese newspaper, we find the following interesting matter:

"At the time of the Russo-Japanese War, the Government sent Viscount Seumatsu to England and Viscount Kaneko to America on special missions independent of the accredited diplomats and they availed themselves of every opportunity for elucidating the standpoint of this country, explaining her national

conditions and discussing her mission in the world by publications, lectures, banquets and so on. This was a sort of propaganda and it met with a fair amount of success. On the occasion of the recent peace conference, however, the suite of the Japanese delegates did not include a sufficient number of specialists to bring their learning to bear on the questions discussed at the Conference and proclaim the results for the benefit of their country when the exposition of her position by the peace delegates ought to have been supplemented by an active outside propaganda. But diplomatic propaganda presupposes open diplomacy — diplomacy conducted with the open approval of the nation. So long as the authorities stick to secret diplomacy, what will it avail to emphasize the importance of propaganda? Baron Makino did well in realizing and publicly emphasizing the importance of diplomatic propaganda soon after his return from France but it is a pity that he did not go one step further on and lay stress on the evils of secret diplomacy."

The **Yorodzu**, another Opposition paper, also emphasizes the importance of propaganda to the following effect:

"Report of a Russo-German-Japanese alliance has been concocted by the Koreans in Paris with the object of discrediting Japan in the eyes of the world. It is silly and absurd on the face of it, but the populace in every country is ready to swallow any report of this kind and it is therefore necessary that such a report should be emphatically refuted. So it was well done of Mr. Imai, the Japanese **Charge d'Affaires** in Rome, to issue promptly a public note in denial of the report which was mentioned in a certain journal in that city. However, it has so far been the practice of the Japanese Government to pay no heed to reports, however injurious to the country, and pass them in silence in most cases. The Ambassadors, Ministers, and Consuls-General have also been generally sluggish and supine, consulting nothing but their ease and comfort. In our opinion, however, not only should Ambassadors and Ministers challenge and refute every report and allegation injurious to the interests of their country but competent persons should also be constantly stationed abroad to supplement the efforts of those officials in this line. Indeed, Mr. Zumoto was formerly in New York and there are now Mr. Ienaga Toyokichi in New York and Mr. Kawakami Kivoshi in San Francisco working for the benefit of their country in this direction; but their efforts still leave much to be desired. In England, too, Messrs. Yokoi Tokio and Komai Gonnosuke used to work in the same direction; but Mr. Yokoi has come home in the suite of Marquis Saionji and Mr. Komai's operations have not always been in line with the attitude of the Japanese Embassy in London, working as he does independently of that Embassy. In Paris and elsewhere in the European Continent there is no man of influence resident to defend the cause of Japan by expelling misunderstandings against her. Is this not a great drawback to this country situated as she is at present?"

British and American Propaganda Against Japan.

"Many of those Chinese and Koreans who are resident abroad are doing their utmost in their endeavor to injure the reputation of Japan," continues our contemporary, "and they are backed up in their efforts by Britishers and Americans. Those Britishers and Americans who find commercial rivals in the Japanese in the Far East and the South Seas are bent on defaming Japan and are making use of a large number of Chinamen and Koreans for the purpose, some of them going so far as to set up organs which are systematically connected with each other to the same end. To meet a situation fraught with danger to this country, therefore, we suggest (1) that an overhauling should be effected in the whole personnel of Ministers and Consuls and active and energetic men should be appointed to the posts in place of the present incumbents who are no better than puppets; (2) that competent men who are not officials should be sta-

tioned not only in England and America but in different parts of the European Continent in order to explain the position and views of Japan in concert with the diplomatic authorities and refute on the spot every criticism and allegation harmful to her interests; and (3) that effective organs should be established in various places in China for the same purpose. It is true that there is the **Shuntien Shihpao** in Peking and there are other organs in other parts of China, but the money spent on them is too little, and many of the men responsible for their conduct are not properly chosen. In short, they are totally inadequate to cope with the difficult task of stemming the anti-Japanese tide flooding the Chinese Continent. Some people may demur to this suggestion on the plea of the great expense involved in the work; but one million, or even ten million yen, spent on the movement would be as nothing compared with the loss sustained by the nation as a result of the anti-Japanese sentiment if left unchecked and allowed to pervade the Far East and the South Seas without any opposition. Further, it would be a poor economy to grudge the cost needed for a work so essential for expelling misunderstandings against this country and preventing her from being reduced to a position of diplomatic isolation. In order to avert the latter danger, we urge that the Government should amend the policy pursued and start an active international movement in good earnest."

The Parting

Translated from the Japanese of Mori Rintaro

THE pier was long, so long. Four lines of railway track; iron girders running upright and crosswise; long beams and short beams, looking like toy xylophones, which children beat with little hammers. The edges of the crossbeams seem to be bitten into by the heels of boots and the teeth of gita, and between the tracks the dark waves gleam below with the reflection of white sunlight here and there.

The sky is clear, a bright, bright blue.

Her husband is going away today. She sat beside him all the way on the train from Shimbashi station. The wind blew hard, but she heard it not. As she stood on the pier the gusts of early March set about her as though they would cut her to the bone. They blew back the skirts of her long, grey "Azuma" cloak, in which her little body was wrapt, the body that had harbored her husband's baby. They had never been separated before but today he was going away.

Her hair was dressed in that semi-European style called **sokuhatsu.** She wore a white boa of ostrich feathers. She carried a parasol of vivid green silk, with dangling tassel.

The pier was long, so long.

To right and to the left the big ships lay alongside, some painted black and some painted grey. They formed a screen against the wind. Where a gap occurred between the hulls, the cold blast came blowing through and turned back the skirts of the "Azuma" cloak.

The count, her husband, had left the university where he had taken his degree in literature the year before, and had married forthwith. Last year their jewel of a little ladyship had been born. At the end of the year the father had become an officer in the board of ceremonies. Now, invested with his public duties he was going to London.

Clad in a brand new overcoat, and flourishing a stick with a crooked handle, he stalked rapidly along the pier. The Viscount, his companion, was taller by a head, and stalked along by his side.

The French mail boat in which they

were to embark lay alongside the pier. Walking slowly the two crossed the ladder and disappeared into the ship. The crowd of people who had come to see their friends off were loitering about the pier. Almost all were there to say goodbye to the husband and the Viscount.

At the stand, from which the gangway is laid, there are still more people waiting about for their companions. There are others who are crossing the gangway close upon the heels of her husband and the Viscount. Among these people some are intimate friends of her husband, and others are distant acquaintances. In spite of the bright sky, to her fancy they all appear sad.

The pier is long, so long.

She walks slowly along the pier, and suddenly, on looking to her right she sees a number of round holes in the ship's belly, and through one of the windows she could see the faces and the throats of three women. They appeared to be about thirty years old, and they had white aprons hanging from their shoulders. They are the ship's stewardesses. They are paid servants of the ship, she thinks, in which her husband is to travel. Even these humble women seem to her most enviable.

There is another woman on the deck and she is gazing down at the pier. She wears a large hat and a white ribbon around it, and she carries a little leather case. Her face is wrinkled, and over a big nose like copper, big eyes are sparkling with a greenish tint. She looks like a Jewess. She is one of the passengers. She, too, is sailing in the big ship. She, too, seems most enviable.

The pier is so long, so long.

Slowly they came to the foot of the ladder. Huddled in the "Azuma" cloak, she dragged across the gangway her body with its precious burden. She reached the deck of the big black ship.

Led by people who had come to say good-bye and who had crossed over more quickly, she passed along the ship toward the stern. She came to where there was a room with a notice written, "No. 27 to 29." The Viscount was standing in the doorway. He raised his voice: "This is the cabin," he said.

She looked inside the cabin. Two bunks were laid out. Underneath were placed the luggage which she remembered having packed for him. Her husband was standing in front of one of the bunks. "Have a good look," he said, "this is what a cabin is like!"

It is a cabin to be observed with close attention. It is the cabin to which her dreams will travel during her husband's long voyage.

A man who looked like the captain came up. He invited them into the saloon. Following her husband and the Viscount she entered the wide spacious dining room, with its tables arranged in rows and its baskets of flowers.

Then the man who appeared to be the captain made a sign with his hand. The waiters brought wine and served it to the guests. Then one of the waiters came with a platter upon which were piled delicious wafers. These, too, were given to the guests.

The friends and acquaintances took their wine-glasses. One by one they passed before her husband and the Viscount, and wished them bon-voyage.

Seated in a little chair at the side of the table she waits until these toasts are over. Even in the bustle of the reception her husband raises his eyes from time to time in her direction. But he cannot speak to her in the presence of so many persons, and in such a crowd she, too, cannot tell him what she fain would say.

The bell rings. The friends and acquaintances return one by one, take formal leave and go their way. She, too, in silence, bows before her husband and the Viscount and then goes her way.

Once again she crosses the perilous ladder. Once again she alights on the pier and takes her parcel from her attendant's hand.

Her husband and the Viscount are standing at the side of the ship, and are looking down at her. She is looking up at them from beneath her parasol. She feels as if her eyes, in gazing upward are growing bigger and bigger, even to bursting.

The bell rings again. Two or three French sailors begin to loosen the ropes of the gangway. On the top of the stand a Japanese workman is getting ready to lower it. He shouts, and the gangway is parted from the ship's side. Bang! A loud report. It is the midday gun at Yokahama.

There is an elderly looking foreign woman standing at the side of the ship, chatting cheerfully with a white-haired old man on the pier, who has one foot resting on a thing like a great ball of string, around which a hawser is coiled. They do not look like people who regret their long good-bye.

The ship seems to be moving. The pier seems to be moving, too. A dividing movement like that of a great compass is separating the place where she stands from the place where her husband and the Viscount are standing. She feels as if her eyes are growing bigger and yet bigger.

All of a sudden something white flashes out from the side of the ship. It is the lady of the big hat with the white ribbon. She is waving her handkerchief. Standing on the edge of the pier there is a man with a red waistcoat and brown shoes. This man, too, is waving a white handkerchief. This, too, must mean a separation.

As soon as those two start, the people on the pier began waving handkerchiefs. The ship, in leaving the pier heads a little to the right. The place where her husband and the Viscount are standing slowly disappears.

On the further side of the stern can just be seen a girl of fifteen or sixteen, dressed in blue. What kind of a mother is waiting for her in France. She is standing, looking. At what?

It is time to go. The pier is so long, so long! How long, too, will be the days ahead—how long—long!

In the track of the great ship a little wave is reflecting the sunlight. It glimmers like a fish scale.

The Fourth in Hawaiian Waters

By Joaquin Miller

Sail, sail yon skies of cobalt blue,
  O star-built banner of the brave!
We follow you, exult in you
  Or Arctic peak or sapphire wave;
From mornlit Maine to dusk Luzon,
Or set of sun or burst of dawn.

From Honolulu's Sabbath seas,
  From battle-torn Manila's bay
We toss you bravely to the breeze
  This nation's natal day to stay—
To stay, to lead, lead on and on
Or set of sun or burst of dawn.

O ye who fell at Bunker Hill,
  O ye who fought at Brandywine,
Behold your stars triumphant still;
  Behold where Freedom builds her shrine,
Where Freedom still leads on and on,
Or set of sun or burst of dawn.

A California Institution That Has Made Good

SUBSTANTIAL and astonishing gains of nearly one-and-a-half million dollars in assets in a period of a year and ten months, in spite of remarkable adverse conditions, is the gratifying record of Western States Life Insurance Company, a California institution, which has made good in a most convincing manner.

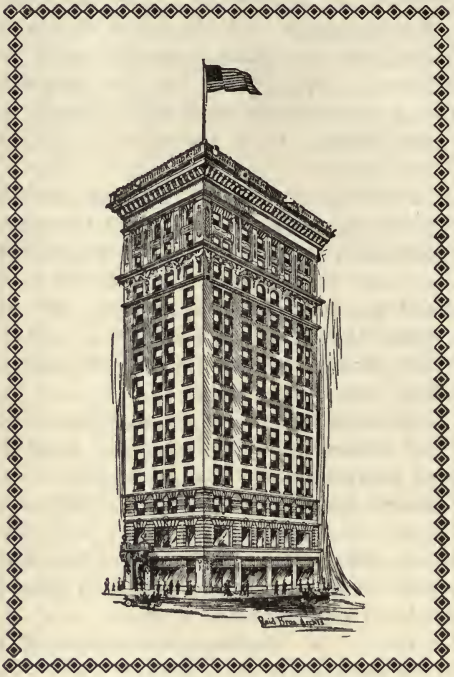
During the same period the company's reserve deposit with the State of California increased over $900,000, although the sum of $545,000 had been paid, in the meantime, to the beneficiaries of policyholders in death claims.

To fully appreciate what those figures indicate in the way of solid success, one must take into account the extraordinary losses entailed by the world war and the serious influenza epidemic. Due mainly to these causes, the incurred death claims of Western States Life Insurance Company during the year and ten months ending December 31, 1919, as stated above, totalled $545,814.27, which sum exceeded by $117,482.27 the entire incurred death claims of the company during the years 1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917 and the first two months of 1918.

To meet such enormously augmented claims H. J. Saunders, president of Western States Life and his business associates have been up and doing. Nothing succeeds like success and success is usually only energy properly directed. The present management of Western States Life, headed by Mr. Saunders, was elected February 12, 1918. The figures just given testify eloquently to the energy of the progressive management, but even then they tell only part of the story.

The company, during the year 1919, wrote over 3,400 policies representing $8,500,000 of new insurance, on which the first premiums have been paid in cash. This shows a gain over 1918 of about $4,000,000 of insurance. The company's total income during 1919 exceeded $1,600,000 and it now has in force 16,000 policies representing over $33,400,000 of paid insurance, being a gain for the year of over $6,400,000.

The admitted assets of the company



are now over $4,200,000 which exhibits a gain during 1919 of $650,000. The Reserve Deposit with the State of California is now over $2,550,000 being an increase for the year of over $550,000.

The company's total premium income in 1919 was $1,240,000, a gain of $250,000 over the 1918 record. The annual income from invested assets increased to $220,000.

A very shrewd and highly commendable investment was the purchase of the fine fifteen-story Hewes Building on the southwest corner of Sixth and Market Streets, San Francisco, for $650,000 cash. There is no finer business corner in San Francisco than this piece of gilt-edge real estate.

Market Street is one of the best business thoroughfares in the world, on account of the great number of people who are carried into it daily by so many street cars. What an admirable stroke of business judgment the purchase of the Hewes Building was is already amply in evidence.

Market Street property which was neglected by investors has come rapidly into demand. Important purchases at in-

creasing prices are taking place in the vicinity of the Hewes Building, which is now the home of Western States Insurance Company.

Across Market Street, directly in front of the Hewes Building, a great theatre is to be erected. Another is to be built a block further up. In a few months the site of Western States Insurance Company's investment has been transformed into a center of popular interests to the place where its value has been almost doubled.

Such business vision explains the phenomenal success of Western States Life Insurance Company.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Hill Trails and Open Sky," by Harry Noyes Pratt. A neat little volume is this, brought out by Harr Wagner Publishing Company, this city, full of Pacific breezes, and open fields and blue sky. Although not a native himself, I doubt if anyone could write of California in a more Californian way, than Mr. Pratt.

"To California," "The Hill Trails," "Derelict," "The Golden Quest," "The Fleet," "The Berkeley Hills," all breathe of the open; "It is Not True," "Death in Life," "Overseas," are poems of the great war; "Awake," is strong and prophetic, and should be published and republished, especially on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Pratt is a poet, virile, a lover of nature; there is nothing of the carpet knight or hot-house poet about him; he is essentially Western.

The following sonnet is especially noteworthy, and its quotation is most appropriate in this issue:

JOAQUIN MILLER,
The Hights,
June 15, 1919.

He lingers here his well-loved trees among,
Where mellow sunlight falls and fragrant shade
Of slender eucalyptus, whose leaves are laid
Like scimitars across the trails. Here rung
The bells of poesy, and—ringing—flung
The magic of his love on hill and glade.
And of his love-enchanted land he made
New songs, to keep this love-land ever young.

And where he sang I hear him still; the breeze.
Which sways the incensed cedar brings to me
His loved voice. Here on the rocky, winding way,
By mossy wall, among the columned trees,
In every nook where once he loved to be,
I find him still—and here he lives for aye.

"Hill Trails and Open Sky," Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco.

"Dave Darrin's South American Cruise," by H. Irving Hancock. Here are our friends again, Ensigns Dave and Dan, on their ship the "Panama," cruising in South American waters. With their usual propensities for getting into trouble and out again, the two boys land straight into a revolution, and become friendly with the instigator of the trouble, though at first unaware of his duplicity.

Pasquale Gorgo, in sending an important message to a friend (here is where the great diamond cross comes into prominence) chooses a stupid messenger, who delivers the gem into the boy's hands by mistake. From then on the plot becomes more complicated, through their efforts to return the jewel to Gorgo, ending in the capture of the ensigns by a rebel steamer, while they are carrying off Gorgo in a small boat.

(By this time, they have realized the extent of Gorgo's intrigue.)

They are ultimately rescued by a party from their own ship while the South American is taken as prisoner of war by the rescuers.

Like all the Dave Darrin stories, this book is full of hair breadth 'scapes, and will raise several thrills in any live boy's breast. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.—75c.

"Building the Pacific Railway," by Edwin L. Sabin. The construction story of America's first iron thoroughfare between the Missouri River and California, from the inception of the great idea, and how the Central Pacific under Stanford, Huntington, and others built eastward from Sacramento, and the Union Pacific, under Durant, Dodge, Dillon and others, fostered by the Government, built westward from Omaha, meeting at Promonotory Point, Utah. May 10, 1869, to form the Nation's trans-continental, is here told in the semi-centennial year of the driving of the golden spikes.

It is a fitting work for this year—this story which has not yet appeared between covers. It has been unearthed from old narratives, official and government reports, and from a few survivors of the building days. Deeds and romance a-plenty abound to make it an absorbing story. How the Pacific Railroad, the wonder of its age, and of any age, came into being; how many a doughty pioneer generously back it in its race across half a continent, is history of heroic effort and achievement worthy all praise.

Though thirty years in the planning, it was only six years in the erecting. With those six, and especially with the last three, when, in hot rivalry, twain companies, facing opposite and pitting blood against blood, forged into their strides of two, five, seven, ten miles in a day, this narrative has to do. Over eleven hundred miles of double rails laid by hand in thirteen months, by two companies racing to meet. Such is the record. There was no assistance from steam shovels, steam derricks and the like. It was a "hand-made" road.

History, illuminated with romance in full measure, as is this volume, comes presented in such an inviting form, it instructs unconsciously and entertains meanwhile. It should be read by all who travel on railroads, by those who honor the pioneers of any worthy movement, and by those who seek to follow honorably in the way of progress. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; Illustrated.—$2.00

"Improvisations," by Stanley Kimmel.

Another tiny book by the above author, has just been brought out by the "Publishers of Little Books," San Francisco. All the poems in this small volume are good, a few of them showing the influence of Oscar Wilde on the young poet. "Old Men" seems to me to be the most original, and one hopes that Mr. Kimmel will stick to this vein, in his future efforts:

OLD MEN.

Old men always sit alone,
In groups of twos or threes or more,
Like rusted bolts held feebly fast,
Upon some queer, old fashioned door,
Whose withered eyes have often mocked
The passing paupers and the kings,
And others strolling by that way,
Ladies of the street and things.
They have seen all, the good and bad,
Known love and pale, green-lipped Despair,
Yet still they sit with wrinkled eyes,
And like the dead, they stare and stare.

This little book would make a pretty gift for anyone, and may be found on sale at the Gift Shop, second floor, Head Bldg., this city.

"Improvisations," Publishers of Little Books, San Francisco.—60c.

JUN 11 1920

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXV San Francisco, March, 1920 No. 3

Davos-Frauenkirch—a Picturesque Village on the New Line of the Rhaetian Railway, Between Davos and Filisur

Places of Worship in Switzerland

By Marie Widmer

A LIVING temple of God with altars towering high into the heavens and with a veritable labyrinth of exquisite side chapels of rare individual beauty, such is Switzerland, Creation's masterpiece. For could mere man ever conceive a nobler and more uplifting altar than God has created unto Himself; those glorious mountains, pointing heavenward, silent reminders of eternity in their statuesque beauty of flawless marble and overwhelmingly lovely in their occasional periods of transfiguration — at dawn and at sunset, when their serene brows shine in a halo of rose and gold and when the very doors of heaven seem to have been thrown open.

And has any architect ever conceived loftier ideas for the design of a side chapel of a great Cathedral than the Creator displayed when He called into existence and permitted the formation of that multitude of side valleys with their restful charm, only enlivened by the sweet music of jubilant birds and babbling brooks? The distant roar of

Church of the Village of Trachselwald in the Emmenthal, Switzerland

avalanches and the thunder of great waterfalls, are they not perpetual reminders of the almighty divinity?

To live in a land where the Creator has manifested Himself so forcibly can have but one effect upon a normally receptive mind—almost unconsciously it is filled with a reverent feeling for nature. It is therefore not surprising that historians and writers have frequently dwelled upon the fact that the natives of Switzerland possess very deep religious convictions and that they display a simple, childlike faith in matters which they consider as ordained by Heaven.

Christianity has had its beginning in the early centuries of the Christian Era when places of worship sprang up in the settlements of the valleys and on the lakes, on the hilltops of the mountain districts and even on the difficult Alpine roads.

Whether it be but a humble wayside shrine, or a diminutive chapel clinging to the steep mountainside; whether it be one of those quaint old village churches whose stained glass windows would be the envy of many of our modern churches, or one of those glorious cathedrals — architectural masterpieces of the Middle Age, —dotted here and there we find them in great numbers in Switzerland, an everlasting object of pious devotion and admiration on the part of the natives.

It would be impossible to dwell, in this limited space, upon all the noteworthy places of worship in the land of the Alps and the descriptions now following will therefore have to be regarded as a representative selection only.

BASLE.

Starting at the northwest corner of Switzerland, we encounter the historic city of Basle, which was probably founded by the Roman armies when they were forced back from Gaul to the Rhine in the fourth century. The settlement was known as Basilea and in memory of this the heraldic symbol of Basle, the basilik, is seen in various places.

The monumental structure of the city is the Cathedral, a truly magnificent building, begun in 1010, by Emperor Henry II, unique alike in its lines and coloring. It was originally erected in the

The Venerable Scherzligen Church, Near Thun With the Niesen, Switzerland

Byzantine Style, but after a fire and earthquake rebuilt in the Gothic. The material is a brilliant red sandstone and the roof is covered with green, white and red tiles that look like enamel.

The northern portal, known as St. Gallus Gateway, remains of the original Romanesque construction, its statues, reliefs and ornamentation being well preserved. The choir is also of this period, while the western front, towers and other parts are of the later Gothic. The towers—over 200 feet high—are exceedingly graceful and terminate in spires carved in wavy lines, like a delicate piece of goldsmith's work, showing the light through innumerable openings.

While the choir remained of the Romanesque period, the western front, towers and other parts are of the later Gothic. The sculptures on the facade reproduce the Virgin and Child, having under them the Emperor Henry, and the Empress Kunigunde, with a model of the church. The side entrances are ornamented with statues of the two saints most admired in that period—St. George and the dragon and St. Martin. The interior is over 200 feet long and about half as wide, being a nave with double aisles.

To the east, adjoining the Cathedral, is the beautiful Gothic cloister, wonderful in its solemn effect, with some of the richest and most varied tablets in Renaissance and Baroque style.

Those enjoying the luxury of leisure will have an opportunity to visit the several other interesting places of worship in this city before proceeding through the thickly wooded, graceful Jura hills to Soleure, the Roman Salodurum, next to Treves, the oldest city north of the Alps.

SOLEURE.

In the year 272, D. C., when the Allemans threatened the Romans, a fortification was erected on the River Aar, where the present city stands and remnants of walls of the same are still visible in the Lowengasse and on the cemetery. A legend relates that Ursus and Victor, two of the early Christians who had fled to Soleure from Agaunum, the present Saint Maurice in the Rhone Valley, in the year 303 had been tortured and put to death in Soleure by the Romans on account of

their faith. The Cathedral is dedicated to their memory and their sufferings are immortalized by three reliefs on the facade.

The Cathedral of St. Ursus at Soleure, built by Pisoni in 1762-73 on a site, which, according to tradition, was formerly occupied by a Roman temple to Apollo, is considered to be the finest specimen of late Italian Renaissance in Switzerland.

Two interesting fountains, bearing statues of Moses and Gideon, stand at each side of the imposing marble stairs which lead in three times eleven steps, to the entrance. Eleven marble altars of exquisite design, individual masterpieces of as many artists, add to the beauty of the interior, which has been conceived in the shape of a latin cross. The church treasury in the sacristy contains a very ancient collection of artistic work in metal and textile fabrics.

While the bustle of modern commercial life has transformed the placid mediaeval quarters of Soleure—the city now being recognized as one of the leading Swiss watchmaking centers, there still exists in the vicinity a little oasis of absolute worldly peace, the Hermitage in the romantic gorge of St. Verena.

A REAL HERMITAGE.

Rocks and grottoes, clad with a verdure and foliage of the most refreshing green, form the entrance to this appealingly lovely shrine; a brook saunters merrily along the little road and a choir of golden-voiced, feathered songsters offer their never ending anthems.

Then comes a burst of golden sunlight, an opening into a tiny, but luxuriant patch of land, the hermit's domain. To the right stands his dwelling house — a little gem in a setting of rocks, shrubbery and flowers—to the left are two chapels of diminutive dimension, but altogether ideal for quiet meditation. A goat and a few chickens contribute to the hermit's support and help to enliven this picturesque retreat.

Following the course of the River Aar from Soleure, we pass the historic city of Aarau with its venerable 13th century church and beyond the quaint little town of Brugg, on the direct line of Zurich, now skirted by the river Limmat, we behold another, formerly very important place of worship, the convent of Wettingen.

THE ABBEY OF WETTINGEN.

In this monastery of Cisterian monks, founded in 1227 and now occupied by the cantonal seminary for teachers, are carefully preserved specimens of the highly developed artistic culture of the 16th century. The monastery contains a sarcophagus in which the remains of the Emperor Albert of Austria lay for 15 months before their removal to Speyer and the beautiful choir stalls, carved in oak, with fantastic heads of men and animals and splendid ornaments are considered to be masterpieces in the art of wood-carving. The precious 16th and 17th century stained glass windows, decorating the cloisters, illustrate the different stages of the wonderful development and sad decadence, which the art of glass-painting has undergone in the course of some four centuries.

ZURICH.

Near the spot where the Limmat leaves the lake of Zurich, there stood in very ancient prehistoric times, a village of lake dwellings, the homestead of probably the oldest settlers in the country. The Lindenhof and the Uetliberg—the latter still showing the ruins of the "Refugium" ramparts, are said to have been chosen for their first colonies on terra firma. On the mound of the Lindenhof, the Helvetians erected the first fortress of "Turicum" which in the year 58, B. C., after the battle of Biberakte, fell under the power of the Romans. When the Romans withdrew their legions, the Alemanns became masters of the country and the Roman Turicum became Alemannic Zurich. Under the dominion of the German kings and emperors the town acquired importance through the monastries and chapter of the Fraumunster and Grossmunster, the later of which is said to have been founded by Charlemagne and the former, in 853, by Louis the German, who appointed his daughter, Hildegard, as Lady Abbess.

Zurich's most famous place of worship is undoubtedly the Grossmunster, erected in the Romanesque style with the upper

The Beautiful Cathedral at Berne, Switzerland

stories of the towers completed later in the Gothic style. On the west tower is enthroned Charlemagne with gilded crown and sword in recognition of his donations to the church. The interior contains pillars with Romanesque capitals and three large modern stained-glass windows decorate the choir. The early 13th century cloisters have been restored and are well worthy of a careful visit.

The Grossmunster is moreover famous for its intimate connection with the great Swiss Reformer Zwingli who, for a period of twelve years, beginning with New Year's Day, 1519, was in charge of this church. A monument is erected to his memory at the Chancel end of the former Wasserkirche lying opposite. This particular edifice contains now the most interesting Municipal library.

In an effort to explain the foundation of the Wasserkirche, a legend relates that once, when Charlemagne came to the city, he had a pillar set up before his palace with a bell and rope attached thereto, and made it known that whoever suffered wrong should pull the bell when the Emperor sat at dinner, and he would come out and hear the story of his wrongs.

One day the bell rang and the Emperor, going out, saw a serpent which nodded its head and started for the lake, turning around to see that the Emperor

followed. There the latter saw that a toad was sitting on the eggs of the serpent, and immediately declared that the toad should be burnt to death. The next day, as the Emperor was sitting at the table, to the terror and astonishment of all present, a serpent crawled through a hole in the wall, swung itself down, lifted the cover of a goblet on the table, dropped a precious stone therein, and departed the way it had come. The Emperor in his joy founded a church on the spot where the serpent's nest had been, a church which to this day is known as the Wasserkirche (water church).

Zurich, which has often been described as an intellectual paradise, possesses a veritable wealth of interesting churches. Aside of the above mentioned Grossmunster and Fraumunster, there is the ancient St. Peter's church—in which John Caspar Lavater officiated for 23 years as pastor — and the very modern Neumunster; the church of our dear Lady (Liebfrauenkirche), the church of the Holy Cross (Kreuzkirche) and the church of St. Anthony (St. Anton's Kirche) are stately Roman Catholic places of worship and the furthermore existing English and French churches serve as an indication of the Cosmopolitan character of the city.

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

North of Zurich, near the Falls of the Rhine, lies Schaffhausen, a mediaeval gem of rare charm, often described as the town of oriels, for there is scarcely one old house which has not an architectural ornament of this kind.

The principal place of worship in this city is the Munster, now the Protestant Parish church, a classic structure in the early Romanesque style, dating from the beginning of the 12th century. Although the exterior is plain, the tower pleases the eye by its beautiful proportions and ornamental coloring. The interior also, a flat-roofed basilica with three naves makes a powerful impression upon the beholder, on account of its stately proportions and noble peacefulness. The church is a monument of the most flourishing period of the monastery of All Saints, the buildings of which adjoin it to the north and west. This convent was founded by Count Eberhard V and consecrated in 1052 by Pope Leo IX in person.

The celebrated Munster bell, cast in 1486, whose motto: "Vivos Voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango" inspired Schiller to write his immortal "Song of the Bell," has had to relinquish its duties some years ago, in consequence of a crack, and now reposes as the "Schiller Bell" on a granite pedestal amid appropriate surroundings between the cloisters and the chapel of St. Anne, at the southern foot of the tower from which for centuries it called the living to devotion, tolled for the dead on their last journey and broke the power of the thunderbolt.

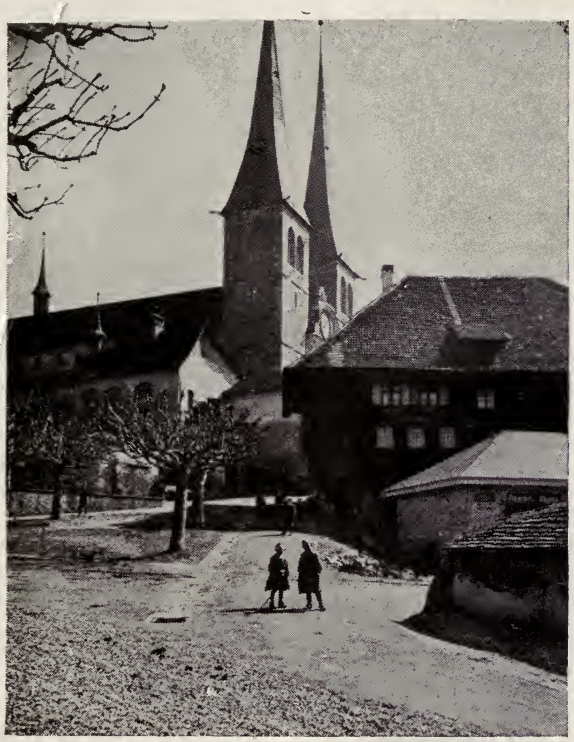
Another beautiful place of worship in Schaffhausen is the church of St. John, a pure Gothic structure, dating from the 14th and 15th centuries. With a total length of 180 feet and a width of nearly 100 feet, it is one of the largest religious edifices in Switzerland, with exceptional acoustic qualities and a wonderful organ.

THE WILDKIRCHLI.

In Eastern Switzerland, about 1½ hours above Appenzell, in an interesting and extensive region of caves, which is noted for prehistoric finds, stands the picturesque retreat of the Wildkirchli, whose founder, a priest from Appenzell, erected here in the year 1658 a little hermitage with chapel for himself. In the year 1679 he willed the Wildkirchli to the State of Innerhoden, specifying that it should remain a hermitage forever. Some 16 hermits lived consecutively in this mountainous solitude, until 1851, when the hermit's dwelling was abandoned as such and transformed into a commodious inn, in order to accommodate the great number of pilgrims and tourists who yearly flock to the hermit's chapel of St. Michael. A memorial tablet in the vicinity also reminds of the poet Victor von Scheffel, author of "Ekkehard" who completed this well-known novel up here in the year 1854.

ST. GALL.

Not far distant from the Wildkirchli is St. Gall, the famous embroidery seat of modern days and one of the most influential centers of Christian civilization in



St. Leodegar's Church at Lucerne, Switzerland

central Europe. The city owes it foundation to the Irish apostle Gallus who, in the year 614, founded a hermitage near the brook Steinach. In the resulting monastery of St. Gall, the strict rules of the Irish Church were enforced until 720, when those of St. Benedict were substituted by an abbot, Othmar. In 1061, the Abbot Norpert of St. Gall erected a convent on the Sitter River, the place taking the name of Abbatis Cella-Appenzell, and the abbots of St. Gall became the dominating influence in the land, until the subsequently much oppressed mountaineers resorted to force and succeeded in shaking off their yoke.

The Benedictine Abbey itself was suppressed in 1805 and accommodates now the cantonal offices, the bishop's residence and the famous library. This library comprises some 30,000 volumes and a wealth of valuable Mss. It prides itself for instance, of the celebrated "Psalteruim Aureum,"—the Golden Psalter,—so-called on account of its golden writing on white parchment; of a Niebelungenlied of the 13th century, of manuscripts relating to Parsifal and other heroes sung by Wagner.

The abbey church itself, rebuilt in 1756-68 in the Rococo style, is very imposing without and lavishly decorated inside. In addition to the finely carved choir stalls and a beautiful iron choir screen, which form one of the chief attractions of the interior, the organ, the

chancel, the lovely frescoes on the ceiling and the church treasury are renowned features of this cathedral.

LUCERNE.

Another, in these days still important center of Christianity, is Lucerne, a city of proverbial loveliness, nestling on the mountain—enclosed, fair lake of the Four Forest Cantons—now generally known as "The Lake of Lucerne." In very early days, when mountains, glaciers and torrents were regarded with feelings of awe rather than of admiration, a little group of fishermen's huts stood on the banks of the Reuss. The first event of importance in the history of this settlement was the founding of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Leodegar about the year 735 and the ancient church of St. Leodegar is consequently Lucerne's foremost place of worship.

Only the two 75 meter high Gothic towers remain of the original edifice which was devastated by a fire in the year 1633. The church, as it stands now, is a masterpiece of German Renaissance. The distinguished splendor of the interior, with its woodcarvings, its frescoes and statues shows that only the very best products of art and artisanship of mediaeval days have been used here for decorative purposes. Lovers of music will also be delighted with the wonderful organ of the church, an instrument with 4950 pipes and a wonderful and unique "vox humana" and a "vox celesta."

Other interesting places of worship are the 17th century Church of St. Xavier, with 8 chapels and several excellent altarpieces and the pure Gothic, 14th century Franciscan Church, with a handsome Renaissance chapel, artistically carved choir stalls and copies of the banners captured by the Swiss in their glorious battles for freedom. This latter edifice seems to particularly emphasize the strong desire felt by the Christians of the Middle Ages to always express themselves through new architectural styles.

The world famous Kapellbridge and the Kapellsquare owe their name to the St. Peter's chapel, a modest structure of curious design which existed already before 1178 and used to serve as a meeting place for the community. Five Paintings by Paul Deschwanden decorate this simple, impressively solemn chapel.

ENGELBERG.

In central Switzerland, too, in a sunlit Alpine valley, where the majestic Titlis, King of the mountains of Unterwalden (Obwalden), stands eternal guard, lies Engelberg, the mount of angels of former days, a gloriously beautiful spot, whose existence is also closely connected with an ecclesiastical foundation. For history tells us that this by nature so lavishly endowed valley was uninhabited by man until the beginning of the 12th century, when Baron Conrad von Seldenburen came from the canton of Zurich to the valley, seeking a spot on which to establish a religious place of retirement from the world. When he reached the neighborhood in which Engelberg now lies he heard distinctly several times from the mountain the song of angels. To the pious man this was a sign from heaven, that he was to build here the convent which he had planned. Thus arose in 1120 A. D., the monastery of the Mons Angelorum, or Mount of Angels—Engelberg!

The history of the Benedictine abbey is rich in bright and gloomy leaves. Even the pious founder experienced the hardness of fate. As he was undertaking a journey to his home in the interests of the monastery in 1126, he was assassinated. While the pioneer brothers had to concentrate their efforts upon making the land cultivable, the members of the monastery already displayed an inclination for the acquirement of knowledge some 20 years later. This resulted in the founding of the library of the abbey.

The monastery became a prey of the flames three times, i. e., in 1199, 1303 and 1729, and plague, war and famine caused great distress in the first half of the 14th century, especially in the nunnery which had grown up beside the monastery. The nunnery was finally transferred to Sarnen on the Brunig route, where it still enjoys great esteem and the monastery, with its fine school, which remained in Engelberg, devoted itself successfully, under the guidance of emminent abbots, to the pursuit of literature and science, and poetry and drama were cul-

Morcote, a Beauty Spot on the Lake of Lugano, With an Interesting Thirteenth Century Church Towering Above the City

tivated as well as theology and history. In order to assist the inhabitants to a steady source of income, the abbots also introduced silk-weaving industry in Engelberg.

The Convent building itself occupies considerable space at the end of the village. It is not generally open to the public, but men of learning are occasionally permitted to visit its spacious, solemn halls, its guest room, with a portrait gallery of the abbots who have helped to shape the destiny of the foundation, and the simple, but comfortable cells, with their high, bright windows, where the monks indulge undisturbed in their love of learning.

An exceptionally rich library and large collections of coins, objects of natural history, parchments and products of ancient artistic work have become a noteworthy feature of the monastery.

The church is a spacious, dignified edifice, with the high altar adorned by a beautiful 1734 picture by Spiegler of the Ascension of the Virgin Mary. The numerous side altars show fine paintings by Deschwanden, Kaiser and Wyrsch.

A brief survey of the extensive administrative and farming departments of the abbey suffices to indicate that the Monastery of Engelberg is not only a center of religious devotion and science, but also a model agricultural enterprise.

Sachseln, the Home of Brother Claus.

In the same canton of Unterwalden (Obwalden), near the lovely lake of Sarnen, on the Brunig route, lies the village of Sachseln, with its beautiful Parish church containing the remains of Niklaus von der Flue, one of Switzerland's most venerated heroes.

"Brother Claus," as he was called in his later life, was born here in the year 1417, and up to 1467 he lived as a prosperous farmer among his people and served them with his wise counsel and his sword. However, he was constantly filled

with an ardent desire to devote his life entirely to God and with the permission of his wife he finally left his family in his fiftieth year and built himself a hermitage on the nearby Ranft, where he spent his days in prayer and pious meditation.

But he did not shut himself off from humanity — on the contrary, he always had a ready ear and comforting word for all those who confided to him their troubles. Brother Claus was also intimately conversant with the political problems of his country. It was consequently to him that the pastor of Stans appealed when the deputies of the cantons assembled in diet at Stans, and when, after endless, heated debates the two parties had drifted so far apart that a civil war was threatening. Brother Claus responded to the call and the matters which could not be settled after an argument of three days were now finally and amicably disposed of within an hour.

Niklaus von der Flue died in the year 1487 and was beatified by the church His resting place in the church at Sachseln and the hermitage and chapel at Flueli-Ranft have ever since been visited by a great many pilgrims.

THE URSEREN VALLEY.

Another Alpine district with a historic religious past is the Urseren Valley, on the St. Gothard road, a peaceful, verdant stretch of land watered by the Reuss and surrounded by lofty mountains. The natives of Urseren were converted to Christianity in the beginning of the 7th century by the Irish monks Columbanus and Sigisbertus.

Andermatt, the chief village of the Urseren district, has three interesting places of worship — the very ancient, several times reconstructed St. Columban church, the 17th century village church, built in the Italian rococo style and the 18th century chapel Mariahailf, with a valuable painting of Christ on the Mount of Olives.

A little higher up, at the junction of the St. Gothard and Furka Passes, lies Hospental, considered to have been the first settlement in the Urseren Valley. It owes its name to the designation of Hospitum, an inn, probably erected in the Roman era for the convenience of travelers from the Valais to the Gothard and Rhaetian districts. The church of Hospental, built between 1705-1711, stands on the lower terrace of a rocky promontory and is one of the attractions of the village; on the top of this hill looms a weather-beaten, solitary tower—the only remains of the former castle of the Barons of Hospental.

On the summit of the St. Gothard road itself, which takes a southern turn at Hospental, stood in the early days a similar Hospice, or inn, with a little church, probably a foundation of the Benedictine Abbey of Disentis, which in its turn was called into existence by the before mentioned Irish monk Sigisbertus. St. Gothard, Bishop of Hildesheim, canonized in 1132, D C., was made Patron Saint of the Hospice.

EINSIEDELN.

One of the best known places of worship in Switzerland, at least to the Roman Catholic world, is the pilgrimage resort of Einsiedeln, in the Canton of Schwyz. The foundation is attributed to Count Meinrad of Sulgen, whose devotion to things divine so impressed the abbess, Hildegard, of the Fraumunster Convent at Zurich that she had a cell and wooden chapel erected for him and for the latter she donated the world-famous, miracle-working image of the Holy Virgin.

In company with two tame ravens Meinrad then retired to a life of total seclusion. But, all of a sudden, in the year 861, the news was spread that the pious hermit had been murdered by two robbers who had been attracted by the silver lamps in his chapel and it is related how the two ravens pursued the assassins as far as Zurich, flying about their heads and pecking at them in such a manner that the authorities became suspicious, arrested the criminals and put them to death.

After remaining empty for some time, Meinrad's abode was taken up again in the year 905, by Benno, canon of the Cathedral of Strassburg and some of his companions, who, owing to the barrenness of the soil around Einsiedeln, persuaded the abbess of Sackingen to present them with the fertile island of Ufenau in the lake of Zurich, the products of which sufficing amply for their simple needs.

In the year 946 the religious settlement was formally recognized as a Convent by Emperor Otto I, who honored it also with many privileges. The foundation grew so rapidly that the church was already the proud possessor of 12 altars in the year 987, and a general building activity started in the days of the abbots Anselmus, Peter and John, all natives of Schwanden, canton of Berne.

In a large open space between private residences and inns for the pilgrims on one side and the lofty buildings of the monastery on the other side rises a black marble fountain with fourteen jets, surmounted by an image of the Holy Virgin. Semi-circular arcades lead to the abbey, which burned down not less than five times, but the sacred image which first stood in Meinrad's Chapel miraculously escaped the fire. The present buildings date from the years 1704-20. Statues of Emperor Otto I, and Henry II, the two principal benefactors of the abbey, stand on the right and left of the main entrance.

The convent church itself, whose interior is of rare beauty, measures 117 meters in length and 65 meters in width. It contains 17 altars, three organs and several chapels. A magnificent chandelier of huge dimensions was a gift of Napoleon III, and is particularly conspicuous through its dazzling beauty.

In the nave of the church stands the world famous black marble chapel of the Holy Virgin, the "Sanctum Sanctorum" of the whole foundation, with a grating, through which, illuminated by four lamps, a small image of the Virgin and Child is visible, richly attired and decked with crowns of gold and precious stones. While convent and church have been five times destroyed by fire, this image, though blackened by smoke, has never been touched by the devastating element.

The abbey possesses a very precious church treasure, a large library with 50,000 volumes and a collection of valuable Mss, and also prides itself with a number of excellent educational establishments.

A MARSH SONG.

It is moon-time in the marsh-lands,
The reeds are all aquiver,
The lovely trembling marsh-grass
Sighs softly in the bogs;
Beneath the silver-sandaled winds
The blue lake is a-shiver,
And faintly comes a crooning
The chorus of the frogs.

—Betty Dickinson Frazee.

The Cabins, Simple, Primitive Shelters from the Weather

Stock Taking

By W. T. Clark

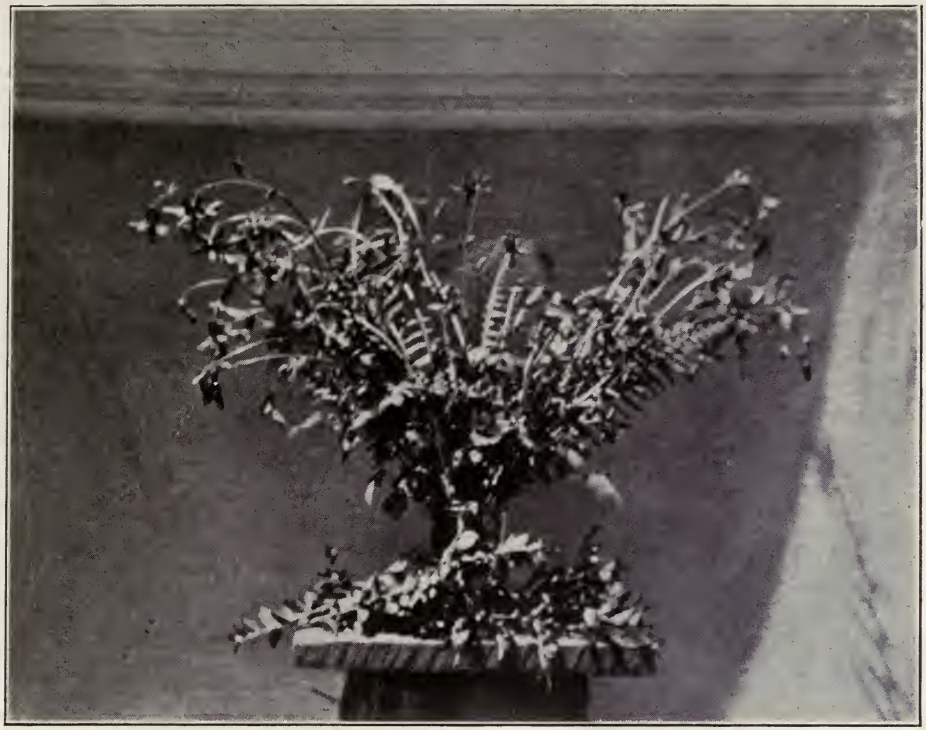
Professor of Agriculture at the University of California

(Editor's Note.—The following article is the first of a series of six nature essays written by Professor W. T. Clark of the University of California. We find the general reading public is becoming more and more interested in the great outdoors, and we consider the Overland Monthly especially fortunate in securing sketches on this subject by an author as well versed in this matter as Mr. Clark.)

"A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone."—Thoreau.

MANY writers have devoted much space to the matter of taking full advantage of the nearby, simple pleasure and of doing the near-by simple duty. Undoubtedly a true note has been struck in this philosophy as advanced by thoughtful men.

We are prone to see the duty that is apparently ours to perform when it is afar off, prone to think the seemingly unattainable pleasure is the one we need above all else to make us happy. Distance undoubtely adds a certain glamour to the duty. We often mistake this for a real call to us to perform this particular task — a duty cut and dried and predestined for us. It is a mistake to look too far afield for our duties, for our pleas-



The Columbine, its Red Blossoms on Swaying Stems

ures, for the task it may be ours to perform. In straining our vision to get in its detail the supposed charm of the distant we are more than likely to overlook the very pressing near-by, duty, pleasure or task that may need careful attention on our part.

The word NEIGHBOR is hard to define. Of course we may fall back on the statement that the Latin word VICINUS is translated NEIGHBOR, and that the same Latin word is the root form of our word VICINITY. This last word we may describe as meaning NEAR-BY. This hardly conforms to our city conception of things if we take it to mean physical nearness. We do not know the people in the flat above us.

In the parable of the good Samaritan (Luke X, 29), we have an ideal definition of the word. If we are to take the word "mercy" in this definition to mean doing good to others then my visitor, one might say, was my neighbor though I did not know where he lived and had never seen him before. I can find no better way to describe his coming than to say he "drifted in to" my cabin in the woods out of the gloom of the night. He took up position on the wood-box while I occupied the easy chair and then he talked and continued to talk. His conversation was all of how wonderful the fishing was four or five miles up stream; how splendid the ferns were on the banks of the side stream next but two above; of how beautiful the flowers were in the meadow over the ridge to the north and so on. It reminded me of disquisitions I have heard on travel in foreign lands. We are advised to go to this country or that. The mountains are magnificent, the streams are dreams of quiet or wild beauty as best seems to suit the narrator, the cities are so satisfying, the people and customs so quaint. You no doubt have experienced the same thing and have perhaps been disturbed, have felt that perhaps you were missing the great things of life. I think we should do well in cases such as this to remember the glamour of distance. A near approach generally proves that next door to us we would have found as much grandness, as much quaintness as has rewarded our wanderings. And so my visitor's talk led me to a taking stock, so

Just Now the Wild Iris is in Plentiful Bloom

to speak, of my environment. I have concluded that stock taking of this sort is a very salutary operation. The storekeeper, the merchant, has at regular intervals his stock taking. The goods on hand are carefully gone over and listed and valued. The shelves are cleared of shop-worn, damaged goods. When the operation is over the merchant usually has a special sale and gets rid of the stuff that is proven to be least salable. He may have to do this at an apparent present loss, yet in the end he is the gainer. He knows where he stands and what goods have paid to handle and what have been a drug on the market. So it should be with each of us. Have a stock taking of our environment, of ourselves. Get rid of any mental damaged goods there may be on our souls' shelves. If our environment shows musty, undesirable conditions or shows anything that may tend to hold us in trall, why, clear the environment of the encumbrance. Do we find that we are entertaining false views of life, that our outlook is morbid, that we are getting into a rut in our thinking, that cobwebs are forming where clear thinking should be the rule-well, the course is clear, we, knowing they are in stock, can clear out the undesirable goods and make a new start unhampered by any incubus. So my visitor, all unwittingly brought me a message of import.

The cabins, at Noyo Nido, in the forests of Mendocino County where these notes were made, are simple, primitive shelters from the weather, roughly built yet serviceable. They are placed in a bit of uncleared land. Twenty years or more ago the loggers cut over this land, removing most of the large trees. A few big trees remain, however, while the redwood second growth already is of respectable size. The white pine trees are large and graceful and seem as great plumes swaying in the breeze. As I sit in the cabin door I can see several California laurel (bay) trees, a group of Western maples, several tan bark oak trees, a madrone, and the pine and redwood trees. Very little clearing has been done, only just enough to allow of getting about. Beneath the trees is a rough tangle of logs, huckleberry bushes, wild blackberries, black thimble berries, hazel

bushes, wild lilac, greasewood—well, the list might be continued almost indefinitely. I have, however, by my inventory proved that I do not have to go to the gulch "next but one above" to find untrammeled wild growth—it is here at hand, and so one item is disposed of.

Fish? Well, I can walk two hundred feet from the cabins over a rough, but practicable trail and be at the stream side where the fishing is good, so why cast longing thoughts at the stream "four or five miles above?" To be sure there may be some special occasion when a moderately far tramp for fishing is justifiable, but I think my inventory has shown that ordinarily the delights of fishing are at hand.

As I sit in the semi-obscurity of the cabin with the door open, two pair of quail come into view in the open space in front. They exhibit little or no trepidation and pick up unconsidered bits of food in the most matter-of-fact way. The males, with plumes erect and feathers sleek and shining, have a proud air of proprietorship — an "own the earth" appearance that is surely beautiful to behold. They have singled out their mates and are the proud heads of families. The females, too, make interesting studies. Their plumage also is bright, fresh and shining. Their air is as though who should say "See the male bird who has singled me out as the one transcendentally beautiful and above compare with my sisters. Am I not indeed blessed among quail?" Then something alarms them and they scurry to the protection of the blackberry thicket and soon I hear their calls in another part of the cabin lot.

The chipmunks are friendly fellows with a large development of the bump of curiosity. One of the cabins is used for kitchen and dining room purposes. Back of this cabin is a trash heap that is burned out at regular intervals. I noticed on this trash heap an empty food receptacle that absorbingly interested two chipmunks. One of them would get upon the receptacle and scold while the other would try to investigate the interior through the partly lifted lid. Then in the twinkling of an eye they would change places and continue the performance. So absorbed were they in their investigations that my presence meant nothing to them as their researches continued and at my last view of them they were still feverishly busy.

I live in almost symbiotic relations with the wood mice. They are all over the place and tight indeed is the cabin that is proof against their visitations. Their taste in food is cosmopolitan. They are very fond of toilet soap, hence this luxury has to be carefully closed away from them. They also enjoy all of the more ordinarily used forms of food. Of course they are entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," so my food is placed in mouse-proof receptacles. The females seem to think the sleeping cabins are specially designed for nesting places so before retiring at night it is a good idea to shake out the bedding. Yes, "symbiotic relations" is a good description of conditions so far as these little creatures are concerned.

And the birds—well, I will content myself by saying that birds seems to look upon the cabin lot at Noyo Nido as a safe refuge and their song and chattering is to be heard from early morning till late at night. So my inventory shows me I do not have to travel far to get a glimpse of wild life.

Flowers are plentiful in the cabin lot. Just now the wild iris, blue and cream colored, is in plentiful bloom—a beautiful sight. The columbine, its red blossoms on swaying stems, appearing in the shadier places, gives me flowers that would be prized indeed in the crowded places of our civilization. The huckleberries are in full flower, the waxy, bell-shaped blooms appearing in masses. Blackberry blossoms show, starlike, in the thickets. The greasewood is in full blossom, its feathery masses of white flowers making the bushes appear as though covered with snow. The wild lilac is fairly in flower, its blue blossoms rivaling the skies in color. It is a most rampant blossomer and is known locally as "Blue Blossom." The name is descriptive and characteristic. I walk a few feet to the stream side and here is the salmon berry in blossom, its wide, white flowers giving the idea of innocence most perfectly. I find here also the promise of flowers to come. The tiger lily plants are plentiful

and strong, and soon will show a wealth of blossoms. Ferns, too, grow in rank profusion on the banks of the stream, the prominent ones being the fingered maidenhair and the Woodwardia.

From the cabin windows I can see the zone of rhododendrons on the hillside across the stream from the cabin lot. Here, too, is a promise of flowers to come, yet the waxy, light green of the foliage gives a touch of lightness among the more somber greens of the other plants that seems to be just what is needed to make the picture perfect. I might continue cataloging the flowers in the cabin lot almost indefinitely yet my inventory already shows I do not need to go to the "meadow over the ridge to the north" for an intimate acquaintance with beautiful flowers.

My visitor, however, all unknown to himself, has done me good. He has led me to inventory the things in my immediate environment and I find the stock is well chosen and in good condition. I have proved that I do not need to travel far afield to find Nature's manifestations in all their variety and beauty, that I need not go "on tour" to find those things that are interesting and satisfying to the material as well as the spiritual vision.

We surely should appropriate the merchants' methods and "take stock" and in this way we may be sure that either a clearance is necessary or that all is well with our souls. Thus my Contentment and calm satisfaction be attained to and life made more meaningful.

SACRAMENTO CANYON.

Winding by the rocks and ridges, by the gushing riverside,
All the hills are brown and barren, where the copper ores abide.
Pastel rocks of green and azure—rocks of mauve in fading day—
Line the edge of hurried ripples, where the waters dance and play.
Streaks of orange on the hillside, spots of iron on the slope,
Give the rolling hills new color, give the sombre mountains hope.
Walls of queer and wondrous shadings guard the pools so green and lush.
This is Sacramento Canyon,—painted with a rainbow brush.

—Helen E. Maring.

The Latin Way

By Wm. A. Stamp

"AH, these girls are always looking my way, do you notice?" vainly boasted Garcia Mendoza, smuggler, hunter and border guard, who had just dashed up amid a cloud of dust after a seventy-mile ride.

"Yes, but there are others here," objected one of those addressed, with a sly wink at a stolid companion.

Garcia ignored the imputation ambushed in the sober tone of his acquaintance, and darted a furtive glance toward a number of Mexican girls strolling listlessly in the nearby plaza.

"I'm not interested in such cattle as these," and Garcia flipped his hand contemptuously toward the feminine crowd without glancing in the direction of the girls, and affected not to notice their admiring glances.

In the evening Garcia would stroll about the plaza, twisting the curled ends of a long, black, silken mustache, dressed in a leather charro suit, and a great black sombrero embroidered in gold and silver wire, poised rakishily on the side of his head. And ever there was the haughty indifference to the admiring glances from all directions.

It was on one of these occasions that Garcia met one among the crowd of Mexican girls against whose appearance his affected indifference was not proof. They called her Concha, but her name was Concepcion Acosta. Garcia's affected indifference vanished at once upon beholding her. He saw that she was no common gril, like the others. She did not walk in the plaza with a black rebosa drawn about her head. Instead, she wore a mantilla of the finest lace of Monterey.

"Have you seen the one in the lace mantilla?" asked Garcia of several friends, as they lolled on the grass in the plaza. "To-morrow night you will see me walking with her in the plaza," he boasted.

But it was a shock to Garcia's pride and vanity that from her he received no admiring glance as she passed. He refused to believe that she could be insensible to his presence. Who could ignore one of the famous rurales? Vanity, like his own, probably led her to play a part.

"What about your conquest of the beauty in the lace mantilla, Garcia?" good naturedly taunted one of the latter's friends, who had been an observer of the rurale's abortive attempt to make good his boast.

Garcia resented the somewhat prickly pleasantry by a sullen silence. Then, as if feeling that a rurale's reputation for success was endangered, asserted confidently:

"A rurale is never conquered in love any more than he is in battle." Having made this doubtful statement, Garcia felt that he must establish its truth by success in his present attempt at conquest.

To his surprise he learned that Concha lived in an adobe house. It was something of a shock to him, as well as a surprise. He could not reconcile such a hovel with her beauty and her costly dress.

It was the night of their first meeting that he strolled past her house. It was low and without a floor, and the rafters that projected beyond the wall were hung with chili peppers.

Later, that same night, he sauntered past the house again and sang as he walked, as is the custom in Mexico. She came to the window, and he sang even the forbidden "LaCucurocha," and she laughed and seemed pleased. Their acquaintance began here. Many nights after Garcia talked with her as she leaned from the window. In the meantime he had learned the secret of the disparity be-

tween her rich clothing and the hovel she lived in. Her father was a wealthy butter-maker of Torreon, and she was but visiting a poor aunt.

She, at one of these meetings, had promised to marry him if her father would consent. But although he might dress in the finest charro suit, twist a black silken mustache and carry himself with the air of a Spanish grandee, he was but a rurale, a border guard, a hunter of smugglers, but without money, and many thousands of pesos would be necessary before he could begin to hope. But chance came to him, and chance brought hope.

A reward of five thousand pesos was offered for the capture "dead or alive" of "Chappo" Apodaca, the notorious smuggler. For two years he had operated on the border, and such was his daring and cunning that he laughed at the efforts of the officers on both side of the line to arrest him. Gossip credited him with the accumulation of enormous wealth in those two years.

What easier way to win over Concha's father to a marriage with her than to kill "Chappo" Apodaca and secure the reward? Filled with enthusiasm, he made known his determination to Concha. But she looked at him strangely and said, "Caro mio, I would not try, if I were you; I fear that is hopeless."

Garcia knew from experience the difficulty of success, because for months he had lain in the mesquite waiting for Apodaca and his band of smugglers. Twice he saw him in the distance, accompanied by two companions. But the smuggler's nerve and daring always enabled him to elude death or capture.

One day Garcia took his brother, Guilermo, into his confidence. Guilermo, he knew, could do anything. When the government wished to rid itself of some dangerous revolutionary leader, or some one whose ambition threatened the stability of the existing authority, a hint went secretly to Guilermo, and shortly after the body of the objectionable individual would be found in some dark collecito with a knife between his ribs or a bullet hole in his back.

Guilermo at once offered to help Garcia.

"Do not worry, my brother," he enthusiastically answered. "With my help we shall rid the country of this 'Chappo' Apodaca! But, of course, you must divide the reward with me."

Guilermo disappeared shortly after this talk, and did not reappear for three weeks. Garcia was impatient, for Concha had returned to Torreon, and the love passion burned fiercer in his Latin bosom because of the separation.

Then Guilermo returned. He puffed at his corn-husk cigarette imperturbably, and wore a most mysterious and superior air.

Then he proceeded to enlighten Garcia.

"My brother, by tomorrow night we shall have the right to claim that reward. 'Chappo' plans to take four Chinese across the border into the United States tonight at the lower ford. He will receive five hundred pesos for them, American gold. We will wait for him at the ford tomorrow night."

"But why not tonight?" impatiently demanded Garcia.

"You're a fool," retorted his brother, and his manner was calm and his tone low, as if to rob the epithet of its harshness. "Tonight he will have nothing but four Chinese, worth nothing to us. Tomorrow night he will have five hundred pesos, which we can use."

The next night they waited a short distance from the ford. Soon there appeared three mounted figures, dimly outlined in the darkness.

"Don't shoot now," whispered Guilermo. "They'll stop soon and build a fire. Then we can kill all three. One is bound to get away if we fire now, and that one may be 'Chappo.' "

True to Guilermo's prediction, a quarter of a mile away the party dismounted and built a fire of mesquite roots.

"Crawl near and cover the two standing up. I see 'Chappo.' Leave him to me. He's sitting down." And Guilermo made a detour toward the reclining figure.

Garcia crawled to a position where he could shoot the two companions of "Chappo" if they moved. Presently he saw a shadowy object in the mesquite, and knew his brother was ready. The

"The Blaze Flared Up Suddenly Revealing Clearly Every Outline of a Small and Delicate Figure"

form of "Chappo" was between Garcia and the fire. It arose, stretched and passed to the other side, facing him. The smuggler stirred the embers and the blaze flared up suddenly revealing clearly every outline of a small and delicate figure.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed Garcia, under his breath.

Guilermo's rifle was pointed at the heart of the smuggler. Garcia sprang to his feet and fired, and his brother fell dead.

FAIRY LANTERNS.

The fairies, that danced in the wood last night,
Left satin lanterns, fringed and white;
And, though the elfin lights burn low,
The fragile globes still faintly glow.
And light me through this mortal plan
To my ancestral fairy clan.

—Ruth Clay Price.

The Confidences of Sumi

By Amanda Mathews Chase

First Confidence.

Tamotsu, Dear Sir:—

I MAKE early answer to your respected letter because you leave soon for Japan, and also your old schoolmate, Sumi, is discovered to herself plenty lonesome. Last year I received the good advices of my kind teachers. This year it is myself, little Sumi, who must offer the good advices to parents of my Japanese pupils in this fishing village and I feel like some grandmother for my antiquity.

When young man return Japan it is usually for marry and bring wife back to America where she cry one year after her parents. As you very old schoolmate who first taught me correct use of chewing-gum, excuse liberty if I ask do you go to marry some Japanese Wistaria Blossom? And, Oh, excuse—but I know you come to America, too, little boy for notice lady—so I do you the grand impertinence to ask—is this Wistaria Blossom some person you never see but accept like gracious Christmas present from the hands of parents? You know the woman is a curiosity person—so forgive me to inquire.

You indicate, Tamotsu, like too kind brother that I should write you complete history of my life in this town. I board with the Japanese Christian minister and his wife, but they very busy with their large parish and I have hours of homesickness. Yet I also am very busy since I must visit parents in the afternoons. They have too small houses down by rocks at the ocean edge. I must teach them drink tea in big cups with sugar and with cream or lemon. In all their customs, I must lead them to Americanization. Such is my sublime duty. You see I am Japanese bachelor maiden and my career is to be leader woman to these wives of fishermen and enlighten their poor minds now knowledgeful only of cook rice and tend baby. So I must forget lonesomeness and try to run gay once more again with my hands out to my both dear worlds of America and Japan. Sometimes I feel the sorry for such people as possess only one world for loving when I enjoy this muchness of rich with two.

All good fortune to your business in Japan, Dear Sir, Tamotsu.

Your friend,

SUMI.

Second Confidence.

Dear Tamotsu, Respected Sir:—

Your appreciated letter gave me much gladness. First, that you write again in your last moments of business when just to leave on ship. Second, that my epistle was not impertinence to your mind and you find worthiness in me to receive your considerations on American and Japanese love. Oh, Tamotsu, the profundity of your soul is too wonderful. You make me proudly to tell me all. You tell me your father arrange this marriage for you when he was visiting Japan three months ago on business. But your too kind father after recite to you his considerations will not put compulsions on your will. So you take three days for your contemplations. Never could I be thus profound. I would decide in one minute no or yes.

Your resolution is that American style love to be joy-giving but very restless, you say that when a man falls into love with a woman, he cannot see her clearly to make estimate of her real characteristic. His intellectual calm is overthrown by his desire of possess. Then it is again disturbed after wedding to find her not according to his thought before wedding.

Hence his mental capacity is diverted for dwell on his disappointment.

Very kind of you make me your for—instance. You say now you see me in my actuality—a girl not too pretty by Japanese type — just passable pretty — face short oval not so favorable as long slender oval of beautiful pointed chin. Big brown eyes—not too calm but always expression of liveliness—disposition good yet not angel style. You relate me very nice young lady, good friend and schoolmate. But you reason in your profundity if you were in love with me, I would be to you unseen in my reality and a delusion of your affections. You reflect too wisely that your father not in love with Miss Wistaria Blossom of Japan can consider her qualities in repose of soul and make calmful decision. Hence you sail to marry your Wistaria.

All right. But ever, Tamotsu, must I run gaily with my hand to each world and, like my hand, so have I an ear for my both worlds. In my Japanese ear I listen your wisdoms; yet in my American ear I can listen some wonderful sweetness to the woman for her to be loved American style.

Good-bye, Respected Sir,

SUMI.

Third Confidence.

Tamotsu, Dear and Respected Sir:—

Your delightedly letter from Japan gives me much joyfulness and thanks. Too kind you write me some on shipboard and more after arrive.

I am gladness that you have calm journey across. Also I felicitate the calm in your bosom. Without too expecting emotions you spend little time to contemplate Miss Wistaria Blossom in your profound mind. Instead you think about little Sumi back in the United States giving good advices like some grandmother and smiles break across your countenance. You say this plenty better, for if you experience restless American love for Miss Wistaria Blossom, you must be unhappiness for too long voyage. Now voyage enjoyable and you compose article for Japanese newspaper in your city.

Then you write me, Respected Sir, of your joyous arrival and the grand feast of welcome in your grandfather's home and how you wish little Sumi to be there with her too sunsome smile. But not restless wish of American love,—just the chastity peacefulness of friendship. Thank you, honored schoolmate, for your plentiful reflections on my unworthy personality.

Your love story of how you sail to marry Miss Wistaria Blossom—how different the American love story in Magazines which I read many in the library. American love story begins with the Meeting. That very sweet and gladsome. You divine the termination but lose no pleasure thereby. Then the story run away, run away, happy and cheersome till at every end come the Great American Kiss. Sometimes I have questions in my soul if I would enjoy the Great American Kiss—only in abstraction of course, for I am bachelor maiden dedicated to noble zeal of Americanization. I have experienced the little American kisses of my kind teachers and my girl chums; so they can assistance my imagination for that United States institution of benevolence, the Great American Kiss. The meeting is the gate of American love. Then the Great American kiss is the front door. After that the lovers go into the house of their happiness and live joy ever afterward.

Now with you, O Tamotsu, the gate is the negotiations of your respected father with the respected father of Miss Wistaria Blossom. And the way to the front door you walk alonesome like going to store for receive merchandise waiting your gracious approval. The meeting is your front door and then too quick you are right inside the house of marriage for live in togetherness.

And Miss Wistaria Blossom? Scarcely may she peep from her door and behold new husband until he is with her in togetherness house.

But when she see you, Tamotsu, Dear Sir, she see nice husband of good heart. When you will bring her to America, I will be like sister. I will teach her make American cake. All Japanese lady crazy after learn. I say to the wives of fishermen in my good advices, "no—soup first —bread first." But Mrs. Wistaria Blossom shall make cake first, if she like, and

it will help her forget cry for her parents in Japan.

Yesterday in one fisherman's house, I teach mother make bread and it very slow bake. When I start home, dark approaches and I go fast. One place between rocks the tide hurry in. I think to get my feet wet and am some afraid when there stood American man on other side! What he do but offer respectful with hat uplift, to carry me for safety. I much embarrass but time late and water roar in frightfulness five feet wide and white foam on slippery stones. So I think no other way but accept his great kindness—him standing already in water to spoil his suit and shoes. He put me across strong and gently respectful. He lift his hat when deposit me down and walk beside me. He tell himself to be engineer of one dredger for make harbor more profound. So I tell him of my professional station and where I live because he ask very respectful with his hat.

That plenty funny adventure — what you say Tamotsu?

All joy to the wedding and to your delights with Miss Wistaria Blossom and her delights with my friend, Tomatsu.

Your cordially friend,

SUMI.

Fourth Confidence.

Tamotsu, Gentleman:—

Your respected letter made me too sorry for your mental tipset—but Oh forgive that I feel slight amuse. If your poetical soul was beholding its image in mirror you also might experience this amuse.

You express distressful state of mentality regarding those two feminines, your future bride and your unworthy school mate. My amuse exist because you acquire a peeved on Wistaria Blossom for insufficience of vivacity and you acquire a peeved on me for exceedingness of vivacity.

With your excellent description, I behold your meeting Miss Wistaria Blossom at the festival of your combination families. I behold you both to bow and prostrate in Japanese politeness. I behold her looks of humble obedience and shyful timidity. But when you would manufacture conversation, she can make only more prostrations and Japanese polite sayings. Your augustness demanding Americanized reciprocity must experience great disappoint.

Then your displeasure leap across the ocean to Sumi because she permit herself conversation with kind American man who did safety her from rushing waves between big rocks.

And why—since I accept protection for my necessity—must I say the following minute—"Go—walk alone by yourself?"

And never did I believe that meeting must afford beginning to American love story like you suggestion in peeved condition of mentality. Never did I thus believe, but, Oh Tamotsu, it is truism. That American man now teach in Japanese Sunday school and look at me with liking eyes but respectful. He makes frequent call on minister's family and looks at me with good liking eyes. He meets me on beach when I make late return to carry my books and luncheon basket with excuse of their extreme heaviness for me.

That Christian minister says he is good man and honorable with no wife.

Thus I am enriched with two masculines as you, Tamotsu, with two feminines. My spirit gives a hand to each of you and runs gaily between my two worlds.

You ask how appears the American gentleman. He is tall with eyes of gray and a goodlooking smile.

You write with peeved manner me to experience soon the Great American Kiss. In stories, Oh, Tamotsu, have I watched it coming to heroines like bird on wings. For it starts not on the lips. It starts in the heart of one lover and flies for lighting spot past both their two lips into heart of other lover. But now that I feel it starting meward, I would like to hide all the same as child among roots of trees in too big forest. Yet because the woman is curiosity person, I must peer forth to be sure it looks for me and no other feminine.

Good-bye, Tamotsu, be not peeved any more with your poor schoolmate, Sumi. Give your condescensions to the gentle and prostrating Miss Wistaria Blossom. Forget little Sumi of too much vivacity, hiding in the forest of her own heart for the Great American Kiss to discover her.

Fifth Confidence.

Dear, Dear Tamotsu:—

This letter is the last and never by you will stay since my Americanized vivacity has offended your Japanese propriety and you will not write to me again in the forever. I have much saddy for that, Tamotsu, hence this letter written merely for my heartache's relief.

But what matter since you too soon marry Miss Wistaria Blossom and continued epistles would be more impropriety. Never must I forget myself to be Japanese model for mothers' classes.

Oh that Miss Wistaria Blossom! She is very shyly, like you say, but when she lift her face to you from those prostrations, I bet she think you one very fine suitor and goodlooking. I write all here with much liberty because you not read this letter in eternity.

I write here that the Great American Kiss not lighted on me yet nor will forever. Instead I give perpetual advices to mothers' class until too old lady. The American gentleman went away by himself yesterday. He went away very disappoint that I could not receive his respected affection. He experienced for me the romantic love of Magazine stories and that Great American Kiss flew round and round my head but never could I permit its alightment. Why?

Because I would preference be that Miss Wistaria Blossom not advantageous bachelor maiden. I would preference make prostrations in front of you, Tamotsu, and look up by and by to your gorgeous eyes. Such degradations to have this subservience in my un-Americanized heart!

I write no more—but go with saddy and deceitful soul to make good advices in the mothers' class—as if I desired to be perpetual bachelor maiden.

Good-bye, Tamotsu—for the too long forever.

SUMI.

Sixth Confidence.

Cable Message from Sumi to Tamotsu:—

"Yes! My joy awaits your speedful return. Yes!"

SUMI.

NATURE'S ORCHESTRA.

Hush! the thrumming and the strumming of the woodland orchestra,
And the humming of the bass-toned bumble-bees.
List! the dying sound of crying as of distant violins
In the sighing of the softly wind-swept trees.

Hear! the fluting and the luting of the merry pipes of Pan,
And the trilling of the shrill-voiced piccolos
Played by crickets in the thickets while the marsh-frog's kettle-drum
Keeps a-rattling when the thrush his whistle blows.

Hark! the laughter-rippling after-wake, as music-jewelled brooks
Frolic-gambol in a rock-gemmed valley bed;
And the rhyming and the chiming at the rosy fall of eve
When the white bell-wethers homeward bend the head.

Oh! the ringing joyous singing of the feathered songsters' choir
And the murmurous sounds that float in from afar,
Send the glowing thoughts a-flowing through my dull and weary mind
As I listen to Old Nature's Orchestra.

—John Ravenor Bullen.

The Gold of the McCloud

By Henry Meade Bland

A HEAVY mist settled murkily over the black belt of firs lining the foot of Mt. Shasta, sweeping coldly down to the arrowy McCloud. There was no light from heaven; the campfires were out. The last miner had gone to bed, and had been asleep two hours. Dan Finlayson felt himself safe enough to begin another raid, for though evil travels many by-paths, it prefers darkness and silence.

Slipping from his bed Finlayson went softly down to the long net-work of sluice-boxes, and deftly repeated the trick he had so often played before, of appropriating just enough of the cleanings as not to arouse suspicion. He passed from box to box till his cupidity was apparently satisfied. Then he glided back to camp, and in an inkling was between the blankets.

"That you, Duck?" a disturbed sleeper grunted as he returned.

"Yep," he answered," this infernal dyspepsia 'll get me yet!" His questioner turned over satisfied. Dan's quick word had saved him, for the whole camp knew his chronic ailment. Moreover the camp knew, too, that a touch of nervous heart-trouble brought on by indigestion, many times brought him to the verge of dangerous illness.

The camp rushed to its work as usual next morning. Major Joe Anderson, who worked and owned the claim, hired every available miner around Mt. Shasta, saw with pride the faithful labor of his well-paid men; while he sat in front of his cabin, surrounded with papers, planning to add to his wealth by an engineering feat by means of which he expected to lay bare an entire section of the bed of the McCloud and make it yield many thousands.

Dan Finlayson, his cook, had by ten o'clock that morning finished cleaning up the breakfast dishes and had made preliminary ready for dinner. He was now about to perform his harmless morning ablution — a plunge into the golden stream. Three hundred yards south of the diggings the McCloud made a deep plunge into the mountain side and then swayed out again in a mighty curve. It was here every day this half man, half fish, came for his swim and lasting practice at diving. It was his love of the water that gave him the nick-name, "The Duck," and such was the persistence of the camp in so calling him that it was now his only cognomen.

This strange piece of humanity had grown from boyhood in an atmosphere of hate. It was not his fault, but the fault of his surroundings. His one true friend, his mother, died when he was four; when he became the ward of a selfish uncle who battered him into a thing of evil. Though he hated his uncle, yet his uncle's questionable business methods were the only ones he knew. But he did not have his uncle's astuteness to evade the meshes of the law, and so at last, a refugee from the law he had violated in his Eastern home, he drifted West and yet further West till he became an employee of Major Joe Anderson. Major Joe, he hated with natural vindictiveness, and Major Joe felt this, but the big-hearted miner thought he understood the pessimism of Dan and generously endured it. But the Major's unconcealed friendship was not returned. Rather it was intensified by the Major's evident successes; and these at last became Dan's secret excuse for pilferings, larger and larger, from the sluices. But Dan cooked well and his strange plunges into the McCloud bothered no one.

"There goes the Duck again," said

Major Joe, as Dan sauntered to his pastime.

"Yes, and he will go once too often. That water's cold. He'll get the cramps and then he'll never see light. Down in those treacherous holes a feller never comes to the surface. What a man with heart-disease means by such exposure is more than I know. The idiot!"

This was from "The Raccoon," so named because of a quaint and funny 'coon story he sometimes told. But the Raccoon was no joke in the Major's camp. He was closest of all the miners to the Major. Besides he was young, and like Dan could swim, if necessary, in the dangerous waters of the McCloud.

The mining camp was now busy at its work. Picks swung in every direction, and shovels sang as the gravelly pay dirt rolled into the sluices. And Major worked, and perfected his new scheme, which his thousands of wealth now enabled him to carry out, that of building a sluice for more than a mile parallel to the river, a sluice large enough to carry all the McCloud's late summer waters; thus leaving the shining sandy bottom of the river dry, and so making it yield its gold.

With Major Joe, wealth-getting was a game. His method was by sheer brain-force to compel Mother Earth to yield her increase. He was no hoarder of pennies pinched from the unlucky in a remorseless business fight; his schemes were legitimate, and he planned and strove with a clear conscience, and those who were associated with him shared in his prosperity. Even if he lost all in an unlucky adventure, he was up and at it again, and soon regained his losses. Hence he always had a following—a following who had blind faith in him. There is no old miner in all the Shasta region who to this day does not remember Major Joe with a kindly touch of heart.

For these qualities, however, Dan Finlayson hated the Major; but Jerry Wilkinson loved and honored him day by day more and more. With the fear that his systematic pilferings might be discovered, "The Duck" became more skilled, and more secretive, and more successful. His cooking too was perfect, perfect for those days of coffee, beans, bread and bacon. And he did not miss his daily swim in the sweeping river curve. Occasionally an interested miner was curious enough to watch him as he disappeared in a dive into the foam, wondering how long it would be possible for the fellow to remain under, but the Duck always had a keen stealthy eye for such, and preferred to be alone.

But a day of reckoning was coming; for Jerry had actually seen him at night slip down toward the sluice-boxes, had told Major Joe, and the two laid a trap for his undoing. They felt sure of his capture; but the Duck, while quick, sharp pistol shots rained at him, escaped in the darkness, and the surrounding posse of miners lost him.

"Wait till tomorrow and we'll land him," was the scant satisfaction the best head could offer, for no one could hope to locate a dangerous criminal in the dense forest during that black Shastan night.

Jerry took charge of the cooking next morning. Four strapping miners were appointed to apprehend the villain, and the hard work of gleaning the glittering nuggets of the McCloud banks went on.

But the Duck was not to be taken so easily, for after many days' search, not a trace of him could be found. Gradually the camp forgot the robbery, and presently Major Joe changed every feature of work at the diggings by disclosing his plan for a great sluice, and a dam across the river.

There were many who believed the task could never be accomplished; yet wages were good and every wandering white miner, every Chinaman, every chance Mexican, was put to work and the sluice was built, as well as the projected dam, and the schemes so well carried out, that by late summer when the river was at its lowest, the last of the whirling Sierran snow water was rolling down the sluice, and the white sandy gravelly bottom of the McCloud was dry, dry except in the holes and at the great bend where a long crescent lake, which hugged close to the inner mountain-side, was formed.

Now the force of miners employed by Major Joe swept into the sandy gravelly river bottom, and the process of extracting nuggets and gold dust once more went feverishly forward.

"Toil, toil for your lives, boys," urged

the Major "a cloud-burst in the McCloud Canyons will cut off our last chance and wash our levee like sand. Hurry her along and when we're done this fall we'll divide the bullion."

Not a miner hesitated. Pick rang as they never had before, and as they never will again on the Arrowy McCloud. Indians looked on, shaking their heads. They could not understand. At best the work could only injure the stream as a source of their winter supply of dried fish. They knew no value to gold. But the white men knew, and determined to take the gold from the section of the river, thus laid bare, to the last ounce of dust. If a stranger chanced into camp he was given a share of the undertaking, and set to work as the rest; for Major Joe Anderson had no idea of letting the outside world know the great game of wealth he was playing, and so bring on an unmanageable rush to his diggings.

Jerry Wilkinson, the Raccoon, Captain of the Commissary, and now head cook, wirey and busy as he always was, had made an interesting discovery. The long crescent-shaped lake at the big McCloud bend which was included in the section to be mined was full of fish—literally alive with trout of all sizes, the most edible sweet-savoured fish in the world; and there were, also, no telling how many great land-locked salmon whose presence was announced to the line of ungovernable eaters as a surprise in the shape of a roast salmon for supper, which most happily replaced the bacon and beans. Savoury fish cooked in all forms were the order; and no epicure ever had such feasts. It was all because the Raccoon knew how to snare salmon and trout and because he was a wonderful swimmer, when necessary.

Major Joe, in glee, noted his ever increasing treasure; and he also studied the ominous late autumn sky, knowing the swift and sure end to which his enterprise would come when the winter waters raged down the canyons.

"Hurry 'em along, boys," was his constant injunction, "Eden-time is sure coming," he would continue.

Of course the land-locked salmon and the trout could not grace the Raccoon's bill 'o fare forever. The salmon were already short, and the Raccoon had to use more and more of his Indian-taught skill to fill his frying pans.

There was one salmon, fully a 60-pounder, he had often seen, but the wise old son of the stream always managed to escape snare and harpoon. Now Jerry felt it necessary to capture him. So selecting a late hour in the afternoon, when the low sun shown full down into the depths of the lake, with hook in hand, he plunged, Indian style, down after his big game. The salmon retreated further and further under the bank. The Raccoon rose to the surface foiled, but got his breath and dived again, this time following the fish far under the projecting bank of stone into the watery fastness. Still the salmon retreated. Then the Raccoon stood up on the solid rocky floor to measure the cave's height when to his surprise his head popped out of the water and he was breathing the cold moist air of an underground cavern. He moved further in; the water became shallower and then he stood on the slick, slimy, rocky floor, while he tried to accustom his eyes to the blank darkness here and there penetrated slightly by the slanting reflected light creeping in through the waters from the afternoon sun. His stay was scarcely a minute, when he retreated out through the watery mouth, and rose to the sun light, and swiftly swam to the sands.

That night Major Joe and Jerry were in long, earnest conversation.

"Keep your counsel," advised the Major, "No telling what's in there," he said. "Tomorrow you can quietly explore."

The next day, cloudy though it was, and hungry for salmon though the men were, it was not for fish that Jerry, keenly watched from a distance by the Major, dived into the most wonderful natural cavern of all the Shastan Sierras. Candles and matches carefully carried under water in sealed tins made a light and he proceeded to explore. From overhead hung the long limy stalactites revealing the character of the strata of rock that had yielded to the insistent wearings of the river, and told how the underground wonder was wrought; but more than that someone else, it was plain, had already been there.

Jerry moved slowly, with his heavy salmon hook ready to repel any enemy. On and up he went many feet above the river-level.

But he who had been there, had already fought his last fight for there, dead, unrecognizable save for his clothes, the prey of vermin and water lizards, was Dan Finlayson. Death had come suddenly to him in this safe retreat from the miners he had so many times robbed.

And there by his side was his pile of nuggets, enough to bribe a prince, the reward of his cupidity.

Sick at heart, Jerry turned his eyes from the grewsome scene hurried back, and swam to light.

A brisk south wind was blowing, with September rain in the air, and the low rumble of thunder from frowning Shasta foreboded a storm.

That night it came. Major Joe Anderson's dam across the McCloud spun like sand before the waters from the cloudburst in the wild upper river canyons; and the next morning the muddy turbulent stream rushed remorselessly by the deep hidden mouth of the cavern.

MOONSET.

In the early hours I wakened
Before the night had gone,
And a flood of light adorning
My chambers, seemed like the dawn.

I rose to behold the setting
Of a wondrous waning moon,
That shone with the softened brightness
Of a hazy sun at noon.

Far over the western hill-top,
Where the people lay asleep,
The luminous orb descended
To a silence vast and deep.

And the city lay all unconscious
Of the glory shed around,
And the stillness was unbroken
By motion or by sound.

Slowly the moon sank downward
And paler grew the light,
Till over the hill it vanished
And faded from my sight.

—Victor Buchanan.

National Conservation and Personal Thrift

By Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.

(Professor of Economics, University of Southern California.)

AMERICA is pausing now, like a spendthrift who by accident first runs his fingers to the bottom of a supposedly bottomless pocket. The chilling idea that our national resources are not boundless; the realization that we are getting down to par with other nations; that our national existence is open to the same dangers and threatened by the same causes that give concern to other nations, is upon us in all its grim reality."

These are the ominous words of a recent writer on "The Price of Inefficiency," who seemed to possess a veritable gift of prophecy. In this age of problems **par excellence** the most pressing problem is that of education,—more education **of the right sort,**—for education has well been called "the fountain head of all national progress."

We Americans must plead guilty to the charge of having been a wasteful and spend-thrifty people. We have been wasting $50,000,000 and 50 human lives a year in forest fires; a billion cubic feet of natural gas—enough ideal fuel to supply all our cities of over 100,000 population —has been going to waste daily; undeveloped horsepower worth $600,000,000 annually; half a billion dollars worth of soil by sheer, unhindered erosion every year; while we are spending upwards of a billion and a half in loss of life and sickness through preventable disease. Is it not time that we should be counting the terrible cost of the burden of inefficiency?

The answer lies in national conservation and personal thrift.

Conservation means the wise use of resources. It is the preservation of our goodly heritage, the development, equitable distribution and discriminating use of man's patrimony. Henry Carter Adams was statesman as well as teacher when he said: "The patrimony of the state must not be impaired." Conservation strikes a just balance between the present and the future use of resources to insure the perpetuation and progress of the human race. Its aim is to reduce the intensity of the age-long struggle for existence and break down some of the barriers to the more abundant life.

Natural Resources.

National prosperity must increasingly depend upon the conservation of our great and splendid—but not unlimited—natural resources. All of the natural resources appertain to the land, in its broad economic acceptation.

A few great-visioned Americans have perceived the vast importance of conservation, and beginnings have been made. The real father of the movement was that most typically American man of his generation, with his marvelous skill and unique versatility, Theodore Roosevelt. Nobly seconding this "greatest Roman of them all" were such men as Gifford Pinchot with his passion and genius for forestry, and President Van Hise, whose written contributions are still the best we have.

But conservation must be the enthusiasm not of the few but of the multitudes; it must be introduced into the folkways of the people; the passion must be enkindled in the breasts of millions of American school children. Here is a new, but delightful task for the teacher.

Our chief natural resources include

coal, oil, natural gas, the metals, the forests, water, and the soil itself. How intimately the lives of us moderns intertwine in inter-dependence is well illustrated by the sobering reflection that one-half of one per cent of our population—the coal miners — have it within their power to stop the wheels of the machinery of the nation and spread discomfort and dismay throughout the length and breadth of the land.

There is a definite, limited quantity of coal in the earth; man cannot create more coal in a thousand years. Conservation, therefore, demands a reduction in the hitherto enormous waste in mining and in use of this fuel upon which we are so dependent. So far as practicable, substitutes should be found for coal; for when the supply which nature has been making during millions of years is once exhausted, man will be powerless to create more coal.

Closely akin to coal is petroleum, the extension of the use of which during recent years has been phenomenal. Our commerce and transportation are rapidly becoming more and more dependent upon oil; so that any decrease of production in California or Texas, or any disturbance in Mexico becomes at once a matter of grave concern. Conservation means saving more oil for the higher uses, as light and lubricant, instead of consuming as fuel vast and increasing quantities of oil that may readily be refined. Since we are already using more than we produce domestically, it must be obvious that exportation of oil is contrary to the principles of conservation. The government should be active in seeing to it that new wells are opened up, not purely at random or at the dictates of acquisitive owners, but only as rapidly as will serve the higher purposes dictated by true conservation.

It is gratifying to note the activity of the California Railroad Commission in connection with the conservation of natural gas, a splendid but limited natural resource, which has too long been permitted to exhibit an appalling waste. If the American people would prolong the use of this ideal fuel, it must first be used, not wasted; and secondly, priority must be given the higher uses, and everywhere the strictest economy must be employed.

Van Hise points out that conservation of the metals, the amount of which, like coal, is absolutely limited, demands three special cares,—first, the reduction to a minimum of the waste in processes of mining and extracting; second, the non-use of metals for such purposes as destroy them at once and for all, as when lead or zinc is made into paint; third, the avoidance of such uses as bring speedy deterioration, as when unprotected iron surfaces are exposed to the oxidizing action of the weather.

How our noble forests have been permitted to be exploited and murdered! And yet "only God can make a tree." Our majestic sequoias are mother earth's oldest living children; when they are destroyed, they cannot be replaced in a hundred generations. True, our forests are for use, but henceforth they should be used no faster than they can be renewed; and we may well pray that our wonderful national parks may be preserved to the end of time. The national forest service must be extended and improved, by air patrol and in a dozen other ways, in order that an end may be made of disastrous fires and that vast burnt and cut-over areas may be reforested. The by-products of the forests must be more fully utilized, more substitutes, such as brick, cement, and artificial stone, should be used in building, and single trees should be left for seed where the forest is lumbered. Forestry can be made most fascinating to young children of every grade.

If bread is the staff of life, water is its basis. Only a small proportion of our people have any appreciation of our utter dependence upon the rainfall in the valley, the snowfall in the high Sierras, and the steady flow of the tiny stream and the mighty river. The ocean is the ultimate source of all the water, and the ocean is an unfailing and inexhaustible supply. Therefore the conservation problem with reference to water is not a skimpiness of use, as in the case of certain other resources, but consists in its fullest possible utilization. Use it in plenty, then use it over and over again; for the various uses of water are not self-exclusive. After domestic purposes have been served, the water thus used may

again be put to work to develop water power; after passing through the turbine it may speed on to lower levels and sustain navigation; and the same water may later be drawn off into the thirsty valley for irrigation, always in quest of its original home in the sea. Thus it is pointed out that the water of the Santa Ana River, in Southern California, "is first used for power, then for municipal and irrigation purposes at Redlands and Highlands, then largely recovered by means of springs and flowing wells for San Bernardino and Riverside. A part of the water re-emerges into the river at Riverside Narrows, where it is again used for irrigation; and after this a part of it is again recovered by pumping. But little of it reaches the sea." The same particle of water may have been used as many as eight times.

The conservation of the soil—the land itself—has been pronounced the greatest of all conservation problems; for, "upon its products we depend for food and clothing, the basal necessities of man." President Van Hise called it "the most fundamental, far-reaching, most important of the problems of conservation which confront this nation." If the soil is to be wisely conserved, the enormous losses entailed by mechanical erosion must be checked,—this problem is closely intertwined with those of the forest and the water; secondly, we must cease robbing the soil of those precious elements—nitrogen, potassium, phosphorus — which are so necessary for plant food. Here is a great field for the development of scientific agriculture; truly, the prosperity of the state depends upon the use of the soil. Take phosphorus, for example, that "essential constituent of blood and flesh and bone and brain"; why should we not tell all the people that by taking off the bran from the wheat in making white flour we are removing about 80 per cent of the phosphorus? Why not tell the girls that "mothers whose main articles of diet are white bread and potatoes are not able properly to nourish their babies?" The problem of the wise use and conservation of the country's phosphates, vastly more important than that of our precious metals, is indeed crucial, far-reaching, and vital to the future of the nation.

Social Responsibility.

For the practice of these principles of conservation a genuine sense of social responsibility is required. They demand that the needs of the nation be made paramount; and since they sometimes call for a degree of self-denial on the part of property owners, for putting a premium upon the future as compared with the present, it becomes obvious that the nation itself must function in conserving our great resources, guided by the highest order of statesmanship. It is the duty of the nation to protect our children and provide for the needs of their descendants. The species of altruism that projects itself into the future is all too rare among us. "The patrimony of the state must not be impaired."

Human Conservation.

All this conservation, therefore, which calls for wise limitation of present enjoyment of the good things of life and sometimes for downright sacrifice for the sake of the future, exists not for itself; it is for men and women. Its aim is to "give an opportunity for development to a higher intellectual and spiritual level."

The careful conservation of our natural resources, then, would be empty and meaningless, unless accompanied by the conservation of man himself. The continued life of humanity is humanity's most precious asset; the supreme lesson is the lesson of life.

An eminent economist has defined civilization as "the progressive elimination of waste in the expenditure of human energy, or the progressive economizing of that energy." How vastly important, then, is the conservation of the physical and moral health of the people and the effective promotion of not merely popular but likewise universal education! Idleness, whether in the case of the unemployed or of a wealthy leisure class, is the source of enormous waste; the twin sister of idleness is ignorance,—the business of our schools of every grade is to develop the kind of ability that is needed in human society and to distribute it in accordance with social requirements.

Human conservation is truly a large topic. It asserts for childhood the inher-

ent right to be well born and wisely nourished to the age of maturity; it vouchsafes the fundamental claims of womanhood in an ever-changing social and industrial environment; it demands for every worker a reasonable minimum of income, education and opportunity in an age of turbulence and strife; it safeguards with sedulous care the integrity of wholesome family life, which must ever be regarded as a chief foundation stone of our Republic. Human conservation is the end and aim of all other conservation, without it there can be no such thing as sane optimism; with it we make avowal of the progressive perfectibility of the race.

Conservation of the Nation.

Here we have touched upon the very heart of the state's fundamental purpose. The national state is the great co-ordinator of all our activities and our relationships, the preserver of conditions under which, in the classic phrase of Aristotle, all its subjects may live a perfect and self-sufficing life. Its chief end, a spiritual end, Professor Burgess has called "the perfection of humanity; the civilization of the world; the perfect development of the human reason, and its attainment to universal command over individualism; the apotheosis of man."

It is in the arena of the nation that the marvelous material progress of the ages has been achieved; the nation should therefore be conserved by diligent research into all fields, by ingenious invention, and by the stimulation of every kind of legitimate and forward-looking activity on the part of its loyal citizens.

And the nation cannot be truly conserved without adherence to its tested and proved principles and institutions and loyal devotion to its established political ideals. Liberty, self-reliance, the square deal, and brotherhood, — these are some of the principles that constitute Americanism. And these in America are the basis of patriotism. Patriotism is wholesouled devotion to our country's weal. The American patriot loves his country because he knows it is the very source of his blessings,—his parents, his home, his associations, his opportunities, his fortune, the sturdy guardian of his sacred honor. The American patriot will not fail in the international vision nor in the exalted spirit of the universal brotherhood; but he will seek to achieve the noble ends of the race through the medium of his beloved nation.

Personal Thrift.

The average citizen, the teacher in the school room, much more the individual pupil, is likely to look upon the great questions of conservation as being almost infinitely remote from his personal sphere of activities, possessing a certain "academic" interest, no doubt, but after all of no vital concern to him. In reasoning thus he has failed to observe the close and striking parallelism between national conservation and personal thrift and the most significant fact that in the last analysis the former is definitely conditioned upon the latter.

As we Americans as a nation must plead guilty to the charge of wasteful exploitation of our great natural resources, we have likewise no answer to the charge that we are now being swept by a mania of extravagance, that since the armistice we have been guilty of an "orgy of spending."

With the sharp reaction following the victorious ending of the war, the pendulum has swung—let us hope only temporarily — to the other extreme; for some months great masses of the people, imagining themselves to have suffered serious deprivations during the conflict when in reality they had but begun to taste genuine sacrifice, have thrown restraint to the winds, and lulled by the anesthesia of monetary inflation they have been spending as they never spent before, buying that which is not bread, induling in that which they could not afford, prodigally paying the price of the "high cost of human vanity."

The unheard-of demand thus created for "refined," expensive luxuries and amusements has diverted much of our labor force—already sadly reduced by the ravages of war and industrial unrest—away from the fundamental industries, thus making the prices of staple necessities, — potatoes, grains, dairy products, etc.,—still higher, while men and women continue in their phantom chase for

hedonic ease. The deadly contagion of this demand for the production of luxuries, to the neglect of the more fundamental industries, is the forerunner of serious depression or acute crisis; it is the exact opposite of sound conservation; it is diametrically opposed to the practice of personal thrift. It is devoutly to be hoped that the crest of this wave has been reached and passed and that the deeper sentiment for safety and moral and economic sanity will be speedily returned to power!

Guiding Principles of Thrift.

The guiding principles of thrift are quickly stated, but there is no space for their elaboration. First of all, personal thrift clearly involves some sacrifice of present good or current satisfaction, consciously made, in favor of greater estimated good or satisfaction at some future time. Secondly, thrift is neither an inherited trait nor a virtue that operates automatically, but it is a positive discipline, involving and developing the qualities of self-control and moral stamina. Thirdly, since present goods are always normally preferred to future goods, the wise forbearance to use or consume in the present for the sake of possessing in the future carries with it a necessary reward, which reward supplies the fundamental basis of interest on capital. Finally, thrift unmistakably implies income above the subsistence level; for it is obvious—though the fact is sometimes lost sight of —that the saving which is thrift is impossible if the actual cost of living equals or exceeds the income. In America, at least, we should not be interested in a subsistence wage but should think of a generous living wage as the practical minimum.

To be heedless of the sound economy and moral good sense of personal thrift in our day would be in direct violation of the principles of true conservation and the essence of individual and national folly. Thrift is a virtue of peace as well as of war; it means preparedness and progress; its absence spells defeat and disaster. There should therefore be a comprehensive, continuing campaign for thrift throughout all the schools and among all the people.

"Broader Thrift."

We Americans must be rescued — and that speedily—from the menace of the dollar mark as the universally acceptable standard of measurement; financial reconstruction, even economic well-being, is not all. As political idealism and the finer moral sentiments must underlie national conservation, so the "broader thrift" must be made to include conservation of health, of time, of education, and of civic morality. The high qualities involved in such a program cannot but contribute generously to the national prosperity that will abide. "Where there is a will there is a way", but we have too long been glorying in the splendid will, even exulting in our dull tools and heedless extravagance, and forgetting that **the way as well as the will** is essential to the finest achievement.

The financial question, the economic problem, great and commanding as it is, is not henceforth to be our supreme issue; America's destiny, like that of every individual, will rest ultimately upon her moral and spiritual foundations. This then must be taken as the fundamental postulate as we undertake to teach the rising generation of Americans. Personal thrift of this larger sort is thus seen to be the complement, the **sine qua non,** of true national conservation. It is by conservation of national resources and by personal thrift that the United States of America, under God and freedom's flag, will be able to contribute most generously to human perfection, to "the apotheosis of man."

The Signal

By Bromley Fowler

AT ease in their rustic chairs under the big sycamore, before the smithy, Luke and Mandy Henderson were talking of their Tommy, a tall, lank boy who roamed the broad spaces, as free as the wild creatures of the deep caves and the blue mountain tops.

"Of co'se," Mandy responded, to her husband's excuse for the lad, "he's young; but if he ain't gittin' inter devilment I'm mighty mistaken. He's actin' sorter cur'ous. Next we know he'll be a-leadin' of his shadder up the mountain an' a-hidin' of it. An' Jake Risdean's a-backin' him!" She shook her gray head with a determined air. "If it's ag'in' ther gov'ment, I'll hev ter—" She sprang from her seat with an intake of breath, and stood tense. "The signal!" she whispered, her hand gripped on her husband's shoulder.

A boulder had started from the height across the ravine. It leaped from strata to strata, crashed through the underbrush, wrenched a small tree opposite, and plunged into the river rushing far below.

Not until the quiet of their solitude was restored did they move, and then cautiously. Luke smothered his corn-cob pipe, stole to the edge of the trees' shadow, and peered up. By a motion of his head he called his wife to him. Well out of sight of the man on the road above, they watched.

"It's Jed Jimson, I reckon," whispered the smith. "I heard tell a sheriff was venturin' inter these parts, a-trailin'. That's why Jimson sent the signal." He cocked his head to one side, and announced: "The man's a-comin' here."

"What fer he's comin here!" Mandy started on a run for the small log house that crouched at the side of the smithy, giving upon crossroads and a wide plateau. But Luke caught her skirt.

"Don't yer be in such a scramble, ol' girl! P'r'aps he's after thet scrivig'ous Jake—an' I hope he gets him. The man's comin' here first 'cause his critter's lost a shoe."

"Wal, ye air the beater fer sounds! You try ter find out all yer kin offen him, an' I'll go put out ther warnin's. I ain't goin' ter hev Tommy took up, — nor t'other boys neither."

She started off briskly, and Luke's proudful glance followed her. Neither Mandy Henderson's manly stride, nor the protest against her sex in the big straw hat she wore on the back of her cropped gray head, had given her among the mountain people the nickname: "The blacksmith's boss." It was given in admiration for the indomitable spirit which shrank at no sacrifice, shirked no hardship, that was for "my Luke," or for "my folks," as she called all the people of the hills.

Luke watched three red streamers flaunted from the attic window of the little log house; watched Mandy give them a shake until they were flying as bravely as if they knew that they must send their warning to old men and to young, to hide, to efface themselves.

The smith's greeting to the man who rode in under the big tree, of "Howdy, Mister!" was non-committal. The rider's rough clothing, and indifferent: "Good-morning!" placed him among the low-country people.

Luke lifted the mare's forefoot, saying casually:

"Rough ridin'."

"Yes, I came all the way from Charlotteville — on a horse I'm not used to, too. Lord, but these trails are heavy riding!" The man was well on toward forty, firmly set up and honest looking.

But Luke knew from many signs that the man was not "used" to any horse; and judged him accordingly.

"Hev a chair?" invited the smith.

"Thanks, no! I'll walk about." As he paced stiffly, he asked: "Aren't there any men in this country? I've see only old women and a few children. Where are the men?"

It was too much for the smith's sense of humor. "A sheriff! Hadn't seen any men!" He sat back on his heels and roared.

"What's the idea?" The stranger scowled down at Luke.

As soon as Luke could get his breath he made a sort of apology:

"Yer see, stranger we don't never ask questions in this kentry, an' we don't favor no questions bein' asked o' us. I don't mind tellin' yo', tho', thet you won't likely come up on ary man but me here-a-bouts."

"Well, I say it's too good a country to go to waste; it ought to be full of people. Here I have come miles and miles across the most magnificent plateau I have ever seen, and not a house nor a person in sight! Why, man, a whole army could be quartered there, and you'd never know it was there!" He swung his arms excitedly.

"Yep," said the smith. "We done it once, mister." Luke chuckled and grinned. "Same 's yisterday ter me — the day Mandy kum up frum ther settl'ment an' tol' thar was a war. She an' me, we marched down the mountain, our rifles 'cross our shoulders." The smith gently eased the mare's hoof down, and sat back on the ground. "Yer never seen a more disapp'inted woman than Mandy, when she found they wouldn't 'list her! They tuck me. Mandy follered the boys an' nursed the sick of ther training camp all through ther war. After the United States had got what it was fightin' fer, we come home."

The stranger had reached into an inner pocket, and brought out a legal-looking paper, which he unfolded. Luke, with the child-like pride of the native who could read, craned at the superscription. It was not Jake Risdean's name he saw, but something that brought him to his feet. He caught the other man by the arm, and pointing at the paper, demanded in high, aggressive tones:

"What does that mean?" To the man's few words, Luke said: "Wait, I must git Mandy!" He called: "Mandy! Mandy!" — and swung the stranger to face her when she came running. "Listen to him!"

The smith kept his hold on the stranger as he talked; he listened with eyes a-goggle, mouth a-gape. Mandy's body and face were as iron, her eyes were full of misery. His recital finished, the stranger spread his arms wide, his fists clenched.

Calling: "Wait! Wait!" Mandy ran to the house. Luke dragged the stranger after her.

The red streamers were pulled in; and from the little attic window issued the pathetic, doleful cry of an owl to its mate. Once, again, and the third time it sounded. A silence. More sad, more pitiful than before, again fled that cry to the hills and to the valleys.

Mandy came down to the narrow porch of her home, and stood facing the broad plateau; Luke and the stranger lingered at the corner of the house.

From a tree at the edge of the ravine, long, lank Tommy dropped. His rifle swung from his hand as he raced across the clearing to his mother. Down a stout pine tree slid two tall fellows; rifles ready for action, they raced to Ma Henderson.

From a clump of rhododendrons bloomed three youngsters in the usual sumac-dyed garments of the native. From bushes, from the earth, from the trees, young men rose or dropped—a sun-tanned company, waiting, with threatening glances at the stranger, for Ma Henderson's commands.

"They stand like soldiers," said the stranger in a surprised whisper, to Luke, who whispered back:

"Mandy, she drills 'em. Keeps 'em up to the mark."

"Boys," begun Ma, "you 'member how Pa Luke an' me went down ter fight fer freedom for you-uns? Wal, there's 'nother fight fer freedom now."

Came a perceptible stiffening of the spare bodies of the silent company.

"Gad! Look at their eyes!" ejaculated the stranger.

By no gesture did the woman strive to strengthen her words, as she continued:

"But this time it ain't no furrin fight —it's the en'mies right to home we've got to take keer on."

Her voice never faltered, but, rang out clear and firm; sharp as a lash she whipped the words:

"This here stranger's come to git up a comp'ny—'Mer'can Legion, he calls it—to fight the Boches on this side the big water. We knows they's here—right in these mountains. Many's the boy they's tried to git inter trouble with whisperin's ag'in ther gov'ment. **Them's don't like this gov'ment ain't got no right ter its pr'tection!** Let 'em git out!"

She turned to the stranger:

"Here's yer comp'ny! Tommy, you sign. Now Jake, an' you, Abe, Jed—Don't crowd! There's plenty of room fer all of you-uns."

WHERE QUIET WATERS LIE.

Over the restless ocean
The white sails speed away.
With never ceasing motion
To find some quiet bay.
With human souls they're speeding,
Each freighted with its own;
Their courses all uncharted,
And each one sails alone.

No chart have they, but guidance,
And where that harbor lies,
Is only seen at sunset,
And when the evening skies
Arch all the clashing waters
That mark the harbor bar,
And lift beyond its entrance,
A friendly guiding star.

Beyond that restless ocean,
Beneath that guiding star,
Beyond the clashing waters
That mark that harbor bar,
There lies a quiet harbor
Where yet a rest remains
For every weary sailor,
Where peace eternal reigns.

Be still, thou restless ocean!
Shine out, thou guiding star.
Be with each storm tossed sailor
Before that harbor bar.
And give each sailor entrance
Beneath that arching sky,
Into that peaceful haven
Where quiet waters lie.

—Chas. J. North.

Souvenir

By Edna de Fremery

IT was the thirty-third anniversary of the death of Marie Bashkirtseff. I, a Frenchman and an artist having been born on the day of her death,—and having always felt a peculiar interest in her—on finding myself in Paris on the thirty-first of October, determined to make a pious pilgrimage to her tomb at Passy.

Perhaps the almost strange influence that the memory of Mlle. Bashkirtseff exerted upon me, was due to the fact that she expressed in her diary, for all the world to read, ideas, emotions, ambitions that had, since my earliest memories, dwelt in my mind and fired my soul. And the similarity of our fate did not stop there. I suffered from the disease that she succumbed to, and, though the advance of science since her death had enabled me to combat pulmonary phthisis for several years with reasonable success, I was now, for perhaps the first time in my life, tasting the full bitterness of my physical disability.

The Cause of the Allies! The Army of France! I could not strike one blow for them, or with them. I was disqualified.

It was nearly four in the afternoon, as I left my house on the Avenue Henri-Martin. A cold wind was blowing from a gray sky, catching up withered leaves and scraps of paper and whirling them in miniature cyclones down the street. But I was determined to walk, hoping that the exercise, by aiding the circulation, would relieve my depression. Very few people were about, and of those, none but the aged or the unfortunate. As I mounted the height to the cemetery, going slowly as my breath was short, I noticed a vender of chestnuts with his vehicle standing at the entrance of the cemetery No. 2, Rue des Reservoirs. Seeing that I observed him, he caught up his wares and rubbed his hands, as though the heat was grateful, calling out to me, in the accent of Marseilles, to buy. His antics, which were those of an old and eager man pitifully thin, touched me. I rewarded them. From the flow of words with which he answered, I understood that there had been but one other visitor today beside myself, to the cemetery—but "she," he added with a shrug, "comes always, but does not buy."

Wearying of the old man's loud and violent talk, I entered the cemetery, preferring to find my own way, rather than provoke another torrent of speech. He tired me.

Within the cemetery, I took the first turn to the right. The avenue, paved in gray stone and bordered by cypress trees whose melancholy outlines moved against the sky like funeral plumes, led me to the mausoleum designed by Emile Bastien-Lepage, and evidently inspired by his admiration of, and gratitude to Mlle. Bashkirtseff for her genius, and her association with the artist, his brother, Jules Bastien-Lepage.

Taking a card from my case, I placed it reverently, with some others, at the door of the tomb, and then seated myself on a wire bench. It was now five o'clock, and the cemetery would close at half past six,—a bell rang fifteen minutes before the time, would warn me, however, if I cared to remain so long.

The place soothed me. The contrast was not too great between my life and this death. A strange sense of companionship, of understanding, consolation, love, took possession of me. Could the soul transcend the physical? Was it possible that my blind yearning had reached out of time—out of space—to the soul of the only woman I could ever love? Was it possible? I do not know. I only

know that for a moment I knew exaltation—and then a great darkness. As if one who was caught up to heaven should wake again, in the grave. I was aware of my body. From my lips words came without any volition, and as though they had been poured into me and were finding their outlet from me. My voice was harsh, strained. The lines that I have never forgotten being a version of the hundred and fifteenth psalm. They burst from me with a terrible despair.

"Not unto us, O Lord,
Not unto us the rapture of the day,
The peace of night, or Love's divine surprise.
High heart, high speech, high deeds mid knowing eyes,
For at thy Word
All these are taken away.
Not unto us, O Lord:
To us thou givest the scorn, the scourge, the scar,
The ache of life, the loneliness of death,
The insufferable sufficiency of breath;
And with Thy sword
Thou piercest very far.

Not unto us, O Lord;
Nay, Lord, but unto her be all things given—
My light and life and earth and sky be blasted—
But let not all that wealth of love be wasted.
Let Hell afford
The pavement of her Heaven!"

The words rang out. How far they had carried, I did not know. I was exhausted with emotion, and taking out my handkerchief, buried my face in it. Presently, I heard a footstep approaching me. I did not look up. Surely, I would not be disturbed. But a woman's voice addressed me. She asked me a curious question, in a voice that was quiet, sympathetic.

"May I rest here, and tell you of my daughter?"

Her daughter! She must be crazed with grief. Reluctantly, I got to my feet.

"If you wish, Madame."

She was an old woman, and evidently poor. From an ill fitting black cloak, her neck rose like a withered stalk, but her face—ah, that was different. It was thin, worn, but her eyes looked as though altar candles were lit behind them.

She thanked me and invited me to sit beside her. She did not speak of my outburst, though it had undoubtedly startled, if not terrified her. Nor could I speak of it.

In a very natural manner, however, she gave me this history of her daughter, who is buried here—and of one other, a soldier of France, who lies in "No Man's Land."

It seemed that the little Cecile, who had been born in her father's pension in Auteuil, had always cared for beautiful things. Even as a small child she preferred flowers to fruit, and ribbons to toys, when any of the patrons who noticed her, wished to make her a trifling present. As she grew older her tastes were very different from those of the young girls that were her friends and companions, in the milliner's shop to which she was apprenticed.

When her work was done, and on holidays, Cecile, after receiving permission from her mother, would take sketching materials and hurry to the Louvre. And the sketches that she brought home, were always of one picture, that without knowledge, without instruction, she labored to reproduce.

The skilled copyists and the guards knew her and respected her. Cecile was not chic, but there was something about her face, her eyes, people looked at her twice. The picture was Mlle. Bashkirtseff's "The Meeting."

One day—it was a year before the war—Cecile came home in great excitement. An artist, a young man, had been copying her picture! For it had seemed like hers. They had spoken together, and he had offered to give her lessons! Of course Cecile's Papa was in a rage. But the next day the young man came, himself, to the pension, and well—he remained as a patron. And Cecile was instructed by him. Almost at once they were in love, and very nearly as soon, married!

Cecile said to her mother on her wedding day,

"It was not for nothing that the name of our picture was, "The Meeting."

Jean, that was Cecile's husband, tried very hard to get pupils. When he could not do that, he copied—when he could not sell his pictures, he laughed and went to work as a laborer on the building constructions of the Rue Mozart. Cecile's Papa, though very angry at their marriage, let them remain in the attic of the pension, and Cecile worked in the house and let the maid go. And they were all very happy. When Cecile and Jean were together their faces were like two angels, because they loved so much.

I had listened idly enough to the simple narrative this bereaved woman was telling me. When she said that, a thrill ran through me.

Then the war came. Jean was among the first to go. Paris was not safe when he left,—he could not know what was before Cecile. When they parted—he was in his uniform of a Zouave — and Cecile, who had been busy in the kitchen, ran to him as she was—in her apron.

They clung together for a long time. After Jean had gone, Cecile stood by the window, where she had watched him out of sight—until it was almost dark, and her Papa spoke sharply to her.

As all the world knows, the war made it hard for the poor in Paris,—as it did everywhere else. Cecile worked. She seemed possessed of a terrible energy that would not let her rest. And after the work of the house was done she would write each night something to Jean, though she sent it only twice a week. She heard from him, not regularly, but almost every fortnight.

The postman was a very kind old fellow, and when he saw that Cecile waited every day for him, and grew white before she could find her voice to ask if there "was anything," he would throw up his hand if he had a letter as soon as he entered the street. So Cecile did not have the suspense.

The first winter of the war was a very bitter one. Many died, and the poor suffered. But not alone for themselves. They were thinking of their soldiers fighting and dying in the ice,—lying wounded in the slime of Belgium.

Jean's letters did not come as often as they had and Cecile grew very white and thin, and took a heavy cold. Her cough annoyed her Papa. It disturbed him at night. From the first, there was something strange, terrible about that cough. It was like an enemy, that was overpowering her. The clientele was very kind, and offered suggestions, many of them. And Cecile's mother was worn with anxiety and fear.

One day, in March, when the sky was like steel, and the earth like iron, Cecile, coughing frightfully, ventured out. She went to the address of a physician, given her by one of the patrons.

It was quite dark when she reached home again, and she went at once to her mother. It was not easy for Cecile to give her mother the news she had,—nor was it easy for her mother to hear, though she had known before it was put into words. But she crushed her own agony down, and kissed the tears from Cecile's eyes.

Then Cecile asked and received her mother's promise to do for Jean what she, herself, would soon be unable to do, ever again.

It was to write to Jean. To copy Cecile's handwriting when the letters that she had ready were exhausted. To keep up his heart—to comfort and cheer him —to carry his wife's love to him through the hell of battle. And to tell him that she was happy.

It is two years now since Cecile died. By great good fortune her family were able to secure a plot of ground for her, in Passy, near the tomb of Mlle. Bashkirtseff, whose wonderful life had had such influence on the little Parisian's humble one.

"Cecile lies," her mother said, pointing, "just over there, M'sieur, and today, I had news,—official news. I shall not have to write any more letters."

Wishing me a polite "Bonne Nuit—" the old woman moved off down the avenue of cypress.

A harsh voice called, "On ferme les portes!"

The cemetery would be closed in a quarter of an hour. But I lingered, in the ghostly twilight. Influence of thought,—of life,—of love. Who dares say that it does not transcend death?

The Black Opal

By Caroline Catherine Franklin

(Part II.)

When the Clock Struck Eleven.

IT was a fagged company that straggled down to breakfast after an exciting time that had almost broken up the dance.

As has been related, Aunt Fiske had retired from the festivities for forty winks—as was her custom when drowsiness overtook her, no matter what the time and place. The catch on her pearl collar had not seemed quite safe; so she removed the pearls, laying them on her dressing table. Certainly she had laid them there! Did Janice Jerome think she didn't know what she had done with her own pearls? Well, the upshot of the matter was this: When she awoke she went to the dressing table to powder her nose; and the pearls were gone—gone!

She started to run down stairs to call on the men to search the premises for the thief. In her excitement she missed the top step. One hundred and ninety-five pounds — although these were not specified—rolled over twice on the way down, and crashed into the grandfather's clock with heavy impact, and the tinkling of glass, which scattered as from an explosion in a laboratory. Then it was that Aunt Fiske, finding her voice, screamed lustily.

Strong and willing arms carried her up stairs and into her room; and Dr. Hoffman Gordon rushed to the rescue; and solemnly—vetoing the subject of the pearls warned Aunt Fiske of the danger of excitement after a blow on the head.

"I feel as if I'd visited an insane asylum in a personally conducted party," declared Martha, the strong-minded one of the Farrel sisters, to Gretchen Mallory. "Why, the doctor won't even let Charlotte and Mr. Benton tell her of that mysterious prowler they saw in the garden!"

The accident had occurred at ten o'clock. Aunt Fiske had ordered that her guests return to their dancing. Mrs. Farrel offered to sit with Mrs. Fiske, and made mysterious mention of something interesting that she had brought from home to show to her friend.

"I'll just run to my room and get it," she volunteered; and Aunt Fiske, on whom an opiate was taking effect, drowsily assented. In a moment Mrs. Farrel had returned with her treasure—"which I usually keep in the safety deposit," she announced.

She turned up the flame of the rose-shaded lamp on the table at the bedside, and Mrs. Fiske blinked as she tried to accustom her eyes to the brighter light.

"Here!" Mrs. Farrel announced, holding up a bottle. "In alcohol! My appendix!"

With effort, Mrs. Fiske had politely roused herself.

"How—interesting!"

"I shouldn't mind having appendicitis all over again if I could have that adorable Dr. Hoffman Gordon operate. Can you picture anything more imposing than that handsome man in an operating gown?"

A snore had been her answer.

This morning, though, Aunt Fiske — baring aching bones, of which, she assured everybody, she was as full as a shad—was her own brisk self. She insisted on coming down to breakfast; and although she entered a trifle late, she was in time to take part in a heated discussion. The doctor's sonorous voice led the rest.

"By Jove! That's the same fellow. He was drafted on the thirteenth, and was sure, because of it, that he wouldn't

come back alive. Tried his best—they're influential—to get into the commissary, so that he needn't face bullets. The coward! And so he got the consular position?"

"Can't a man be a coward and a consul, too?" Martha, the strong-minded propounded.

"Martha!" reproved her mother. It was the particular thorn in the side of the fashionable Mrs. Farrel—this strong-mindedness.

"I'm in pursuit of information," calmly proceeded Miss Farrel, the elder. "The gentleman, I presume, writes the consular reports in a neat hand. A Pershing, who was similarly situated, could do no more."

"Mar-tha!" Mrs. Farrel repeated.

Jack Benton spoke up:

"What has superstition to do with bravery—or the lack of it? It's a trait, I take it. Some people's superstitions are born into 'em. Mine were. You might as well ask me to change the color of my eyes or my hair."

"That would be a pity!" Charlotte cooed, in Aunt Fiske's ear. "Such nice eyes—gray, my favorite color. And such stunning hair! Sort of Ostermoorish."

Aunt Fiske paid no attention to this confidence.

"This wretched chit, here, would wear a black opal! And now see what's come of it! My pearls gone, the thief gone. What next?"

Bristling argumentatively, the doctor entered the arena.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are superstitious?" he asked, addressing himself to Jack. "Of course—" he bowed suavely to left and right—"the ladies are entitled to their little fancies; but—a man!"

Jack flushed, but raised his head defiantly.

"I own up to 'em all—peacock feathers, walking under ladders, the new moon over my left shoulder and the unlucky thirteen. I wear a scarab, as you see"—holding up his left hand—"to ward off danger. I wouldn't have that black opal on my finger for twenty-four hours—"

"A perfectly inoffensive black opal," Charlotte contended, pleasantly. But there was an edge to her voice, and her mother looked up quickly. "So tame it would eat out of your hand!"

"Switch off the controversy," said the astute Miss Martha, her beady black eyes sparkling with enjoyment, "and tell us about the scarab, Jack."

Charlotte winced at the familiar "Jack," and her lips went tight-shut in a thin scarlet line.

"The scarab?" said Jack, beaming with unnatural warmth on Miss Farrel. "I got it from a friend who has just returned from Egypt—a soldier, by the way. It's a beetle that back-number Egyptians held sacred, worshiping it alive and embalming it dead. The scarab, Miss Farrel, was a talisman to the particular person—if you can call a mummy a person—to which it first belonged, protecting its owner against the dangers of earth, water, fire, air—"

"Wish I had been wearing it when I took off those pearls, said Aunt Fiske, peevishly. "Now I'll have to have a detective down from the city, and no end of bother. And something tells me I'll never see those pearls again."

"I should think," Charlotte, put in, evenly "that the presence of the scarab would most effectually counteract the influence of the black opal. Ride with you, Dr. Gordon? I shall be most charmed."

Jack turned interestedly to Gretchen Mallory.

"Mr. Lee has skinned the two lion cubs that they killed, along with the mother. He promised me one of 'em. You might like it for your room. Shall we walk down and have a look at 'em?"

"Oh, yes!" gurgled brown-eyed Gretchen, presenting him with an unexpected view of a dimple.

They went out together, passing Charlotte and the doctor on the way.

"And he is really a great artist," Gretchen was prattling. "He is going to paint me as the Lily Maid—"

"Lily!" Jack remonstrated, warmly, raising his voice. "You a lily? My dear Miss Mallory! You are a glowing, fragrant, human rose!"

In the living room, gentle Janice Jerome, who was a smaller edition of her brown-haired, blue-eyed daughter, was deep in conversation with the faddish Mrs. Farrel. If it happened to be the

fashion to wear tortoise-rimmed spectacles, Mrs. Farrel put them on, regardless of the fact that her eyes were perfectly well and strong. When her dearest friend had parted from her appendix, Mrs. Farrel lost no time in following suit. Said Mrs. Jerome to Mrs. Farrel:

"My dear, how did you feel when you were first taken? Since we have talked about it, I do believe I have a pain there. Our family physician doesn't seem to understand," she continued confidentially. "He is so unsympathetic, and seems absent-minded when I tell him my troubles. He really makes light of my case."

"Who is it?"

"Doctor Bryce."

"That old fossil! No wonder! He's years and years behind the times. Why do you have him?"

"One of Douglas Jerome's friends—"

She looked up quickly as she heard her name called.

"Mother, I've been hunting for you everywhere."

"Here we are, right in plain sight."

"Aunt Fiske says some are motoring; others are going to play bridge. I'm going motoring."

"I should prefer bridge," Mrs. Farrel announced.

An hour later Aunt Fiske came in and told the ladies that she intended to take a hot bath, to see if she couldn't soak some of the ache out of her bones.

"Besides," she added, "I sleep better in the bathtub than anywhere else. It's so relaxing."

With that she took herself off to her room, where she rummaged through her closet for a certain black silk kimona, embroidered in golden butterflies.

"Which one of those pesky women has got it?" she muttered, as she shed garment after garment, leaving them where they fell on the floor. "Oh, well! I guess the coast is clear."

She opened the door and stuck her head alertly into the hall. A moment later, with a box of matches in one hand, a pair of black silk hose in the other, and clean garments hanging over her arm, she was speeding for the linen closet in search of towels. As she lighted a match to illuminate the semi-darkness —there was no gas jet in the closet of this house which was "a model of inconvenience"—she heard a man's step in the hall, the opening and closing of a door. The match burned her fingers, and she dropped it with an exclamation.

Two minutes later, she was splashing luxuriously in a tub of water as hot as it could be drawn from the heater. Ten minutes after that, relaxed, soothed, she lay quiet, with closed eyes. It may be recorded, also, that her mouth was slightly agape. A gentle snore disturbed the stillness of the "only" bathroom.

Another quarter of an hour was marked off on the dial of time. The clock on the landing truck eleven. Aunt Fiske awoke with a start. The maid's voice came to her, insistent, shrill with excitement:

"Open th' door Ma'm! Th' house is afire! Ma'm, Ma'm! You'll be burnded up!"

"Heavens! I must have dropped that match in the tissue-paper doo-dads!" shrilled Aunt Fiske, making inadequate use of the largest bath-towel in lieu of the much-needed kimona.

She opened the door a grudging inch, and seeing no one but the frantic maid, literally scooted through the hall and into her room.

"I know where my butterfly kimona is!" muttered Aunt Fiske, as, in the privacy of her own smoke-filled room she scrambled into the first clothing that she could lay hands on. "I let Violet Farrel take it to copy the butterfly pattern. Dear me! I am getting absent-minded in my old age! Here are my jewels, and — Now if some fool doesn't put out the fire! The house is well insured—and only one bath!"

But the fire had been put out. Jack Benton, who had not taken Gretchen Mallory to see the lion pelts, had been in his room, getting into tennis flannels. (They had decided to postpone the walk, and have a game of tennis instead.) As the unearthly squawks of the maid smote his ears, he had rushed forth, located the fire, and with his bare hands pulled bales of blazing towels and bed linen from the closet. Before an admiring audience of all the women in the house he capered about in the smoke, alternately

stamping out the flames and making raids on the smoking closet.

And in the midst of the excitement, the hysterical maid ran up shrieking from the living room, where she had been telephoning for help.

"Miss Charlotte is killed dead!" she blubbered. "Th' doctor, he jes' brung her in!"

(To be Continued.)

THE FLIGHT.

I rose from the rim of the Rockies bold,
And the Sun sailed West with me,
On the Wings of the Morning I poised in the Air
With the joy of the Wild and the Free,
And I followed the flight of the King of Light
Till he went down into the Sea.

Over the plains where the Argonauts
Toiled on their weary way,
Over the gaunt Sierra crests
Which barred them and bade them stay,
To the surge-girt edge of the Continent,
In the light of a single day.

—Arthur Lawrence Bolton.

Polack Louie

By F. L. Cooper

THE little sheep-herder sat upon the highest peak of the only group of hills which graced the rolling, broken plains. Two miles away a broad green stripe ran north and south through the gray-brown loneliness of the Indian reservation. In this green belt, the Porcupine concealed its sweet, clear water and invited the thirsty to drink and the weary to rest beneath the pleasant trees.

From his peak, Louie could see the few and widely scattered ranches of the sheepmen. To the north, in a friendly bend of the all important creek, were the buildings of his employer and partner. In a far southern curve was the home of a country-man of his, and in between and among the trees shone the white roof of his camp-wagon. But to Louie, the most significant direction was the west. There, across the creek, and four miles away, was a large coulee and in the coulee, made emerald green by a fine, big spring, stood a little house.

This little house was an ordinary little house, and, like the shacks of most new homesteaders, was still guiltless of paint. But—surprising fact—all was neat around Louie's mansion, and neither tin cans nor old rags were to be seen. The tiny stable was as prim and proper as its superior neighbor. Louie imagined himself in the silent, deserted rooms and frowned as he observed the sparse, old furniture, which consisted of a small cook-stove, a table, a bed, and some chairs. Yes, he must work hard so when She came things would be better.

The dog's noisy yawn recalled Louie's attention to the grazing sheep below him; their two thousand gray, quick-moving bodies were widely scattered over a radius of a mile or more. The animals were moving properly enough towards the waters of the creek and his wagon. Polack Louie chewed thoughtfully on a grass root and resumed his dreaming.

Unquestionably, things were going well; he smiled with pleasure. No, not many young Poles of twenty-six years had achieved what he had achieved. Only seven years over from the old country and how much he knew! how much he had acquired! Why, he could read and write and figure! He was a citizen of this fine and prosperous nation, and he was so much of a citizen that he could argue on "politeeks" with even Mr. Johnson, his employer. He had just proved up on his homestead, and he had five horses and one hundred and ten good ewes which he ran with those of his employer. And most important of all—he had two hundred dollar's worth of Liberty Bonds and a thousand dollars in the bank. Yes, that was pretty fine for a young fellow of only twenty-six.

Ah! but the best was yet to come. Next week he'd go to town and send the letter and the money to Olga. Dear Olga! How thankful he was that she had escaped from Poland in time. When she received the letter she would jump with joy and come immediately. Such a fine girl, Olga! So pretty, so good, so sweet, and such a smart helper! How he wished he had a picture of her! But then, he would soon see her. Let's see—well, she would surely be here by September. He spoke aloud in Polish, "And after the shearing, I shall withdraw my ewes from the herd, and start in business for myself; with the help of Lazinsky's boy, I shall also have time to make ready the home for blessed Olga."

Again the dog stirred and Louie roused from his dream of Olga. The swarming gray-white backs had reached the creek. It was nearly eleven o'clock and the sun beat down fiercely. Louie stood up, yawned, and stretched his straight, slender body.

He was a boy whom everyone loved. Rather under medium height, he possessed a clean, graceful outdoor vigor, and his enjoyment of life manifested itself visibly in a springing walk. He had the usual dark, expressive Polish face. Intelligence and good will glowed from his bright, clear eyes; friendliness and kindliness toward everything beamed from his sudden, happy smile. Louie's smile disclosed even teeth of a surprisingly whiteness, which proved his ownership and use of a toothbrush.

Indeed, Louie's personal cleanliness was most unusual in a man of his occupation and method of living, and his habits and mind were as neat and orderly as his own camp-wagon. In fact, he was quite noted for sober, hard-working traits and decency of speech. Why, Louie had never been heard to swear! This was rather incomprehensible to his fellow workers; they could understand his abstinence from tobacco because he wanted to save, but a man who neither swore or drank—"Oh, well, Poles are queer cranks anyway!"

But Louie knew why he neither drank nor swore, nor roistered away his time and money. He often whispered to Olga—Olga who lived in Norway across the sea—"Dear Olga, I will work hard and be as kind and good as I can, so you, sweet one, will love me and respect me more than ever you did when we were boy and girl together."

The week passed. Very early on a clear, warm morning, Mr. Johnson sent a man to relieve Louie, who then hurried to reach the ranch-house to make himself ready for the journey to town. Sometime before, he had traded one of his five horses—a young, somewhat fretful mare—for a good cow owned by a rancher. The rancher lived on the way to town, so, as he had promised to deliver the brute, what could be better than to take her along and leave her there?

At last he was ready. "Oh, good by-a-every-body!" he yelled, full of spirit, "I go to tell-a the girl to come!" Amid laughter and kindly chaffing, his good brown saddle-animal moved slowly away, half dragging the obstinate mare, whose whinnies to her distant companions shrilled out continually.

By the time the cheerful little man had traveled four or five miles the real heat of the day had arrived and with it came the equine terror of the West—a tiny, buzzing, mean, little fly whose fierce bite on the chin or nose of a horse is agony; the gentlest of animals will often leap with the pain of the sting.

Louie had forgotten the wire nose protectors and had nothing but his large, red bandana handkerchief with which to improvise a muzzle. However, he fastened it as best he could over the nose of the saddle-horse. He had nothing for the led animal, so he simply lengthened his leading rope, which was wrapped twice around the horn of the saddle, but in such fashion as to allow it, if need arose, to slip off instantly.

The mare was very unhappy and restless; she alternately pulled back and rushed forward. Her care and control made Louie very impatient and tired. In the rare moments of quiet he consoled himself with thoughts of his Olga and his prospering affairs.

In his reverie, Louie relaxed his vigilance and absently wrapped and unwrapped the rope around the horn, forgetting the while to watch the sweating uncomfortable mare. Suddenly she rushed forward again and stopped closely and abruptly by his horse. As she halted, she reared high. The startled man looked up at her wet and gleaming neck; he threw himself to one side but her heavy hoofs and breast came down upon his body; the weight and shock crushed the horse and rider to the ground. For a few seconds a cloud of dust arose around the struggling mass. Then the mare gained her feet and started madly back to the ranch. As she reached the end of the entangled rope, she was

whirled half around; the rope held and the saddle was torn creakingly from the still prone saddle-horse. He, too, scrambled up, and, after gazing and snorting wonderingly at his huddled and motionless master, felt himself to be alone. With a wild whinny, he raced frantically after the fleeing mare, whose terrorized path was marked by the bounding saddle and a whirl of dust.

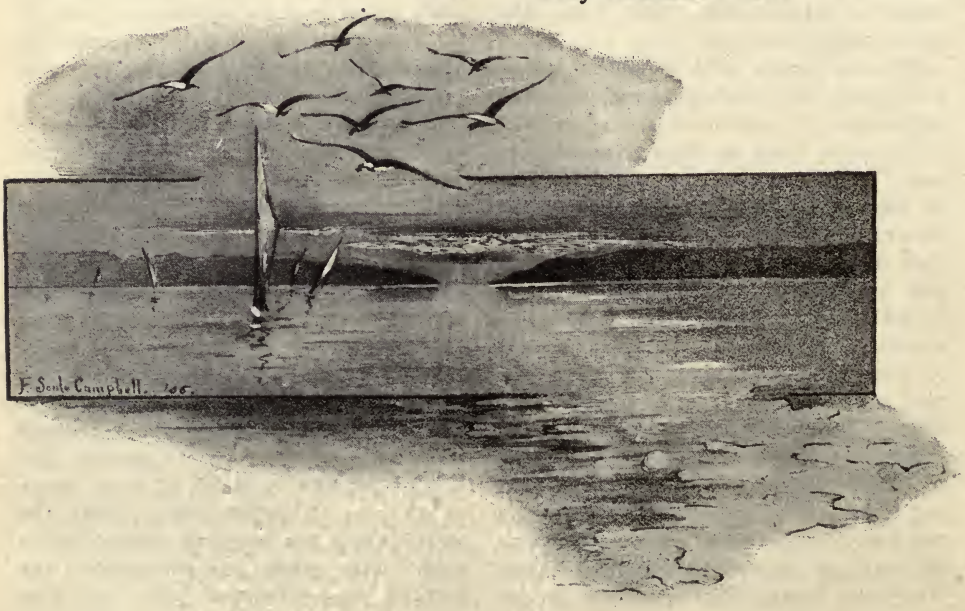
That day, after the noon meal, Mr. Johnson glanced up the road as he stepped out of the house. After a moment's scrutiny, he shouted to the cook, "See here, Jim, ain't those Louie's horses come back?" The man ran out, stared, then yelled, "By G——, yes, an' the mare's draggin' the saddle!" Both full of uneasiness, jumped into the rancher's car and drove swiftly along the road to town.

They found him. Found Louie the gay and brave, who would never again see his Olga or live in the house he had so gladly built. His clean, handsome body was already of interest to swarming flies. The two men, with unashamed tears trickling down their cheeks, lifted his broken body into the car and sadly ended Louie's journey to town.

TO A BEE.

Ah, brown brother Bee in your cassock of gold,
Some mystery lies hidden in yon buttercup,
But pause for a moment on the gleaming threshold
And ask her the reason she always looks up.
Drink deep of the nectar of red roses' lips,
The honey-dewed potion the golden sun sips,
Then wash off your stains in the crystalline dew
And dust off your garments to start all anew.
Ah, brown brother Bee, I wish I were you—
With nothing but flying and flirting to do!

—Betty Dickinson Frazee.



The Testament of My Uncle, Ph. D., Lit., D.

By J. B. Cameo Rudge

MY uncle had the rare distinction of being both a business man and a scholar. Through his business ability he won wealth; through his scholarship, fame. Suffixed to his name was Ph. D., Lit. D. And were there honorary degrees of business, I am certain that he would have been entitled to a few of the highest. But it was during his middle age that he had attained the zenith of his business career; not that he failed thereafter, but that he withdrew from business life to devote his remaining years to literature and research. However, with his money securely invested, his financial status gradually increased until, at the time of his death, there was left to his name—as his testament shows—several hundred thousands of dollars.

From our family annals I learned that he was a very precocious child. At the age of ten he rebuked his Latin tutor for having made an error in quoting Cicero. When only twelve he wrote:

"Happy are they who have learned to read
The books of the master pens;
For theirs be a grander view of life
Through a fine, supernal lense."

His passion for books was intense. His knowledge of the classics was stupendous. With ease he could recall similar and identical expressions of the different writers. Naturally he had a strong love for harmony in language. Clumsy expressions pricked him like a pin. In answer to a letter requesting his opinion as to whether he thought the sender would make a good business man he replied:

"My dear Friend—

"I do not know you. But if I were to judge by the bad sentences in your letter, I should have to answer in the negative."

Those who have read his writings will recall with what ardor he unheld form in literature. How he would burst forth with essays on technique! Indeed, he had aroused the "ire" of some critics, for they were accusing him of flooding his pages with "rhetorical nonsense." When asked what he though of his critics, he replied acutely:

"Why should I descend into a chasm of mediocrity, symptomatic of vulgarity and uselessness?"

It was his desire that I become a scholar like himself, if not a better one; that I be able to promote the higher fields of literary endeavor. But I must confess that he was greatly disappointed in me. One time he discovered one of my notebooks upon whose cover I had written the following verse:

"Herein are notes
On books I've read;
I took the corn—
The chaff I've sped."

He called me to his side.

"My dear boy," he began soberly, "I had the misfortune of finding your notebook. The doggerel on the cover is bad enough, but I observe that you are a poor literary farmer. You, obviously, have mistaken chaff for the corn. What will you do on market day?"

I could say nothing in his austere presence. But the following day I secretly burned several of my notebooks and MSS.

One evening, upon returning from the theatre, I saw him sitting in his study. He apparently was absorbed in meditation. There he sat, stern and solemn, walled in by his books—dreaming amid

tapestry and classical figures. Suddenly, as from a state of coma, he quickly moved forward to the library table and began to write madly. Of course I did not wish to disturb him, but as it was necessary for me to pass through his study in order to reach my chamber, I was forced to make the move. As I had expected, he stopped me.

"What books have you read today?" he asked.

His aspect showed the mark of years. Behind the powerful lenses of his glasses were two deep-set, over-worked eyes peering from beneath a massive, wrinkled brow. I could not help but contrast his physical appearance with that in his photograph which, together with his commencement address, had been published in the Harvard Magazine. Even at the early time in his life (seventeen years of age, I think) he had a love for technique. In his commencement address he said:

"—That a writer should direct his ambitions toward the common good of things is the simple expectation of his calling—but more than this element is essential to the impression; he should marshal his words with mathematical exactness and with military vigor, so that his voice rise above the mediocre and command the most dastardly of infidels to give ear with reverence."

"I have finished reading 'Instauratio Magna,'" I answered. He looked displeased and shook his head emphatically.

"No, no my boy! Your daily reading MUST be enlarged. Do you not conceive the tremendous magnitude of good literature necessary to the adequate performance of your duty as a man of letters?" There was a little colour in his voice shading into a slight anger. Then he arose and walked to and fro, possibly in agitation. He then dismissed me and proceeded with his writing.

The next morning when I stepped into the study, I observed lying upon the library table the MSS. which the night before my uncle was engaged in writing. It was an essay on "Wills." As I scanned through the pages I was attracted by the following lines:

"—To bestow the riches of a lifetime unto a beneficiary, infant or mature, ere the beneficiary has shown himself to be worthy and to avail himself of the blessings of learning, is an outrageous villainy."

Of course, being the acknowledged heir to my uncle's fortune, I was deeply interested in his view. And I confess that the philosophy of the essay gave me no little perplexity. Yet, upon reflection, I considered my efforts in the direction of reading and my general aptitude for learning fairly good. But my uncle (as I have already pointed out,) thought otherwise. When I would submit a MSS. for his review he made such criticism as this:

"Though your paper shows a little improvement, you still are destitute of the fine shades of rhetoric. The intricate twists and turns of language, so necessary to adequate expression, escape you. Read the masters, boy, and observe carefully their wording. Review Bacon, Macaulay, Addison, and Johnson."

Toward the end of his life he became so imbued with his literary work that he scarcely had the patience to attend to his investments. His attorney, who would make business calls, often had to leave without seeing him. However, with his years declining, his interest in me grew stronger. He counseled me carefully. But somehow I still felt that he was dissatisfied with my progress.

One morning he informed he that he was going to England to engage in research. Casually I mentioned his plan to a friend of mine who is a newspaper man. The next morning was published a laudatory article, extending warm praise and sincere gratitude to my uncle for his services as a writer. Soon afterward letters began to arrive from England. Some were from universities, others from magazine editors. Each letter purported a desire for my uncle either to lecture or to write.

With the time of his departure close at hand, he advised me more soberly than ever that I should increase my daily reading. He expressed a desire to see a marked improvement in my prog-

ress upon his return. He cautioned me against the common ebb and tide of things.

But his proposed visit to England was never realized. He contracted bronchial pneumonia. His condition became serious. On a Sunday morning, when the air was still echoing with the sound of church bells, he passed away. The newspapers and magazines told the sad story of his death. Most readers, I think, still can recall the account.

A few days later I was summoned to the office of my uncle's attorney. There I was informed (for the first time) of my uncle's will. It is needless to state the exact amount, but let it suffice to say that the sum may be written in six figures. And the amount will continue to bear compound interest until somebody can justly claim it. But what will entitle one to the claim?

To answer this question I first must elucidate the provisions of the testament. My uncle, it must be remembered, had scholarly tendencies. His appetite for books was insatiable. His efforts toward the promotion of literature was untiring. Those who read the provisions of his will should not accuse him of idle whimsicality. Neither should they take the matter lightly nor as an impossibility. Indeed, my uncle nearly had achieved the accomplishment set forth in his will. Here, then, is the essential text of the will:

"—Be it known that the first person who reads and studies carefully the entire contents of the following books, and thereby can pass on each of the said books an adequate examination, administered by eminent authorities on each of the said books, shall become, upon his completion of such reading and examination on each of the said books, the sole and entitled beneficiary of my will—"

* * * *

"The Bible (Old and New Testament); all of Shakespeare's plays; Homer's Iliad (in the Greek); Chaucer's Canterbury Tales; Milton's Paradise Lost; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; Spenser's Fairie Queen; Dante's Inferno (the translation); Gothe's Faust (in the German); Plutarch's Opera Moralia (in the Greek); Confucius' Ch'un Ch'iu; Galileo's Dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Capernican Systems; Laplace's Traité de Méchanique Céleste (in the French); Newton's Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Matica; Flammarrion's Les Merveilles Célestes (in the French); Bauer's The Mythology and Fables of Antiquity Explained from History; J. F. Clarke's Ten Great Religions; any standard history of the world (including Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern); H. Spencer's works; Quintilian's De Instituione Oratoria (in the Latin); Geikie's Textbook of Geology; Bacon's Essays, De Augmentis Scientiarum, and De Sapentia Deterum (the latter two in the Latin); Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; Pasteur's Etudes sur la Biére;—"

The above constitutes the main part of the list of works. But if the contestant can show honest proof that he or she has complied with the requisites of my uncle's will, respective to the above mentioned works, gladly shall I provide him with the remaining list of books of which the specified reading and examination will entitle him to this handsome fortune.

Crucifixion

By Stanley Preston Kimmel

(Being the experiences of a Red Cross Ambulance driver in France)

(Fourth Installment)

WE will be glad to get away. The strain is awful. The shells do not worry us or the fact that at any minute we might be counted among the missing, it is the terrible suffering we have to see all the time. One fellow whom we brought down today went insane and tore the bandages off his wounds. We got him to the hospital all right, but I doubt if he is alive now. It is this kind of thing that keeps us from sleeping. I suppose I will hear it the rest of my life. I do not know how anyone could hear their cries and shrieks and ever forget them.

There are more shell holes in the road the last few days than ever before. It is because of the German counter attack. The cars are always sticking in them and give us lots of trouble. The rain fills them with water so that one cannot tell how deep they are until the car plunges in.

The men often go to sleep while driving. This causes a great many accidents.

We have had some trouble with the Frenchmen attached to the section. Six of them took up a third of the quarters to which we were assigned, leaving the forty of us to find room the best we could. I suppose this is the Frenchman's idea of "being at home."

Our French officer is a coward. He was on his way to one of the posts with two machines and four men following when he came to a part of the road covered with debris and dead. The men and horses had been overcome with gas. Instead of sending for the remainder of the section and having us clear it away he returned and put up at our quarters. As a result another section cleared away the road and we are all looked upon as "ambuscades."

* * * *

We are in Bar-le-Due. Not on repos but in the barracks under guard. What the French mean by doing a thing like this is beyond me. Our French officer is accountable for it. He has never liked the section and since the affair in the forest some of the men have openly told him what they thought. It was a foolish thing to do and this proves it. We should have left such grievances alone until he was dismissed from the section, or where he had no authority over us.

When we came into the barracks last night we thought it was all well and good. This morning we find ourselves under guard and not allowed to leave the small room in which we are quartered. We had to wait for the officials and they did not arrive until noon. There was no breakfast but the German prisoners entertained us by eating and drinking in their cages across the way. They thought it was a fine joke. So did we.

The men in this section are all paying their own expenses. They do not even collect the five cents a day from the French Government to which they are entitled. The room which we have has a notice on the door reading, "19 Homme" (19 men). There are forty of us in here and we managed to sleep during the night.

We have not the slightest idea what offense we have committed and have not

as yet been told. One can get no more than a shrug from these Frenchmen. The officer does not show himself. After all the days and nights on the front and the men needing rest as much as they do! I cannot understand it. They should be decent enough to tell us the reason for all this nonsense. From the looks of things we will not have as good treatment as the Germans who are quartered as prisoners. It is certain we do not have the liberty and food which is given them. There is something wrong. I cannot understand it.

As last we have had an explanation. It seems that four of the men from our section took champagne, etc., up to the lines with them and had the cook fix up a fine dinner. Afterwards there was a great deal of laughter and jollying while the cars stood out in the open for a few hours. There is no hope of a citation now, and we are in prison for three days.

The men were wrong, I suppose, but why weren't they taken back immediately and not kept there for weeks on the front? I don't think anyone gives a damn about the French war cross. We have seen them given to men far back of the lines and for no reason whatsoever but it is this unappreciative treatment we are receiving after the service which we have given, which hurts us.

We are at last acquainted with the French and their way of doing things.

When we arrived the first alarm had been sounded for an air raid and the Frenchmen were rushing around the barracks in their usual wild fashion. They had all the cars parked close to the buildings and penned us up in one little room for nineteen men. Part of the section went out into the road to watch the raid. There is one thing the Frenchmen cannot understand about the American. He does not see any particular advantage in watching a raid. Because of this we have had guards placed over us.

"C, est le Guerre."

We are in a small village just back of Rheims. The guns are only a faint rumble from here but we still have the air raids. An aero station is only a mile away and there are a great many planes in the air all the time. This is one of the patrol stations which guard Paris. We are having evacuation work from the hospitals near here. Six machines are on duty each day. We hope the French think they have punished us in the proper way.

What a price they are paying for victory. No one can describe the slaughter we have seen. I suppose in a few years this will all be to do over again. I have seen enough blood to make a new race. Maybe it will, but I doubt it. The French tell us continually what they will demand from the Germans when once they are beaten. Their greed of territorial boundaries will lead to another war within the next fifty years. What good are boundaries anyway? I know the advantages they are supposed to have, but what about their disadvantages? What about the ten million men who have been killed or wounded in this war to date?

* * * *

The sun is shining again. We have only seen it a few days in the last three months.

B—— has come in with the news of the Russian defeat. Such things have a bad effect on every one. I do not think the Russians would deliberately throw up their hands. There must have been some reason for it other than the sword for they will die before giving themselves up to the enemy. I remember what Volonsky told me in Paris about the German hand in Russia. How they have been able to undermine the people with some kind of idealistic philosophy and at the same time gain a commercial advantage over them. That was before he came to France. I suppose it is this under-handed type of victory they have won.

If R——has fallen into the hands of the Germans, Russia is out of the war.

* * * *

Our food is very poor. The men go over to a peasant's hut near here and buy jellies and omelets. The old lady thinks we are a band of pirates. The men order nine and twelve egg omelets for themselves, and ask no one to help

dispose of their repast. Eggs can be bought here from the French commissariat cheaper than in Paris.

* * * *

This is a wonderful morning. The sun is climbing over the orchard trees and sprinkling the fields with glistening light. To one side is the outline of a little village rimmed with green hills. The white buildings with their red tile roofs seem to lie so peacefully and still. If it was not for the dull thud of the cannonading we could forget the war. Only a few miles away and the slaughter continues.

Some troopers are passing along the road. They are going on repos.

This is our last day here. We go up to the Front de Champagne tomorrow.

* * * *

The section has been on this front for six weeks. It is the same old thing over again. Days and nights of horror and work. The Germans are using a great many floating location lights. These lights drift around in the sky giving a view of the surrounding country at night.

One blesse whom we brought in today looked like a sieve. Besides his many wounds he had been gassed. His face was smeared with blood and dirt and powder blots. He was spitting blood continually. Most of his clothes had been torn off. Just one mass of junk, that was all. The doctors could do nothing for him. He died a few minutes after reaching the post de secours. They placed him, with the other dead, in an old building. The place was so full that his feet stuck through a hole in the wall. Everytime we drove up to the post we could see those feet and remembered his great agony and awful death.

So many men have died in the cars. It is terrible to reach the hospital and find some of the men dead. That is what drives one insane. We do the best we can and rush them back as quickly as possible.

I have been with more dead than living.

There is a Presbyterian minister at this post. He told us where we could get some plums near our base hospital. We do not waste any time there waiting for orders. B—— stays with the car and I fill up the helmets.

One of our roads is the most weird, hideous and grewsome I have ever been on. The French "seventy-fives" are blasting away on both sides. At night the flare from the guns blinds us and we often run the cars into the ditch. It cannot be helped. When one is racing along in absolute darkness and suddenly has this fire flashed at the side he is blind for a few seconds and cannot control his car.

Early one morning along this same road we almost ran into a man sitting up near the bank. The mud covered him to the waist. When we took hold of him he was cold. The wreckage of a wagon was close by and the parts of two horses.

These terrible sights should not bother us now. We have seen so many of them, but each one seems worse than the others.

So it is, and the bloody business continues with no sign of a let up.

We had hopes of an end before Christmas but it will not come now. The Frenchmen say five years more. It will be another year anyway. If the Germans hold out through the winter they will certainly not stop when the weather permits of good fighting.

* * * *

Weeks have passed and I have left off writing. I am in the hospital in Paris. I do not know just exactly how I got here. The last thing I remember I was taking off my helmet in the front post abri, tired and sleepy and ready for a rest. I hardly remember going to sleep. There are faint recollections of the train and white-robed people around me, but that is all. I have been here for some time and am able to walk around the halls. The doctor tells me I am not in any danger from the after effects of the gas. I hope I can get away from this hospital soon. The men suffer so here and it seems I can never sleep for their crying. I wake up suddenly during the night and think I am still on duty. When I try to get out, and look for my mask and helmet, I realize where I am. The clean sheets and white walls are a wel-

come change. We have plenty of water to drink and can have a bath when we want it. The doctor is an American. It is good to hear my own language again. he tells me I will be able to be outside for a few hours each day before long. It is strange to lie here in all this cleanliness again. A real room with real doors and windows and sunlight pouring in upon me!

When I think of it all I say to myself, "Have you been dreaming; were you really a part of this blood and murder; have these eyes seen such things in reality and these ears heard the crying of those in their terrible suffering?" Yes, it is true. Now that I am here it is not so bad for me, but think of the men still on the front! The horror goes on and on and no one can stop it. Even though I give my life I am powerless to save those who will follow me.

This is surely a generation of mad men!

* * * *

I have good news. The doctor has just been in and tells me I can go for a walk tomorrow. Charlotte will be here in less than an hour. She comes every day and brings me cigarettes, candy and magazines or books. The cigarettes are of little use now but she always brings a package with her other gifts.

She is a wonderful girl and her English is improving rapidly.

I will tell her when she comes this afternoon. I will say, "Charlotte, would you like to go for a walk tomorrow?"

It will be grand to walk down the boulevards again, along the quiet streets where I have not been for months.

I wonder what she will say when I tell her—

B—— is dead. He was killed yesterday. A nurse brought the message to me. Why do I have to stay in this hospital while my section on the front? Perhaps if I had been with him we would have come through all right. I suppose he was alone and had trouble with the car. Why don't they tell me more? How was he killed and where? Now I will lie awake all night. Oh, I wish they had told me more. Poor fellow, he worked like a demon and was never afraid to go anywhere at any time. I remember how he would laugh and shake his fist at the bombs when they broke in the road near us. He did not seem to fear the unexploded shells along the way and would drive through them as fast as possible, missing almost every one. He was always willing to work and often remained at the front when his squad had gone in for a rest. Well, it is over now. I had hoped he might come into Paris while I was here. Charlotte told me Helen had not heard from him for some time and looked for him to come in some day and surprise her.

I am glad I did not know this before she came today. She has known enough sadness and this would just remind her of her father's death.

B—— has been away from Helen for quite a while. I wonder how she will take it.

Is this butchering never to end? The whole world is in mourning already and still it continues.

How will the debt be paid? By the freedom of the world or by its imprisonment?

What results will it have in America where the people have been ruled by the "invisible power of the few?"

* * * *

A hospital has many rooms, like the tombstones in a cemetery. It is still and quiet and those who move about glide like shadows up and down the long hallways.

The silence was so great at first I could hardly bear it. I wanted them to bring a "75" and fire it all night long in front of my door so that I might sleep. It was the stillness, the stillness that drove me mad. My soft bed sank, sank, until I felt myself a thousand miles underground.

Sometimes, in the middle of this silence, a great cry would resound throughout the building. A cry which I cannot describe but which I will always hear. A shriek, a wail, as if some one was having his entrails torn out.

I heard it one night by my door. The train from the front had just arrived and was being unloaded. The fellow was to have a room opposite our ward until he could be operated on. I saw them carry

him along the hallway. I saw them stop in front of the room at the other side of the hall. As the stretcher bearers turned to enter the door the man's leg rolled off the canvas. The heavy boot hit the floor with a thud and a great blotch of flesh and blood spattered upon the tiling. One man picked it up and placed it where it was supposed to have been but the blood on the floor remained and a large chunk of flesh with it. I pulled the sheets about my head. I thought I had gone mad. My God! Could such things continue?

I had been away from the front for a month and men were still at it. They were tearing each other to pieces. For what? FOR WHAT? Had not the Earth with its ten millions of bodies on its breast had enough? Why didn't it open its jaws and swallow them and have it over once and for all? Ten million men and six more every minute! What had become of a once civilized world? Why had they sent their men and boys out there to do this Devil's dance? Yes, that's what it was, a Devil's dance, with suicide or murder as a reward and perhaps a decoration to go with it.

Mankind murdering each other when they did not even have a reason for it. They did not have a grievance against one another. Far back of the lines were great men, men in palaces and men in huge governmental buildings. They told these little fellows to go out and hunt one another, to suffer and die for the land of their birth. HELL! the land of their birth! What kind of a country is it which sends its best men out to die like dogs? To live among lice and rats in the mud and blood of their desires. NO! if these men want to fight let them go out into this hell hole and do it. We know where they are. Yes, and if they are not careful we will pull this hell hole up to their doors, since they will not come to it themselves. Then they can have a taste of it!

Do they know what it is to see a man's head disappear before their very eyes and leave nothing but a body jerking in a pool of bloody water? Have they had the blood spurt upon them after sticking a man? Have they seen his eyes pop and his face become smooth and white like a piece of marble before he rolls over into a heap of other junk? Do they really think that a man goes over the top for the love of his country and because he is a patriot?

Patriotism will some day be a thing of the past. As it stands today, it means nothing more than the suicide of a nation which contains the most patriots. The gospel of suffering and dying for one's country is covered with mildew. It is the individual who must have a place in the world. The man who can feel the warm sun in his face and know it is the gift of God to all and not to the few who can spend their days on golf links or loiter about the summer resorts while others are out to die in a hell which has been thrown upon them.

Do these autocrats of wealth think the men are coming back from this life of blood and remain enslaved?

(To Be Continued.)

Department on Oriental Affairs

Conducted by

Charles Hancock Forster and Gladys Bowman Forster

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Purpose of the Department on Oriental Affairs:

Many of the most thoughtful people on the Pacific Coast earnestly believe that here, where East meets West, we should take the lead in developing a sympathetic, intelligent and constructive understanding between the Occident and the Orient. They are deeply convinced that the peace of the future will depend upon such an understanding, and that this Coast is the strategic geographical point from which should go forth a sound leadership in these matters. Only by such leadership can the next great world war be prevented.

In order to do a small part for the constructive peace that is now the earnest hope of all far-seeing men and women, the Overland Monthly has inaugurated this department, and in doing so frankly asks the co-operation and support of the thoughtful people of the West.

Letters and manuscripts dealing with matters that fit into the aim of the department will be gladly received, also photographs of the Far East. A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for the return of unavailable matter.

MISLEADING PROPAGANDA.

We must say a few words on foreign propaganda as it is in our midst in the form of journals and societies. We are over-surfeited with a lot of this stuff that is intended to sway the credulous. Intelligent people resent that form of propaganda in these days. Americans are growing tired of attempts to get us to partake of foreign hates and prejudices. To such propagandists we would say: "Don't pour out the vials of your hate in America. Do you think it does any good to pour them out upon a world in which four years of war left everywhere the moldering embers of hate? We do not care to hear you talk about your enemy when your plain purpose is to get us to fill our eyes with the blood and fire that is in yours. It is best for you, and for all concerned, that we keep calm for a while."

OPEN DIPLOMACY.

The day of Machiavellian diplomacy and international bargains made in the

dark has passed and the new era of open diplomacy has arrived, whether the old school diplomats of Japan like it or not, declared K. Hara, the Premier, in effect, at a luncheon he gave recently to Cabinet Members and sixty-five other notables of Japan. He said:

"The war has brought about the dawn of a new era in the world and in the future international affairs are to be managed through the co-operation of the Powers. Old-school politics is no longer admissible in present-day diplomacy."

"Now that Japan, as one of the five great Powers, is charged with the preservation of the peace of the Far East, it is necessary that the action and argument of her people should be guided by care and consideration."

Baron Makino, Peace delegate, said it was necessary for Japan to train men to become well informed in foreign affairs and well versed in foreign languages.

WAGES IN TOKIO.

The average daily wage in Tokio is 84 cents. The Tokio Chamber of Commerce has completed an exhaustive investigation into the wage question and states that the average wage of each of the seventeen classes of workers is as follows:

Foreign tailors (cutters), $1.25; stone masons, $1.12½; painters, sawyers, masons, each $1; carpenters (with food), joiners and fitters, each 90 cents; sackmakers, tilers, other roofers and coolies, 80 cents; foreign tailors (seamsters), 75 cents; nurserymen, 65 cents; compositors, 62½ cents; weavers, 60 cents; and matting makers, with food, 55 cents. Monthly wages, tailors (Japanese, with food, $15.75; men-servants (with food), $6.50; maid-servants (with food), $3.

POLICE FOR KOREA.

Figures in 1918 showed there were 3,500 Japanese gendarmes in Korea with 4,500 native assistants. In addition, there were 2,500 Japanese and 3,500 native police. Korea is to have no more gendarmes. Instead it will have 15,284 policemen in service in 244 police stations and 1,531 branch stations.

The Yokohama municipality, to check the hegira of its policemen to Korea, has raised their pay and will hold a comfort day each week at the new municipal bath house for the police and their families. Tokio and Osaka, as well as other cities, also are improving the lot of the force. Kobe officials are recruiting in surrounding villages and are offering $20 a month pay, the highest salary ever paid new policemen in Japan.

JAPANESE COLONIES.

Japanese interests have recently acquired in Bolivia an extensive tract of good ranch land, some ninety miles long and twenty broad, states the Far East. This transaction follows rapidly upon the purchase in Northern Peru by Japanese of a piece of territory some 20,000 square miles in extent. Japan probably aims at several things in thus investing in Bolivia and Peru. She wants rubber, wool and cotton. As labor is unobtainable in those regions, which are only one-ninetieth as densely populated as Japan, plans doubtless already have been made to settle Japanese laborers on the tracts acquired. Japan would then have three colonies in widely separated parts of South America—in Sao Paulo, Brazil; in Southern Bolivia, and in Loreto Province in Peru.

THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT.

If there is any city that should send out to America a sound and intelligent leadership in developing amicable relations between the Occident and the Orient, it is San Francisco. The stage of world development is moving to the Pacific, both in international politics and commerce. As goes San Francisco, so goes the world's future, is not by any means a foolish exaggeration.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

According to H. P. Shastri, a native of India who for two years was instructor in the Gita Society of Waseda University, Japan, it is of vital importance that China and Japan should remain on friendly terms. What Japan lacks in material resources can be found in China in

great abundance. China has to learn modern science and to take advantage of modern scientific discoveries and inventions. Japan can help her along these lines. If Japan is proud of her achievements and her strong army and navy, China can boast of a splendid past civilization founded on the principle of peace and goodwill to all mankind. China can exist without Japan but Japan cannot continue to remain a great power without China, America and India.

"The reasons for co-operation between Japan and China being so simple, one wonders to find them so antagonistic toward each other."

An Experiment in Denationalization

By Walter E. Weyl

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It was in the Loyalty Room of a Japanese school in Korea. A large light room with a dias on which stood the state chairs of the Emperor and Empress, and on the wall emblems, pictures, and edifying diagrams. One diagram I remember particularly. It was a sort of statistical chart, with painted oblongs, supposed to represent the duration of the various dynasties — Japanese, Chinese, British and French. The Japanese was much the longest, twenty-five inches, each representing a hundred years of uninterrupted rule. It taught the lesson that the ancestors of the divine Mikado had ruled over Japan long before there was an England, France and Spain, and that his descendants would doubtless continue to rule after these feverish peoples had forever disappeared. The United States, with its meager one hundred years of independence, was represented only by an oblong one inch and a half high.

"Ours is a baby nation," I hazarded.

My polite interpreter, who had been furnished by the Ministry of Education, smiled, in the meanwhile sucking in his breath as the Japanese do when they wish to show deference. "Yes," he replied, "but a very big baby."

What struck me in this Loyalty Room was the sedulous care with which these Japanese masters seek to indoctrinate the Korean, whose unquiet independence they have abolished and whom they now wish to transform into patriotic Nipponese. To this purpose, nothing, I imagine, could be better than the schools. I visited several of these, and found them not badly directed, though few in number. They could not compare with the truly magnificent schools established by the Americans in the Philippines, but they were better than nothing and far better than anything Korea had ever before known. The teachers, both Japanese and Korean, maintained good discipline, and the methods of instruction seemed not inadequate. Unfortunately most of these schools served Japanese residents of Korea rather than the native Koreans, and even schools for the latter seemed to be taken up far too much with the inculcation of loyalty and subservience rather than with a preparation for the tasks of life.

It is, of course, natural that Japan, having so recently absorbed Korea, should try by one means or another to conquer their wills and secure the adhesion of the natives. For Japan, everything depends upon Korea. The peninsula lies nearest to Japan; it is like a dagger point at Japan's heart. It is through Korea that Japan first came into contact with the old culture of China. It was Korea that the hardy islanders, over two hundred years ago, overran and sought to conquer. For the mastery of Korea Japan fought two great and vic-

torious wars against China and Russia. Thereafter, Japan assumed a protectorate in order to preserve Korean independence, and a few years later put an end to that independence. Today Japan rules as absolutely in Korea as Great Britain does in Malta. To lose Korea is to lose Japan's causeway to Asia, to surrender all dominion over the continent, to sink again to the status of a small island power. If, on the other hand, the Koreans can be converted to become loyal Nipponese, Japan will have straddled the sea, and will have one foot planted firmly on the mainland.

How is one to gain the loyalty of such a subject people, or indeed, is such a thing at all possible? Japan is trying, in many ways, by repression, by education, by a show of force, by display of superiority, by good works, by promises.

A few days after I arrived in Korea I saw this steady Japanese propaganda proceeding in the criminal courts. Seated behind the judge's bench, I was present when various petty criminals were tried by due process of law and were convicted or acquitted of larceny, insubordination, and various small offences. The scales of justice, I was told, were held rigidly even, and no favoritism was shown to rich or poor, yang-ban or tattered beggar, Japanese or Korean. For centuries the Korean had found nothing but criminality and oppression in his courts of law. Surely, I thought, this even-handed, open-minded Japanese justice must reconcile Koreans to the loss of their old insecure liberties.

At that moment they brought in a big, tight-muscled Korean accused of murder. The prisoner, meek, dumb, ox-like, stood there, listening uncomprehendingly to the reading of the document, first in his own language, and then in that of the judge's. It appeared that the Japanese had come to the Korean's house for some reason, good or bad; I could not discover which, for the Korean spoke his own language, the official interpreter made it over into Japanese, and my own interpreter (who was more interested in gaining than imparting knowledge), translated it intermittently into scraps of English. All I learned was that in a quarrel the Japanese had been slain. Under such circumstances any trial might have seemed tame. After a long while nothing happened, except that I was urbanely conducted to an adjoining room, where the judges joined me. I was never able to learn the ultimate fate of the Korean. I felt sure, however, that he was doomed. He, too, knew it. There had been that in his stolid expression as he looked into the faces of his alien judges that he had no hope.

After the trial I took morning tea with the judges. I liked them somewhat better off the bench. These men were intelligent and faithful administrators, of a French rather than a British or American type. They asked me questions which I answered confidently, concerning juvenile courts in America, and then they spoke soberly of the administration of Justice in Korea. They said, what I am sure is true, that not until the poor man came did they understand that he had any rights in the courts. They told me of the improving administration, the tempering of justice with clemency, the wise moderation of the judges. Yet, while they spoke, what I really thought of was the dumb prisoner who had killed the Japanese. I wondered whether by any chance the courts would show clemency in his case. I wondered what, in his stupid way, he thought, and what his neighbors thought, of Japanese rule in Korea.

One thing is certain, the Koreans are at ease under their island conquerors. I went on an excursion into the country with an intelligent and subtle Japanese journalist. We arrived at a piggledy village, consisting of one street of thatched mud huts, sunning themselves in leisurely forenoon. We called on the head official, the maire of the village. To my surprise he was intimidated by our visit. (Our rare automobile was itself awe-inspiring.) He knew no single word of Japanese, and as my journalist friend knew no Korean, they conversed together with paper and pencil, for the Korean and Japanese language have the same ideographs, the same characters for the same ideas, though the words are totally different. So the two men, one in the dark Japanese garb, and the other in the white, flowing Korean robe, mutely talked in

writing, like deaf and dumb men, leaning all the while over the wooden counter of the little mairie that looked for all the world like a land-surveyor's office in a lazy Southern village, or like a little grocery store bereft of its groceries. At last we left amid mutual obeisances, but the tall Korean bowed lower than the Japanese, and he still looked at us with pathetic, frightened eyes that seemed relieved as we moved out of the door to the waiting automobile.

I had asked my journalist friend to inquire of the Korean how many Japanese lived in this village. I wanted to gain a picture to the extent to which the islanders were actually penetrating the country. I knew, from official statistics that three hundred thousand Japanese lived in the peninsular, but the Koreans numbered over seventeen million and were breeding like rabbits. Would not the Japanese be swallowed up by the Korean flood? Would not the Japanese influence, as far as blood went, be transient, external, and almost limited to the cities? The great seaport, Fusan, was almost half Japanese, the capital, Seoul, had many Japanese, but what about the countryside? I was soon to learn. In this village was only one Japanese, the gendarme, feared and therefore respected by all, including his little Korean wife, and his docile Korean children. Incidentally, and this is symtomatic of a possible future of the peninsular, the little Korean wife has never learned Japanese, whereas the gendarme speaks Korean bravely, if brokenly. I wonder whether Korea might not in the end absorb the scattered Japanese instead of the latter absorbing the Koreans?

In this matter of population Korea has undoubtedly proved a disappointment to Japan.

In proportion to its resources Japan is one of the most densely populated countries, if not the most densely populated country in the world. With an area about the size of California, Japan proper has a population of about fifty million. Of its total land area, only a very small part (about twenty-five thousand square miles) is at present arable. The farms are very small and the pressure of the population, both in the agricultural districts, and in the rapidly growing cities, intense. Moreover, the crowded Japanese population cannot easily emigrate. The United States is practically forbidden ground, as are Canada and Australia, and in China the Japanese cannot compete with the low-waged natives. Had they been able, therefore, to migrate by the million to the less densely settled peninsular of Korea, the Japanese would have been in a fair way to solving their menacing population problem.

When in the first flush of victory against Russia, a real dominion over Korea was awarded to Japan, it was commonly believed that here was to be found the long-sought home for the surplus Japanese millions. Japan, would people Korea as Great Britain had peopled her dominions beyond the sea, as Russia was peopling Siberia, as America had colonized the Middle West and the Far West. There would be farms and jobs for new millions. There would be a new Japan in the ancient Korean peninsular.

There seemed to be a good reason for optimism. Korea, with an area three-fifths as large as Japan, was supposed to contain only twelve millions of people. She was rich in untouched mineral resources. If she could support twelve million under her currupt native rulers, how much more would she maintain under a scientific Japanese administration? Two blades of grass would grow where one had grown before; two men would live where one had starved before, and of these two one would be a Japanese.

Today it seems improbable that this one will be a Japanese. There is not much room in Korea for immigration, for the native population is larger than was imagined, and under Japanese rule it is growing rapidly. The immigrant workman from Japan finds it hard to compete with the lower-waged Korean, and the Japanese farmer, though more skilful than the Korean, does not wish to leave his native rich patch. The Koreans are settled on the land and on the land they will stay and breed. Fifty years from now the peninsular will be inhabited by the descendants of native Koreans, not by the descendants of the Japanese immigrants. Japan can no more

people Korea than Europe could people India.

If, therefore, Japan succeeds in Japanizing Korea she will do so, not by placing a Japanese population in the peninsula, nor by propaganda in Loyalty Rooms, but by giving to Korea a just, wise and beneficent administration, by making Korea a better place to live and an easier place in which to make a living. Japan's chief reliance should be on her capable industrial civilization and her excellent administrative ability.

That Japan has vastly improved the economic and cultural conditions of Korea is obvious even to the most careless traveler. From the car window one sees the once bare mountains covered with young tree planted by the million, by the wise Japanese. Roads have been built and improved; railroads constructed, agriculture extended and made more intensive, and splendid technical schools have been established. The Japanese are introducing science, method, and careful administration into the country. In the little trade schools, in the schools for sericulture, in the agricultural experiment stations, Koreans are gaining a new insight into the art of making a living. Though taxes and prices are higher than before, the country is more prosperous and the lot of the average Korean has been improved. The city of Seoul has been transformed, Occidentalized. The task of modernizing Korea has only begun, but the progress is already astonishing.

From the point of view of this economic development, Japanese rule in Korea could hardly be more successful. Everything is done to improve conditions, and whether this is done primarily for Koreans or for Japanese makes little difference so long as the result is good.

Of all the gifts of Japan to Korea, none has been better or more fruitful than security. The Korean peasant or business man no longer fears that what he earns and saves will be taken from him. He knows that taxes, although heavy, will be definite and that there will be no illegal extortion. He can, therefore, afford to become a more efficient worker in agricultural and industrial arts. He can afford to improve his lot and advance. Koreans need no longer fear to be economically ambitious.

This new security and new ambition of the Korean are illustrated by his changed attitude toward saving. In the old days the only true thrift consisted in taking no thought of the morrow. If a Korean became rich he was likely to be robbed by bandits, unofficial and official. The gentlemen of the capital who ruled the country districts had a short and summary way of extracting surplus wealth from anyone rash enough to accumulate it.

Yet it does not follow that even good administration and prosperity will make good Japanese out of Koreans. Undoubtedly the Koreans will make much out of their new opportunities. They are naturally intelligent, the best linguists in the Orient, and while not as quick, energetic, or ambitious as the Japanese, they nevertheless win along many lines, much as the tortoise won from the hare. True, they have not yet succeeded — perhaps have not been permitted to succeed, in large capitalistic undertakings, and the banks, the big retail stores, and big business generally are in Japanese hands. But the Korean mass and advances, and year by year it will demand greater economic as well as greater political recognition. The question is: Will Japan with her traditions know how to concede these rights promptly and gracefully? Will she take full account of Korean susceptibilities, grant freedom, and tolerate discussion? Or will she use force? * * * *

PLEA FOR CHINA.

Joseph Shiang-Min Lee, M. D., declares it is very gratifying to learn of the various efforts made to settle the questions of the Far East, knowing its relation to world-wide peace. I am very hopeful that a better understanding will be created among the nations of the Pacific by the Overland Monthly.

The Chinese people are not against union with Japan for a peaceful development of the Orient. Of course we realize that the Japanese make the same statement, but that is as far as we seem able to agree upon. In practice Japan does not desire co-operation between the Chin-

ese and the Japanese such as China desires. Japan's desire is to be the supreme arbiter of China's affairs; to have China do as Japan says in all things and recognize Japan's superiority; to be the Empire of the East, with China a dependency; but all this is not co-operation.

If Japan will only realize that her small island empire can never swallow China; that the Chinese people, as a whole, are alive to Japan's intrigues and treacherous dealings; that force cannot make right, then all will be well. There is no desire on the part of China to minimize Japan on account of her size. She will always be at least the equal of China in initiative, progress, and development," declares Doctor Lee.

THE CONJURING WIND.

Like wizards indulging in pastimes entrancing,
Ubiquitous wind works wonders today;
With conjuring touches it sets the grass dancing
While piping unseen a weird roundelay.

O'er woodlands inviting where blithe birds are singing,
And bees at their harvest hum through the air;
As free as the eagle in glad flight 'tis winging
Its journey through vales where blossoms bloom fair.

It sighs in the cypress and croons midst the willows,
And wanders through nooks, a vagabond free;
It kisses the sanddunes and white caps the billows,
And wafts from Love's bowers sweet perfumes to me.

—Burton Jackson Wyman.

Strange Innovation in Politics

By Harvey Brougham

THE candidacy of Herbert Hoover for the presidency of the United States surprises and puzzles many voters. Mr. Hoover became an international figure by his activities as Federal Administrator. That position was not regarded as partisan. To the popular mind it represented business organization directed to the winning of the war.

Is candidacy for the office of president of the United States to be non-partisan henceforth? Is the appearance of Herbert Hoover in the political arena proof that the old order of politics, of which Mark Hanna and his contemporaries were masters, has passed for ever out of sight? Has a candidate without any record of party fealty or accomplishment a chance of reaching the White House? Some journalists are discussing the innovation with seriousness. The New York Times, a great metropolitan newspaper, gives the possibility some friendly attention. To practical politicians, however, it sounds like political idealism run wild.

Mr. Hoover may possess qualities capable of making him the best president that ever held the high position, but how is he to rally the voters in his support, if he can annex the nomination? Many voters still believe that he is of English birth, and ineligible for the office, though it appears to be settled that he was born in West Branch, Iowa, in 1874. We know in California that he was graduated from Stanford University in 1895 as a mining engineer.

The engineering profession takes men to many places, and Mr. Hoover since his graduation has spent most of the time abroad. He was in the service of the United States Geological Survey in Australia for a short time. He took part in the defense of Tientsin during the Boxer troubles in 1900. Two years later he was a prominent mining engineer and operator with large offices in London. The world knows his splendid achievements as Food Administrator. No question of his executive ability and honesty has been raised.

It is something new in politics to find in the presidential list of Democratic candidates a man who has spent most of his time abroad in private enterprise, and who has been so little of a politician that it is uncertain whether he ever voted the ticket of the party of which he is spoken of as a possible standard-bearer. What must William Jennings Bryan think of such an innovation in the Democracy, where party devotion has been the first requisite for political promotion. The business talent that is Mr. Hoover's highest recommendation is the quality that has been least prized in selecting candidates for public office. Mr. Bryan, the High Priest of Democracy, came into prominence and power by his eloquent denunciation of business ability as exemplified in the accumulation of vast fortunes and the worship of the "Cross of Gold."

Mr. Bryan, is a notable example of the reverence of the Democracy for partisan devotion and a "clean party record." In three elections for president he led the Democracy to defeat. He ran in 1896 on a free silver platform. In 1900 his shibboleth was "anti-imperialism." His third defeat, in 1908, was even more decisive. Now he is to the front once more with the cry "Public Ownership," and is leading a fight against President Wilson who forced him out of the office of Secretary of State in 1915, because of a difference of opinion on the phraseology of a note to Germany. Prohibition has occupied his attention since his retirement

from the Wilson cabinet. Prohibition is an old Democratic plank. Mr. Bryan never differs from the true Democratic gospel.

Bryan has come into open antagonism with President Wilson on the ratification of the peace treaty, and contrary to popular expectation is demonstrating that he still retains some of his old influence in national politics. Before his open break with Wilson over the peace treaty Bryan had been trying to force the President into a declaration of his intentions with regard to running for a third term. The Hearst newspapers have helped him. The delay was dangerous to the Democracy, according to Bryan, who seemed suspicious that a third term race was contemplated, unless the President carried his point on the adoption of the League of Nations.

* * * *

The serious sickness of the President has complicated the plans in the Wilson party. The handicap of sickness and the public antagonism to the third term, make it impossible for the President to obtain another election, but if he were eliminated the selection of a Democratic candidate would not be easy. The Democracy is short of good Presidential timber this year and the Republicans have candidates to spare. The President's policy of individual assertion has been unfavorable to the development of Democratic leaders in Congress who might aspire to the White House. Men disposed to dispute things with the Executive have not been encouraged to take the center of the stage. Herbert Hoover's appearance in the political arena is regarded as the expression of the President's preference. Hoover has been more closely allied with the President than many prominent Democrats of much influence in the party. He supported the President in his appeal for the election of a Democratic Congress in 1917. Hoover has been unwavering in his approval of the President's stand on the League of Nations. He believes firmly in the advisability of a League. All the political and financial powers that have favored the League are now earnest in their advocacy of Hoover.

Since 1872 when the Democracy nominated Horace Greeley, the famous editor of the New York Tribune, no such experiment as the nomination for President like that of Herbert Hoover has been made. Greeley was not only a loyal Democrat of long standing, but had been one of the bitterest critics of the party. He made the political and business mistake of his life in allying himself with the Democracy to reach the White House. He suffered humiliating defeat at the polls and was so humiliated thereby that his life was shortened. His great newspaper also was injured in prestige and never regained the commanding position in American journalism which it had occupied.

E-D-I-T-O-R-I-A-L

TIDE RUNNING AGAINST THEM.

THE tide is running against the autocratic methods of the labor unions, and unless they change their ways organized labor will be short of prestige and power to such an extent that it will take the toilers years to recover their lost ground.

Let it be understood at once that the Overland Monthly is not an advocate of the destruction of labor organization. It would be a calamitous occurrence to civilization if the manual laborers were hurled back to the position of serfdom which they occupied before they began to struggle in concert for ordinary human rights. Less than a century ago, it was declared by the English Parliament, to be a felony for two or more workingmen to conspire to strike for higher wages or shorter hours. There were compulsory laws to enable land-barons and coal-barons to force men to work and inflict the punishment of flogging till the blood flowed, if the prisoners refused to accept the employment offered them. The bleeding culprits could be tied to the tail of a cart and drawn through the nearest town or village to inspire all idlers with a salutary respect for the laws, if the barons so ordered it.

That system ruled not so many centuries ago, but the world of human labor has moved forward, and it is almost incredible at the present day that such things could be.

Fifty years from now, or much less, it may be as hard to believe the records of what dictatorial labor barons did with impunity in the first decade of the present twentieth century. Swollen with their rapidly increasing power they stopped not even at murder to enforce the principle of the "closed shop," and the smallest limited production for the highest scale of wages. The history of labor agitation on the Pacific Coast has been one of violence and aggression. Ill-advised strikers have followed the unwise and unjust councils of leaders who have lacked the honesty of purpose and the high ideals that should animate men in their position. The purpose has been not to secure for the workers the full rewards of their labor and skill but to grind the employers down to the extent of their financial endurance, and to make the members of the dominant labor organization a privileged class above the laws of the land and practically fomenters of rebellion against our Republic.

Excesses always provoke reprisals. The forces that have suffered by the aggression of ill-advised labor leaders are active in the urging of new laws to curb their persecutors. The Federal Courts are being invoked to check the labor offenders that have over-awed the State tribunals and silenced the newspapers. The tide is turning against the arrogant and unwise labor barons, who have won so many victories so rapidly that their heads have been turned by excess of power. There are unmistakable signs that the great American Federation of Labor under Samuel Gompers, is disintegrating.

It is significant that Gomper's own union of cigar makers has refused to re-elect him as its president. Younger men have opposed him and defeated him in the same manner that he when a young radical opposed and defeated Powderly, the president of the Knights of Labor, which ruled in labor organization before the American Federation gained the ascendancy.

This recent defeat of Gompers in his own local union probably marks the beginning of a rapid scattering of the labor cabinet which has upheld him for twenty-

five years. The inner circle of the American Federation of Labor has been a close corporation. No capitalistic trust has been managed with more secrecy and adroitness. Most of Gompers intimate associates have become wealthy, or at least comfortable in their accumulation of worldly goods, though they toiled not save with their tongues and brains.

It is not in human nature for the young blood of an organization to look on calmly while the rheumatic graybeards divide between themselves all of the loaves and fishes. Revolt is inevitable. The young men rise as they rose in the old Republican party that elected Presidents of the United States. The so-called Progressives shoulder the grizzled veterans out of their easy-chairs and a new order begins to entrench itself in power, as did the order of radicals which led by Sam Gompers overthrew the old Knights of Labor, under Powderly, by the clamor that the knightly guardians of the rights of labor were only moss-grown reactionaries who helped capital rather than the workingman.

It will be a good thing for this Republic when the principle is more firmly established that the laws and the courts recognize no privileged class, either of labor or capital, but that all citizens stand on an equal footing before the established tribunals of justice.

COL. BURNS' ARTICLES ON MEXICO.

The articles in the San Francisco Bulletin, on conditions in Mexico, reflect much credit on the good judgment, discernment and patriotism of the author Colonel D. M. Burns of San Francisco. Colonel Burns is a Californian who became interested in mines in Mexico years ago, and has worked his properties carefully and well. He has operated under different governments in Mexico, but seems never to have had troubles with any. He has always had a good word to say of the Republic to the south of us, and now is reiterating in the Bulletin his customary expressions of good-will.

If the conditions in Mexico were intolerable to Americans by their unfairness, Colonel Burns would be one of the first to protest in vigorous terms. He has been known in California for many years as a manly and outspoken citizen whose friendships were strong and whose animosities were based on a sense of right.

When we find an American of such sterling character, as warm in his commendation of Mexican efforts to do the right thing to American interests in Mexico, is it not reasonable to suppose that Americans who clamor for forcible hostility and intervention may be influenced by motives that have no weight with the intelligent and right-minded American public.

Colonel Burns in his newspaper articles has impressed a wide circle of readers with the belief that Carranza and other representative Mexicans are influenced by laudable motives of patriotism, and are sincerely desirous of placing their splendid country on a sound basis of prosperity. They are doing their best according to their lights, and their lights are by no means the flickering twinkles of intelligence and civilization that some bellicose American propagandists would have us believe. On the contrary Colonel Burns lets us know that the schoolmaster is abroad in the land of Montezuma, and that religious and civil liberty are far more than mere titles, while protection of life and property is far better than one might look for in a country so torn by civil war.

Colonel Burns is much too loyal an American to draw invidious comparisons between the enforcement of the laws in Mexico and the United States, but reading between the lines of his articles one can discern his thoughts on the homicidal exploits of Mexican bandits as compared with the atrocious barbarity of American lynchers and negro burners. What hot waves of anger would sweep the United States if our newspapers would describe the American burnings at the stake in the same unsparing manner that some adopt in telling of the raids of professional robbers on the other side of the Rio Grande.

Scarcely an hour passes in our own land without a robbery on the highway, and the murder record is so appalling in its length that few publicists dare to describe it. Every year it runs into the

thousands, and some authorities say the average record is ten thousand with hangings so scarce that they are becoming almost unknown.

Being a natural diplomat, Colonel Burns just skims the surface of the repellant subject, and does not arouse American prejudice by unpleasant obtrusiveness of contrast—"Look on that picture and then on this." He would not be guilty of anything so raw. He says just sufficient to set the minds of his readers working and induce them to ask if they should find fault with the mote in their brother's eye, and forget all about the beam in their own eyes.

We are glad that these articles in the Bulletin which do so much to improve the relations of the United States with its nearest southern neighbor have been written by a Californian. California has produced so much literary and oratorical eloquence subversive of international harmony that an exception like Colonel Burns' impartial appreciation of Mexico is doubly welcome.

"THE AMERICANIZATION" HYSTERIA

It is not necessary for Congress to become hysterical over plans to convert aliens into standardized Americans. The United States Senate has voted an appropriation of six-and-a-half millions to teach aliens the English language and the duties of American citizenship. This looks like a waste of public money to increase the opportunities for the beaurocracy of Washington, which continually grows like a plague of rapacious locusts. Beaurocracy was one of the curses of unhappy Russia. Soviet government is its logical sequel. We are professing fear and hatred of Russian communism, but are stupidly imitating the beaurocratic methods that increased popular hatred of centralized government in Russia and hastened lawless chaos.

Popular education in the United States is not the province of the Federal power but of the States. The States are now paying for their school system all that the taxpayers can bear. What the American people most need for the education of American children and the children of aliens is not more schools but far better ones. No prominent educator claims that the public schools are perfect. Far from it. Criticisms are many and the most unsparing critics are those that know the most about the subject.

With all their defects, however, the public schools of the States have made a reasonably good job of the Americanization of the children of aliens. The way that young men of many strains of foreign blood flocked to the American colors in the recent colossal war, and sacrificed their lives for American ideals as bravely as if their pedigrees dated back to the Mayflower, showed that American civilization is not being submerged by an alien flood.

The vast majority of immigrants who come to the United States are in the prime of life, and hope to better their condition by honest labor. Such foreigners can be safely trusted to work out their future in their own way. They are thrifty and many of them acquire homes and rear families that approximate much more closely to the American standard than to that of their parents. What can a Federal bureau at Washington do for those honest industrious aliens. All that they ask is an opportunity to work and the many industries of America afford full opportunity and return the highest wages in the world.

A small proportion of aliens who come to America are perhaps not industrious or honest, but we now have less of that affliction than before the ports of entry were protected by Federal immigration laws. Prior to the enforcement of such regulations Europe dumped upon our shores many of its undesirable derelicts. Some come, even yet but an Americanization bureau at Washington would not be the best agency to deal with such types.

All that is needed to make the alien flood in America beneficial, instead of dangerous, is to furnish the observant foreigners with good examples of Americanism in public and private life. Let us elect honest, patriotic and progressive men to Congress and the State Legislatures to make wise laws. Let us improve our courts so that all malefactors whether those of great wealth or none may fear the sword of justice. Let us

practice economy in public life, that taxes may be light and the costs of living be reduced to reasonable limits. In a word, let us make America a desirable home for all honest and industrious inhabitants whether native born or alien, and this great smelting pot of the world will function so smoothly that our national unity, strength and wealth will amaze all mankind.

CENSUS OF JAPANESE.

The agitation by certain newspapers for a supplementary census of the Japanese in San Francisco is, of course, politics. There has been much adoo about the Japanese picture brides and the rapid increase of Japanese children born here. The census evidently shows the inaccuracy of these statements.

The Japanese colony in California is one of negligible size. It may be very active and enterprising, as are Japanese colonies everywhere, but numerically it offers no threat to the white population. The anti-Japanese agitation, on the score of self-preservation for the white natives of California, is a tempest in a teapot. In plain English it is ridiculous, and nothing is more dangerous to political plans than ridicule.

If the picture brides are helping to populate California with Japanese, where are the signs of this orientalization? Are the Japanese possessed of the magical power of vanishing from human view and reappearing only when it suits their convenience? The Japanese colony west of Van Ness Avenue and north of McAllister Street in San Francisco, has the outward and visible signs of decay. It appears to be anything but populous and busy as a hive.

Japanese who do housework for white people's residences are so scarce that it has become a favor for the front-step cleaners and sweepers to accept employment at the rate of about $5 a day. Some years ago such Japanese were to be had in abundance at half the amount. The scarcity of the men is the explanation of their increased remuneration. It is not a result of combination. Japanese labor is scarce in San Francisco, and no matter how many re-enumerations we may have from the census takers, the politicians who are basing their plans on an anti-Japanese crusade will be disappointed.

OUR JOAQUIN MILLER EDITION.

The publishers of the Overland Monthly have been much gratified by the receipt of many commendations of the February number of the magazine, which contained such a wealth of information relative to Joaquin Miller, the poet and the man.

Congratulatory letters have come from so many sources that the conclusion is irresistible that California's famous poet possessed a celebrity and esteem which were universal. From women and men, from old and young, the grave lawyer and the banker and the joyous student on the bright threshold of life have been received, testimonials of the public delight over the condensation of Joaquin Miller's eventful biography in one issue of California's literary magazine, founded by Bret Harte. Every letter has been a warm personal expression of interest, as if the Overland had told of the trials and triumphs of a true friend of humanity.

And such a man in truth was the California poet whose head could reach the inspirational clouds of Olympus, but whose feet never failed to touch Mother Earth. The sublimity of thought and the simplicity of life, exemplified in his existence, were significant of his passionate love of Nature which imbued his verses with impressive strength and unaffected grandeur that won his distinction as "Poet of the Sierras." How few there be who could live up to such a title. Alas the poetic flights of most of us, are more suggestive of the lowliness of an ant-hill, than the towering grandeur of the Western Mountains with their peaks vested in the eternal snows.

As we add this humble tribute to the memory of the great California poet, there come to us thoughts of his magnificent verses on Columbus, which appeared in the collection published in the February number of the Overland Monthly. The treasure house of English gems of literature contain few that are more admirable in cadence, clear depth of phil-

osophic suggestiveness, and the brilliance of literary finish.

Behind him lay the gray Azores
  Behind the Gates of Hercules
Before him not the ghost of shores
  Before him only shoreless seas
The good mate said: "Now must we pray
  For lo! the very stars are gone
Brave Adm'r'l speak, what shall I say?"
  "Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

California's illustrious poet has himself sailed on, "before him only shoreless seas," but out of the solitude and the darkness there has come to him, let us hope, a great light and a full comprehension of the mystery of life, which only true poets sense in this mundane existence.

The footprints that Joaquin Miller left on the sands of time are imperishable as the rock-ribbed Sierras of which his admiring fellow-citizens acclaimed him the lawful bard.

Though a great demand for the Joaquin Miller number of the Overland Monthly had been anticipated and provided for, the news stand supply was rapidly exhausted. It was found necessary to print two more editions for delivery to the San Francisco News Company, and the demand continues. Orders are coming in not only from California and all parts of the Pacific Coast, but from many centers in the Eastern States, thus demonstrating that Joaquin Miller's poetic appeal is not bounded by narrow geographical limits but extends wherever mankind reads.

CHEYENNE-GIRL.

Wyoming's hills flow on like troughs of seas
And cattle wander slowly up and down.
A cook house sends its smells along the breeze.
A trapper leads his burros into town.

God must have loved this place. He gave his best
In purple mountains and in painted skies.
But in Cheyenne he glorified the West
When he put torquoise-blue in cow-girls' eyes.

—Lesley R. Bates.

A BOOK TO ENJOY AND STUDY

In her new book, "The Voices," Mrs. I. Lowenberg, author of "The Irresistible Current," and "A Nation's Crime," has given the reading public a work which is timely to the moment, as it weaves in most interesting fashion a delightful narrative around some of the greatest of modern problems without becoming didactic or dull. "The Voices" is a book to enjoy at the first reading and to study on the subsequent perusals. It possesses the spice of literary quality and the solid meat of well-considered philosophy.

The first essential of any successful book is an attractive heroine and Mrs. Lowenberg has presented her in her latest work in the character of Joan Lynn who is saturated with the sunlight and the optimism of California, and could have been a product of no other climate and environment. She is no uncultured belle of the plains or the backwoods, but a college girl, educated at the University of California and born in the San Bruno district of this metropolis of the Pacific States. She is typically a woman of the people, in full sympathy with those that toil with their hands and possessed of the economic knowledge and mental strength to hold the scales fairly between capital and labor. How few can do that in these days of strife and how rare the writer who can create such a character to maintain the interest of a story at once enjoyable and instructive.

Mrs. Lowenberg has observed shrewdly that readers just now are attracted by a narrative dealing somewhat with the mystical and metaphysical. Her heroine Joan Lynn is a sort of superwoman and none the less so because she takes a position as a stenographer in an important steel plant and becomes a factor in the conflict of labor and capital, or rather an influence to harmonize their differences and create universal peace and prosperity. How many writers have sought to elucidate such problems and hasten the millennium.

Joan Lynn is really inspired, inasmuch as she believes like other heroines, some of them deathless in their world fame, that she has a "mission" and hears voices which to other ears are silent, revealing the true roads to progress and happiness in our great democracy.

In the brief space of this article it is impossible to deal fully and fairly with the reforms of government which the inspired heroine of "The Voices" announces as essential. One must read the book and study what it proposes to accomplish. Incidentally it may be mentioned, however, that one suggested change is an eight-year term for the President of the United States. Election of President by popular vote, instead of the electoral system, is also discussed. So is the making of war and peace. In fact all the dominant questions of the hour and the very moment in which we live, including the high cost of our physical existence, are debated.

There are other interesting characters besides Joan the heroine in Mrs. Lowenberg's book strongly portrayed. Among these are Peter Lynn, the puddler; Mayme, the good-hearted but unrefined friend of the heroine; Applegate Torby, vice-chairman of the board of managers of the steel plant; Algernon Athelstane, United States Senator in love with Diana, a rich and intellectual society woman.

The book of unusual romance and gripping ideas, can be ordered direct from the publishers, Harr Wagner Publishing Co., 1111 Hearst Building, or from any bookseller. Price $1.50.

LITTLE MOTHER AMERICA

"Little Mother America," by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. I think I have never read a definition of Americanism with which I felt more in sympathy than is

written in Mrs. Sanders' new book, "Little Mother America."

The stately Sister Constance, in her home of refuge for unfortunate or rebellious girls near New York City, is sitting in the garden with the lately arrived refugee, who has come over from Europe, dazed, disheartened, dumb with some awful tragedy which she has experienced in worn-torn Europe, and yet which her tongue has refused to fashion into words.

This girl, who in her bewildered state, calls herself "America" (the only name she can remember, when questioned by the custom house officers), is sick with the effort of striving to find out something of her own past,—something she can grasp as a clue to her life before she reached America.

She has just been talking of this to the Sister, and regretting that she is "a foreigner, and not the American," when her beloved rescuer answers:

"Child, to be an American is not the accident of being born within the boundaries of the United States. No one is more than nominally born an American. That does not really count. To be an American is the achievement of the ideal of Democracy. Do you understand? I think not. But you will understand when the test comes, as it must inevitably, sometime. By that test, whatever form of self-sacrifice the crucible that separates the spirit from the baser self may assume, you will earn the right to be an American, or fail forever.

"The child born in Patagonia or Timbuktu has within him the potentialities of an American. We must win or lose our Americanism in the greatest of all battle fields,—our own conscience."

And when the test does come, after "Meri" is married to the man she loves, and is established somewhere in the mountains of the great West,—after she has been discovered by her brother,—the Comte Maurice de Belleville, of a noble house in Belgium (he has searched all over the United States for his missing sister), and the past comes back to her, with all its horrors,—then she finds that she must sacrifice her husband for her country, the country of her adoption and love,—America! — "Little Mother America"; The Cornhill Company, Boston.

BUFFALO BILL'S LIFE STORY.

The "Memories of Buffalo Bill," as written by his wife, Louisa F. Cody, in collaboration with Courtney Ryley Cooper, is a book which will certainly prove a gratifying success to the authors, and the publishers, D. Appleton and Company of New York. It teems with narratives that stir the red blood of youth and interest those who have passed the meridian. There is little pretext to fine literary style in the work. There is no need of it. The life story of the famous plainsman overflows with romance of the virile kind that is best told without waste of words. The literary difficulty is to crowd it all between the covers of a volume of 326 pages.

The reader of these memories of Buffalo Bill, quickly understands how the famous scout became a plainsman, because he was to the manner born and could hardly have been anything else. He was born in Scott County, Iowa, in 1845, when the real West began at Kansas City, then called Westport.

Little Willie Cody looked upon Indian fighting and buffalo hunting as lightly as San Francisco lads nowadays regard skating or bicycle riding. When only eleven years old, Buffalo bill killed his first Indian. The savages had attacked a party of American cattlemen and killed three at the first volley. Before he was fifteen years old, Buffalo Bill had shot half a dozen Indians. His father was an abolitionist and most of the frontiersmen amongst whom they mingled were proslavers. That made the life of the Cody family more perilous, and eventually Cody, Sr., was stabbed and crippled for life.

The care of the family devolved on Buffalo Bill and an uncle from California, with whom he hunted wild horses and buffalo, and acted as guard to emigrant trains and as pony express rider. Never again will the world see such frontier scenes as those in which the future showman grew to manhood.

Mrs. Cody tells it all in most entertaining style. We have glimpses of her frontier courtship with the great scout

when he was barely twenty, and operating with United States troops against hostile Indians on the plains. It is an intimate biography. There are countless thrilling stories of battles and hairbreadth escapes. The reader is also given many anecdotes of Buffalo Bill's experiences as a showman.

There is genuine pathos in the closing chapters of this fascinating story of the most famous of American plainmen. The great scout had fought the good fight and the Grim Reaper awaited him. Buffalo Bill knew he was in the Valley of the Shadow.

"I want to be buried on top of Mount Lookout," he instructed. "It's right over Denver. You can look down into four states there."

His wish was respected. He was laid atop the lofty mountain, his white horse striding behind the casket in the funeral cortege. From his resting place may be seen the vast stretches, in which the stirring scenes of his stormy youth had been enacted. It was a fitting end to his remarkable career.

A HUMAN DYNAMO

Senor Balasco Ibanez has had a successful lecturing tour, that carried him to Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and other cities east of the Mississippi River, and is now delivering a second series of lectures in the Southern States. Everywhere he has been the recipient of a great deal of attention. Of all the American cities he has visited he says that he likes New York best and feels most at home there. In the late Winter he will visit Mexico, where he expects to find material for a novel dealing with that branch of the Spanish-speaking race. He has been much impressed by the free and advanced status of women in the United States and is planning a novel, to be scened chiefly in New York City and to be called, probably, "The Paradise of Women," which will be much concerned with what seems to him the striking degree of their emancipation in this country and the equally striking need of more emancipation on the part of the men. Like the human dynamo that he is, the Spanish novelist has been at work, in the midst of all his other activities, upon a novel which will deal with America's participation in the world war and will introduce President Wilson as one of its characters. It will be published, when completed, by E. P. Dutton & Co. and will make, with "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalyse," which the Duttons brought out eighteen months ago and "Mare Nostrum" which they published last Summer, a trilogy of war novels from the Spaniard's pen. "The Four Horsemen," after its unprecedented success as a novel, is being prepared for having picture presentation, while "Blood and Sand," his story of the Spanish bullring which the Duttons published last Winter, is being dramatized with the expectation that Lionel Barrymore will impersonate its bull-fighting hero.

BIOGRAPHY OF GROVER CLEVELAND

An authorized biography of Grover Cleveland is being prepared by Professor Robert M. McElroy of Princeton University, which will be published by Harper & Brothers. The work has been intrusted to Professor McElroy by Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr., formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who has turned over to him all of Mr. Cleveland's letters and papers that remained in her possession. In addition he has the use of the large collection in the Library of Congress, in the letters to Commodore Benedict and a large assortment of letters from personal friends and political associates. Many of President Cleveland's letters were written by hand and no copies were kept and Professor McElroy and Harper & Brothers have issued an appeal to all who had correspondence with Mr. Cleveland to permit the use of his letters. Some of the most interesting portions of the work will appear serially in Harper's Magazine previous to the publication of the book.

SECRETS OF THE NAVY

Rear-Admiral William S. Sims, the present "storm center" of the Navy Department, has said that all these "rows," as he termed the present controversies in the Department, could have been avoided had Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N., retired, and other high

officers been free in the last twelve years to tell the American people what they thought was wrong with the Navy. It may be true that Secretary Daniels did everything in his power to "gag" Admiral Fiske while the latter was on active service; he was unable to prevent the Admiral, after his retirement, from publishing what he considered the truth about the Navy in his autobiography, "From Midshipman to Rear-Admiral," recently issued by The Century Co. In his book, Admiral Fiske gives with unrestraint all the details of his controversy with the Secretary and does not hesitate to discuss the Navy in all its aspects during his forty-four years of active service.

THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

The movement for the preservation of the old Missions of California gains strength. There is practical business behind it as well as sentiment. The old Mission buildings are valuable assets. California has become a magnet to thousands of tourists from the Eastern States. Many come here annually to avoid the rigorous climate of the Atlantic Coast and revel in the sunshine of the Golden State. The ruins of the Missions revive the romance of the early history of California—the days before the Gringo came, when the hidalgos ruled in the new land and brought to the Ultimate West the hospitalities and courtliness of Old Spain.

The ruined Missions where the padres implanted in the minds of their Indian neophytes the seeds of Christianity are not less to California than ruined castles and ancient churches are to Europe. Vast numbers of tourists visit them and the native inhabitants are proud of them. Californians will value their ruined Missions more as the years roll on. The historic and romantic structures should be preserved from the ravages of time.

A CURIOUS RACE

Stacy Aumonier says in "The Querrils," published by the Century Company, that the Anglo-Saxons are a curious race. The Anglo-Saxon has the genius of dissatisfaction more acutely developed than in any other race.

"He must crawl all over the earth and see what's doing. He has an uncontrolable impetus to see over the ridge. He must go and look at the North Pole, and the South Pole, and wade through malarial forests in Central Africa. He doesn't know why, but he just has to do this. Then he returns home and after a long time thinks about it all—he's rather slow in the up-take. And then one day—or more probably one night—something starts worrying him. Those women who threw their babies in the Ganges as a religious offering. Malay slaves working in salt mines for Chinese masters. People who mutilate themselves. And one night when the Teuton, and the Slav—and even the Latin—is sleeping soundly in his bed, he wakes up and thinks:

"'No, but, damn it all! babies in the Ganges! a bit thick!'

"And he finds that this disturbs his nights. And one day it gets beyond him. He suddenly packs up and goes off to interfere. He takes his golf clubs, and his ridiculous clothes, his zinc chapels, his gramophones, and his evening dress. And being a practical man, he thinks:

"'Well, as I'm going, I might as well take a few pounds of tea to sell the natives.'

"And of course the malevolent person will say:

"'Ah! yes, that's what he goes for!"

BOOK NOTES FROM THE CENTURY CO.

"A Sailor's Nerve," one of the most interesting stories that Admiral Bradley A. Fiske tells in his latest book, "From Midshipman to Rear-Admiral," published by the Century Co., is the story of the rescue in mid-ocean of George Olsen, only survivor of the schooner "Twilight," wrecked by a cyclone in 1906.

Admiral Fiske, at that time a captain, was in command of the "Minnepolis," bound for Cuba with two battalions of marines.

On the night of September 20 at about 10:30 the Sergeant of the Guard reported a man overboard. It was a warm night, so Captain Fiske wasted no time in getting dressed. "I simply put on my cap," he writes, "and went up on the quarter-

deck with no other clothing than my pajamas."

When he reached the deck, he found it full of people conversing in subdued tones. The ship had been turned back, and no one seemed to know exactly what had happened. The Sergeant of the Guard and a Carpenter's Mate reported that they had heard a cry for help come from the water.

The searchlights were turned on and Captain Fiske directed the search. A white object was seen in the water, and two life-boats raced for it. "Both boats soon returned," writes the Admiral, "and in one of them was a man, in dark clothes, sitting in the stern sheets. I hailed the boat and asked if the man was badly hurt, and the man himself replied:

" 'No, sir; I'm all right.' "

According to Olsen, the Twilight was thrown on her beam-ends by the cyclone and the masts almost immediately broke in two. Olsen managed to get clear of the wreckage and to construct a raft from two boards lashed together "with a sort of rope made by tearing his oilskin coat into strips and tying them together." He was in the water for three days before being rescued by us, and during that time he had nothing to eat.

"I shall never forget the feeling of admiration," says Admiral Fiske, "with which I looked at this man, so calm and self-possessed after passing through such an ordeal. In my experience I have never known his nerve to be equalled."

"The Negro Year Book for 1918-1919," by Monroe N. Work, is the fifth annual edition, which has been enlarged and improved. There are over two hundred pages of new matter. The information contained in previous editions has been revised and brought down to date. One hundred and thirty pages are devoted to a review of the events of 1917-1918 as they affected the interests and showed the progress of the race.

Among the important subjects comprehensively reviewed are: "The Negro's Economic Progress," "The Church and the Negro," "The Migration of the Negro," "The Negro and the Trade Unions," "The Financial Contributions of Negroes to Liberty Loans and War Work Activities," "The Problems Connected with the Use of the Negro as a Soldier in the World War," "The Negro as a Soldier in the World War," "The Negro in Politics," "Race Relations and Racial Co-operation," "Race Riots," "Lynchings," "The Race Problem in the United States, in the West Indies, in Africa."

The Editor has made extended researches and has spared neither time nor pains to make this New Edition of the Negro Year Book in every way more comprehensive and authoritative than any of the previous editions. "It covers every phase of Negro activity in the United States, reviews progress in all lines, discusses grievances, outlines the economic conditions of the race, presents religious and social problems, educational statistics and political questions as they relate to the race." Price, postpaid, paper cover, 75 cents; board cover, $1.25.—The Negro Year Book Company, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Anti-Mexican Propaganda

The amount of anti-Mexican propaganda which finds its way into American newspapers these days, is conclusive proof of the wealth and influence of the interests that desire disruption of friendly relations between the United States and the Latin Republic south of us.

The proportion of newspaper readers in the United States is larger than in any other part of the world. For that reason press propaganda is exceedingly effective. Not only do Americans read more newspapers than other people, but they also accept the utterances of their journals with a great deal of confidence. People who understand the art of publicity know how much can be done to sway public opinion in the United States by effective newspaper propaganda.

The present anti-Mexican propaganda which is so actively conducted by certain American newspapers, is as much lacking in honesty and public spirit as the crusade of racial bitterness and malice waged in the days of President Polk, when the political purpose was to cut Texas from Mexico and make it a slave-owning State. The direct result of that propaganda was the war which began with the invasion of Mexico by a small force of 3500 United States troops under General Zach Taylor, afterwards President.

President Ulysses S. Grant, in his Memoirs reveals the carefully laid plot of the Polk administration to provoke war with Mexico and place Zach Taylor in command of the invading force, because he was known to have no political ambition but on the contrary was opposed to activity in politics. Taylor was promoted from colonel to brigadier-general, and General Winfield Scott, whose rank entitled him to lead the invading forces shelved on account of his desire to run for President on the Whig ticket.

We have seen something of the same kind in the recent world war, when United States generals that were entitled by their rank to assume prominent leadership were kept at home.

In the case of General Zach Taylor and General Winfield Scott, the political outcome of the plans laid by the Polk administration were the reverse of what was hoped for. Taylor won so many battles with his small force of United States troops and became so overwhelmingly popular that he was forced to become a candidate for President and was elected.

U. S. Grant served in the early Mexican campaign as a young lieutenant and had no anticipation that he would rise to be the most famous and successful of American generals and fill the office of President.

Grant is unsparing in his criticism of the first war with Mexico which he condemns in his Memoirs as unnecessary and discreditable, inasmuch as it fastened a quarrel on a much weaker country because the conflict was deemed useful to the party plans of a President's administration. It is quite possible that future historians would speak with equal severity of the invasion of Mexico, which the present propagandists are trying to bring about, with a view to the seizure of the sister republic's enormously valuable oil wells.

American readers would do well to look up the Memoirs of General U. S. Grant and read his comments on the first war with Mexico, before placing full reliance on the statements of anti-Mexican propagandists now quoting alleged atrocities against Americans to incite enmity in the United States. History is repeating itself in a strange way.

It is a good time for wise men to keep cool and do their own thinking. Mexico is trying to do the right thing after a terrible civil war. America should not commit the barbarity of plunging her into fresh and needless bloodshed.

JUN 11 1920

OVERLAND MONTHLY
Founded 1868 Bret Harte
San Francisco

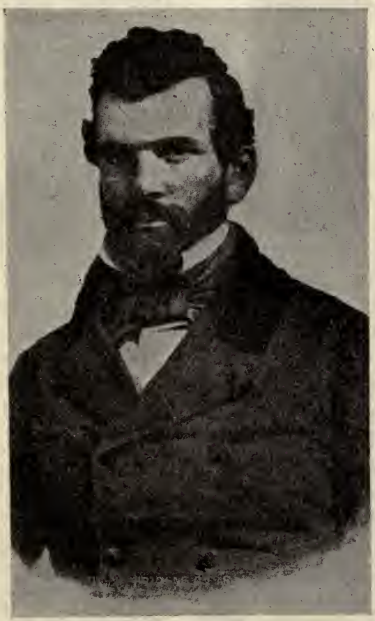
VOL. LXXV APRIL, 1920 No 4.

APPOINT ALL JUDGES

THE wave of crime is causing people to recall Vigilante days. "Disregard of life and property are as flagrant as in the wild days when indignant citizens took the law into their own hands and executed malefactors," declare many honest persons.

Repetition of the methods of the Vigilantes, who stormed the County Jail and hanged several of the imprisoned inmates, would not be a desirable proceeding. A proper civic spirit in any community is not created by examples of savage retribution in the punishment of criminals, however dangerous. Civilization has provided courts of justice for the enforcement of the laws and when waves of crime become frequent in a city it should demand an explanation from its officials. Crime cannot be rampant in any civilized community when its officers of the law do their honest duty. Decent citizens should never lose sight of that fact. San Francisco has judges and policemen enough to drive out of their nefarious lines of business all the crooks in the city. Why is it not done? Because the political system which controls the courts is vicious, and as long as judges are elected instead of appointed, the criminal courts will be a menace to good government.

Judges should be appointed. They should be saved from the contaminating influence of partisan elections. Their salaries should be generous and pensions should reward their years of faithful service.



EDITOR JAMES KING
(of William)
His Denunciation of Crime in Pioneer Days Led to Vigilante Measures

All that is directly opposite to the system followed by many States, including California. We prate about the need of keeping the courts of justice close to the people. We really keep them close to the political pond if not the cesspools of society. We deliberately compel men of education, and perhaps of talent and lofty ideals, to beg votes of the mob, on bended knees, and then ascend the judicial bench to hold the scales of justice without fear or favor. What a travesty of wise government and progress!

Consider for a moment the impossibilities

of electing the most desirable lawyers to judicial positions. The ideal judge should have learning, sound judgment, industry and honesty. Nothing should swerve him from his sworn duty to interpret the laws. He should have attained some distinction in the legal profession.

It would be impossible to elect such a judge for the excellent qualities that fitted him for the bench would unfit him for the political scramble. An unfledged young barrister who never tried a case outside the police court, but who could play a banjo, shout a coon-song, stump every precinct in the county, fraternize with all classes and put no limit to his pre-election promises might lead all judicial candidates in the election tally.

The voice of the people may be considered "the voice of God," but in the selection of wise and fit judges it fails lamentably to live up to its reputation. It is too often the voice of ignorance, popular passion, self interest and downright dishonesty.

Could there be a stronger argument against the popular election of judges than the present expose of judicial scandals in San Francisco? Red-handed murderers have been allowed to slip through the net of justice. The criminal element is represented as having more influence with the judiciary of the lower courts than the honest citizens. That is the logical result of popular election of judges. It always will be such.

The honest citizen has little time for politics. His business and his family wants absorb his time and energy. The professional politicians are given a clear field in the selection of judges. In that line they should have no hand whatever.

The most effective method of stopping the barter and sale of judicial favors to lawbreakers, is to place all judges as far as possible beyond criminal influence, by making judicial places appointive and permanent, with pensions as the provision for the old age of deserving jurists.

Much stress is laid by many persons on the difficulty of finding a satisfactory plan of appointing judges. It really matters little how judges are appointed. We have seen that in the Federal judgeships which are permanent, the judges are far less sensitive to popular hysteria and charges of venality and favoritism are rarely recorded.

Responsibility, when coupled with exemption from political pull, will make nearly all judges conservative officials, desirous of preserving good reputation for the sake of their families, if not for their own self esteem.

The Supreme Judges of the United States hold office for life, and their court has a high reputation all over the world. The English judiciary of all branches is appointed, and is the strongest bulwark of the British Empire. The English judges are expected to reach a high social and professional standard. Such occurrences as are common in San Francisco courts, and in those of many other American cities, would be impossible in England. Charges that murderers and other malefactors could sway London courts through the influence of professional bond brokers and other small politicians, would rock the British metropolis.

Honest Englishmen have an abiding respect for their courts and malefactors have a wholesome fear. This condition of the public mind has been reached only after long and tardy development of the English judicial system.

In the days of Charles Dickens the English courts of law, with their red tape and costly methods, made equal justice for the rich and poor, an impossibility. Great writers satirized the hardships imposed on poor litigants. Some of Charles Dickens' best work was based on exposure of injustices imposed by the rigid formalities of the Court of Chancery and other departments, hedged in by traditional obedience to class privileges and prejudices.

It has only been within fifty years that the English judicial system has attained its elasticity and efficiency.

The theory that the election of judges is conducive to good government finds few supporters in Great Britain outside the radical classes.

We should lose no time in abolishing the election of judges by popular vote. Our courts of justice are the foundations of government. If the foundations be honey-combed with graft and favoritism, the whole social and political structure is endangered.

—Thomas E. Flynn.

Candidates With Complaints

Some Bubbles on the Surface of the Political Pool.

By Henry Wilbur Parkinson

FROM President Wilson's invalid chair comes the report that he may seek a third term, as vindication of his wisdom and patriotism in trying to make the League of Nations an established fact instead of a theory.

In common with a multitude of Americans I hope that Mr. Wilson entertains no such intention as represented by the newspapers. First of all, his physical condition is unequal to the great strain of his high office, with its ceaseless and important duties. The mystery with regard to his illness only convinced the public that the President had sustained some kind of a stroke. Whether his ailment be serious enough to make it hazardous for the American people to elect him to a third term, he is not well advised to seek the honor. Nobody has so far reaped glory from such a quest.

With all the prestige of having brought the Civil War to a victorious close, General U. S. Grant only trailed his conquering banner in the dust, when he sought to break the precedent established by Washington.

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.
His Boom is Not Increasing.

This is not a favorable year for the seasoned statesmen. The voters look for new leaders. The belief of the Southern Democracy that Woodrow Wilson can snatch party victory from the flames of popular discontent, where all other men would fail, does not impress cool judges of politics.

The boom of General Leonard Wood, at this writing, is undergoing the reaction which usually follows too early and too rapid a start for political office. General Wood was in the field, first, and apparently making a runaway race of it for the White House; but no one is likely to score such a feat this year. The General is reported as complaining about handicaps imposed by Republican party managers. That is a bad sign. I never could see that the General's stock of Presidential timber was immense. He was a doctor till Roosevelt made him a general, and the Wilson administration shut him out of the limelight in the world war. He is evidently a good American but the fates are against him.

Senator Hiram Johnson seems to be waking up to the fact that runing for President of the United States and Governor of California are much different. He, too, is complaining. He has not the money of his opponents, he is reported to be saying. He ought to have money. It is reported he got a $50,000 fee for defending Dalziel Brown, the California bank wrecker, and has been earning good money ever since he was a special "Graft Prosecutor". It is Senator Johnson's political habit to interest the crowd by creating bugaboos of straw, and ferociously tearing them to flitters while the groundlings thunder their applause.

The strongest Republican candidate for President appears to be Governor Lowden of Illinois, who is a man of means, with a good record in Congress and in his present place. He commands respect.

Against Crooked Lawyers

President of the San Francisco Bar Association Would Ostracize Them

By Anthony J. Leonard

ON the front page of the Overland Monthly, we print the portrait of former Superior Judge J. F. Sullivan, now president of the Bar Association of San Francisco, who announces that he will press the disbarment of several lawyers charged with crookedness. More correctly speaking the Bar Association itself will place the matter before the Supreme Court of the State of California, and that tribunal will cast out the offenders, or permit them to remain and degrade the most important of the learned professions.

It is to be hoped that the present head of the Bar Association of California will display more energy in the prosecution of legal charlatans than has heretofore been exhibited, for the terror of swindling barristers and the comfort of the public. Should the legal profession be cleansed of some of the unscrupulous adventurers that bring it into disrepute, Judge Sullivan will deserve to have his portrait printed with eulogistic references on the front page of every publication on the Pacific Coast.

The record of the Bar Association of San Francisco in the ostracising of crooked lawyers might be worse perhaps. It certainly could be a great deal better. There is a laxness in the punishment of legal crooks that seems to be inherent. Honest lawyers are generally busy men and dislike to spend part of their time in the exposure of the Ishmaelites of their profession. In a measure it seems to them contrary to the ethics of their calling, to apply the tar and feathers to rascally brethren. The duty is a disagreeable one, but its importance should reconcile those who ought to perform it.

Crooked lawyers are not indigenous to San Francisco. The tribe exists in every city, but the political conditions here have lowered the moral tone of the profession, by degrading the judicial bench. Lawyers who should be wearing stripes in a State penitentiary are riding around in fashionable limousines, and swaggering into the courts as if chicanery and honesty were synonymous in the legal profession.

San Francisco has many splendid lawyers—men to be trusted by their clients and honored by their profession and the public. It is the duty of the Bar Association to set the professional standard by those eminent men and not the crooks that prey upon the community under cover of an attorney's diploma.

In its leading article this month, the Overland Monthly shows the necessity of changing our judicial system, which is at the bottom of many of the public evils, including the facility with which dishonest lawyers dodge punishment for their offenses.

When we appoint all judges for life, and give them good salaries and pensions instead of compelling them every few years to seek the votes of the mob and the patronage of slippery politicians, life will not be so rosy for the class of shysters which now crowds the police courts and make them the sewers instead of the Temples of Justice.

When we appoint judges, as many better-governed communities than San Francisco do, the position of president of the Bar Association will be more honorable and influential than at present, though as Shakespeare has said:

> Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

The Bar Association will be just what it makes itself. It is to be hoped that Judge Sullivan will not be swerved in the least from that Shakespearian thought. He was a good and useful citizen in his official days, as Superior Judge. He can be even more useful as a fearless president of the Bar Association, intent on making the profession of the law, a guarantee of education, civic spirit and fair dealing towards all men.

The Irish Problem

Some Historical Data Which Furnishes Food for Reflection.

By Leander Berwick Jamieson

THE sale of Irish-Republic bonds continues briskly, according to the newspapers, and San Francisco is accredited with the absorption of more than its share.

By the Irish question the United States is drawn more than ever into Old World complications.

The Irish problem is a thorn in the side of the British lion. England would gladly settle it, if somebody would present a plan which would not endanger civil war, but so far none of the many statesmen who have attempted the solution has succeeded. Least of all has Lloyd George solved the problem by his proposal to divide Ireland into two political states with separate houses of legislation, the Orangemen having one and the Nationalists the other. Both sides have so angrily rejected the compromise that it is plain to the world that neither desires a brotherly agreement.

LLOYD GEORGE.
Irish Question too Much for Him.

Irish agitations like all others require money, and the Irish Nationalists have always found it in the United States. Their present success in selling Irish Republic bonds is therefore an irritation to many Englishmen who profess to regard the financial transaction as an improper American interference in British domestic affairs.

The Irish question is not conducive to harmonious relations with Great Britain, and is little understood on this side of the Atlantic. Americans do not bother their heads to look closely into it and are not aware that it is almost as much a sectarian controversy as a national one, dating back to the sixteenth century.

In 1580 Queen Elizabeth sent a strong English force into Ireland to put down the rebellion of the Earls of Kildare—a military aristocracy of Norman blood, who went into Ireland in 1170 with Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, better known as "Strongbow," to reinstate the Irish King Dermot. The Normans replaced Dermot on his throne and Strongbow married Dermot's daughter, Eva, and became Governor of Ireland. This military Norman-Irish nobility remained loyal to the Papal See through all the sectarian conflicts which plunged England into various wars from 1580 to 1690, when William Prince of Orange, the son-in-law of King James II of England, defeated him at the Battle of the Boyne, where James made his last stand with 26,000 men against William's army of 36,000. William of Orange had been petitioned to invade England and unseat King James by an English commission headed by the Earls of Danby, Devonshire and Shrewsbury, and the protestant Bishop of London. With the defeat of James who fled to France, the flames of sectarianism subsided in England and Scotland, but Ireland has remained a battle ground through the centuries. The progressive thought of this Twentieth Century is likely to do more for peaceable solution of the Irish question than any political schemes that can be devised by Lloyd George. Every year the sectarianism's battlefields grow less, the belligerents fewer.

Return of the Railroads

Government Management of Public Utilities Not Encouraging.

By Edward F. Millman

THE railroads and the telegraph wires have been returned by the Government, and the people of the United States need no longer discuss the relative merits of public and private ownership. Every thoughtful citizen is convinced that public ownership is less efficent and more costly.

It did not require the experiment with the railroad wires to demonstrate the inferiority of government management of utilities. In no department of the public service can there be found the combination of industry and economy that are considered essential to private enterprise. The Post Office, a gigantic undertaking, which should return large profits never shows anything but a colossal deficit. It is useless to say, that the Post Office is not run for profit, but for public convenience. Most postmasters endeavor to show a margin of profit, but the political condition of public service interpose insurmountable barriers.

Perhaps under the management of the same men, who can only reach a deficit annually, the Post Office, if conducted as a private corporation, would present satisfactory profits. Some of the express companies were able to declare large dividends, before the Parcels Post reduced the volume of their business. As soon as the carrying of packages became a government undertaking it ceased to be profitable.

The operations of government shipyards have also been illustrative of the difference between the efficiency of private and public enterprise.

The nationalization of railways is one of the pet theories of socialists. They labor under the delusion that public ownership has a magical effect in promoting public contentment and prosperity.

There should be no false notions about nationalization of railways, for there are many State systems in the world. The publicly owned lines in Belgium, prior to the war, cost as much as the private English lines, and were not more efficient. Prussia had subsidized government lines, which were primarily military. They were inferior in operation to the American private lines. In India the rates on the State lines are higher than in England. In Australia and New Zealand the government railroads are run at a loss, or with a doubtful margin of profits, like the municipal lines in America.

H. O. Arnold-Forster, an English member of Parliament, who gave the subject close attention, concluded that public ownership "has made no sensible contribution to the wealth, happiness or prosperity" of the countries that have adopted it. "As far as the individual passenger is concerned there is practically no difference at all."

The most serious consideration, according to Arnold-Forster, is the creation of enormous numbers of Civil Service officials, "all capable of exercising the franchise to further their own pecuniary interests."

That evil caused Victoria, Australia, to pass a law restricting the votes of railway employees, who wished to bleed the public for their own advantage. Italy and France have also suffered. M. Clemenceau, refused to allow the French State railway hands to become members of the Confederation du Travail, or workmen's alliance.

With the railways of the United States in permanent government control, a political combination of Civil Service employees might become a costly and troublesome incubus.

The veteran French statesman was attacked for his action, which was declared at variance with his policies as a radical of the radicals—one who had been so regarded from the days of the Paris Commune. The speeches he delivered in his defense are regarded as a full answer to his critics.

Where Doctors Differ

Chiropractors Present Charges Against the State Medical Board.

By Frederick L. Douglas

AS every day some new propaganda is brought to the notice of editors, the Chiropractors would be out of fashion if they, too, did not seek to influence public opinion, and thereby bring the politicians to their way of thinking.

The Chiropractors are circularizing the editorial offices, to aid in the establishment of an official Chiropractic Board, which shall be independent of the regular State Medical Board. Professional jealousy is charged to the account of the M. D.'s. The trade union spirit is strong amongst the doctors, if we can believe the Chiropractors. The allopaths wish to monopolize the profitable field and ban all new-thought practitioners, who desire to alleviate the pains of suffering humanity and get paid for it. The regular doctors must not be encouraged in their hoggishness, argue the Chiropractors. Governor Stephens should assert his authority, and protect the persecuted healers, by appointing some of their own trade to examine them and issue credentials of fitness. The world will suffer, if the Chiropractors are left to the tender mercies of the allopathic monopolists, it is intimated.

While the medical men have many sins to answer for, their insistence that all healers shall pass an ordeal of examination by the regular State Medical Board is not to be included in their indictment.

Regular medical men may be narrow and clannish, but the narrowest of them cannot be as much of a danger to the community as quacks, who deliberately prey on the ignorant and unfortunate. I do not say that the Chiropractors come under that classification; but what have they to offer in the way of healing, so new and efficacious that a separate bureau or commission must be created to give them legal authority to set up their signs in the highways and byways.

If Chiropractors or any other class of healers cannot pass the examination of the proper State Medical Board, they should be excluded from every list of licensed practitioners and rigorously prosecuted if found practicing for gain.

Many crimes are committed against the sick. Every day quacks rob the suffering of their scanty store. Chronic invalids are usually poor. In their dire necessity theiy resort to any means of relief and are the easiest of victims for impostors.

If Chiropractors can prove that they have a new message of mercy for mankind, the State Medical Board cannot thrust them permanently into the outer darkness. This is the age of science. Light is sought diligently by many great thinkers who are unafraid. The Science of Medicine is no longer barbaric superstition and guesswork. It will steadily become less so.

Chiropractice was one of the oldest forms of superstition. Not so long ago the Kings of civilized Europe were popularly supposed to possess mystic powers of healing by the "laying on of hands."

Veracious history gives us a picture of that royal libertine, Charles II of England, the "Merry Monarch," sitting in his palace at Whitehall to cure afflicted subjects by touching them with his ring of State.

He went through the ceremony as if he believed in its efficacy for he had been taught that way. Pages in royal livery stood by the King with golden basins and damask towels to cleanse his hands as he performed his miracles. The fact that he had been sitting up most of the previous night, playing cards or dice with his courtiers and titled harem, made no abatement of his healing powers.

The world has got rid of that superstition of the mystic power of annointed Kings, but many others are not entirely uprooted. The State of California should do nothing to restore the mental obscurity of the Middle Ages but progress in the full light of Twentieth Century knowledge.

On Selfishness

A Simple Object-Lesson on the Littleness of Egoism.

By Hamilton Mercer

IF you will take the measure of the selfish man you will find that he lives and moves and has his being within a sphere bounded by his senses.

You will find him too self-centered, ordinarily, to credit sincerity elsewhere than within this circle, and too nearsighted to properly comprehend the vastness of a creation of which trammeled minds like his own can have no adequate conception.

It is possible for one's ego to attain a development sufficient to shut out the wide world and to eclipse the marvels of the universe.

Arcturus is an ordinary star in the heavenly galaxy, but it travels at a speed of two thousand miles an hour. If you hold a penny at arm's length between yourself and this star, you may stand there for three hundred years before it will pass across the surface of the coin.

The illustration gives an idea of the vastness of distance, but it also shows what a trifling thing may put a barrier between you and a consciousness of your insignificance.

That Arcturus would have to travel five hundred and twenty-five billion, six hundred million miles to cross the surface of the penny may not interest you. If you are a selfish person your faculties will be employed only with the novelty of the experiment.

The common tubercle bacillus is a little thing—so little indeed that you must magnify it twelve hundred times in order to see it. Still, this germ has destroyed more human lives than all the wars of history save possibly the late world war and is so nearly indestructible that it has survived in the bodies of mummies from all antiquity.

There is a thrill in these sublime proportions, not for the selfish man, but for the man who can see God in heaven and recognize his handiwork in nature.

The man who deceives himself by assuming he is sufficient for any day of trial, for any time of test, eventually must come face to face with the awkward reality that his measures are empty and that his destiny is precariously uncertain.

He must in the fulness of time come to the solemn fact that there are limitations to human effort and that just beyond the lengthening shadows of life's twilight Infinity walks in the full day.

DAWN ON THE DESERT.

By F. M. Pierce

What fiery genii romp the Eastern sky!
Splashing golden lava wide and high
In sullen pools and broiling river streams—
Translucent to the sun-shaft's melting beams?

Is Heaven hostile, or aflame with joy!
For now, across its fields in wide deploy,
Stream banners—as of every tribe of Light—
Leading assaults, or winged in joyous flight.

The risen revil with subsiding flush,
Veils the fair-faced Dawn's retiring blush—
That she unwrapt her charms so boldly free:
And the sky tides, a limpid, azure sea.

Napoleon's Error

The Extermination of Nationalities a Very Difficult Task.

By Lawrence T. Payne

NAPOLEON the Great made new maps of the world as if he were a real estate speculator laying out the little subdivisions of a boom town along a new railroad line. Napoleon had the utmost contempt for geographical limitations not prescribed by himself. His confidence in his own military genius, backed by the armies of France, was limitless. At the height of his power he believed he could make new kingdoms at will and handle nationalities as if they were lifeless figures on a chess-board.

Disaster changed his outlook on life, from the rocky summit of his prison on the Island of St. Helena, where the Allies of his day placed him to die.

Napoleon retained, to the end, his contemptuous opinion that a throne was but "a few boards with a piece of cloth thrown over them." The thrones that he himself erected proved very unstable. The purple cloth was soon torn from them, and the boards scattered. But the nationalities that Napoleon undertook to mould, like so much putty or dough, did not lose their identity, as he once thought they would, under the coercive influence of conquering bayonets.

One by one, as the relatives and generals, whom he made monarchs and princes lost their lofty places in the world, the strange races that Napoleon set them to rule, returned to their original homogeniety. King Joseph Bonaparte's Spanish subjects became more than ever Spaniards. King Louis Bonaparte's Hollanders, became more patriotic Dutchmen. King Jerome Bonaparte's Westphalians made no pretence of being Frenchmen, when their alien king from Paris lost his sceptre in the downfall of the Bonaparte family.

The history of the world for ages is repeating itself in the realignment of European nationalities.

A year ago, newspaper correspondents referred to the defeated German race as if it had passed out of national existence, as thoroughly as the Aztecs. English-speaking merchants the world over, would never again enter into civilized commercial relations with the "Huns." The literature of the Teutonic race was to be eternally tabu. The music of Wagner was foredoomed to lasting silence. In fact everything with the taint of Germanism on it was to be consigned to the lowermost circle of the Inferno, to ever smoulder in the hot fires of aversion, as a terrible example to militaristic nations with Kaisers.

Now after twelve short months, the merchants who are not arranging for resumption of trade with Germany are the exception. I hear of large Pacific Coast houses that are planning to send their buyers abroad to stock up with goods in which the Germans have excelled—laces, toys, chemicals, dyes, etc. English newspapers contain significant notices that Great Britain is flooded with commercial offers from German manufacturers but the loyalty of the British merchant will permit no dealing openly or clandestinely.

The energy and reiteration of these protests make one very suspicious of their sincerity.

It begins to be evident that the Teutonic race is of too tough a fibre, to be wiped out of national existence by modern warfare, any more than ancient. Two thousand years ago, Julius Caesar and Marius, too, at the head of Roman legions, almost exterminated the Teuton race but it survived to conquer and sack Rome twice. Napoleon reduced the Germans to dire extremities, and forced them to support French armies to oppress them in 1807, but 63 years later a German army entered Paris, and Bismarck, dictated the Treaty of Versailles, which humbled France in the dust, and would have impoverished a less thrifty nation.

The task of eradicating sturdy races is one of such great difficulty it has never been thoroughly done.

Omnipotent Tradition

College Tale With a Moral

By Herbert B. Alexander

BOBBY DIXON shoved his freshman dink cap a bit farther back to display a somewhat larger area of his freshly bandolined hair, after which he adjusted his emerald-hued necktie so as to widen the extent of the cloth and gain the full advantage of the light rays.

Bob had a right to be proud of the distinct features of his costume, for did they not denote membership to that class, which numbered greatest of all others; which had undergone martyrdom more than once, due to the uncontrolled mob spirit of the envious sophomore class. So, Bob could strut across the college campus as proud as a newly-rich food profiteer, for he was a college "fresh."

"Well, Bob, why all the hurry today," came a brisk voice from the rear, "wait a minute for a fellow."

A young fellow, his scalp roofed with the typical freshman skull cap, walked up to the side of young Dixon. The newcomer's dress was in every respect classy and gay, from the tan male pumps on his tender soles, to the futurist designed orange and green cravat under his chin.

"Bob," remarked the young dude with an accompanying frown across his face, "I'll be glad when I get to be a soph. This idea of wearing a dink cap and always being brushed aside on account of this or that tradition, is what gets me. The thing that galls me the most, though, is that confounded anti-queening rule. A fellow is not allowed to chat with any girl, until his second year. It's all beyond me, why they have such laws. It's a ridiculous tradition."

"Right you are, Nick," snapped back Bob, "If there is any sense in this idea of keeping us freshmen down, I for one fail to see it. A senior was stuffing me the other day about how it is a tradition in every American university, that upon entering college, all freshmen are supposed to be put through a hazing period. After the hazing period they in no way are to be hindered in their college life, unless they break certain prescribed college rules. Personally I think all this stuff of keeping us freshmen down is the continental bunk."

"Now, you're talking, Dixey, old scout," agreed Nick Graff (for that was Nick's full name). "They are afraid to allow the freshman to do something, which might boost the name of the college. The whole business is arbitrary, repressive; its class legislation."

"Exactly, Nick, and when we get to be sophs, b'lieve me, we won't keep down the next freshman class, because we know what it all means to the first year man."

"You bet," added Nick, "you can take my word for it, I will do all in my power to make ours the first sophomore class to start the custom of doing away with this repressive traditional trash, and instead giving all the help possible to our younger classmen. If the present sophs would—"

At that moment a swaggering giant, wearing a sophomore numeral over a snug woolen sweater, approached the conver-

sationalists and seized the irreverant Nick Graff by the coat collar. Staring at his victim with the familiar upper classman frown of authority the big chap opened his wide jaw in words of rebuke.

"Say Nick," he bellowed, "I believe I told you the other day about that loud tie you're wearing. Freshmen are not allowed to display any color other than green, and under no condition any gaudy hash like that."

"What I wear is my business," popped back Nick defiantly.

Without any further words, the husky sophomore proceeded to remove the unbecoming portion of Graff's adornment. The lively scene soon caught the attention of some other passing collegians, apparently sophomores, who rushed to the field of action. It did not take very long for them to grasp the significance of the struggle, nor did they lose much time in determining a proper remedy for handling the unruly freshman.

"Well," dryly uttered a rather tall member of the group, "I suppose he wants the tub or the showers."

"How about feeding him a little mush?" suggested another."

"He needs a good dose," added a third one, "Why, he has been flirting quite a bit with the co-eds lately. I'd suggest a good old-fashioned paddling. We've simply got to make these birds comply with rules."

Thereupon three of the men picked up the offender of college tradition and soon were bearing him, stretcher fashion, in the direction of a nearby brick structure, the men's dormitory, which contained the much utilized tubs and cold showers.

Unexpected as it was sudden, Bob, who had previously remained unnoticed in the background, pounced upon the oppressors of his friend. He fought like a wild man, swinging his fists in all directions, as though with the intent of exacting a cruel toll. For the moment this unexpected sally succeeded in breaking the sophomores' hold upon the helpless Nick, who proceeded to make a desperate but futile dash for liberty.

In a few minutes the struggling captives were subdued. One of Bob's captors happened to notice blood on his hands and showed the wound to his fellows.

"Well, I'll be swiggered," roared a sophomore, "if this freshie, Bob, isn't wearing a high school pin." Then fixing a cruel look on Bob, he growled, "If you don't happen to know it, I'll tell it to you now. The rules of this institution and of every university in the country, for that matter, are—now listen—get this — 'No high school pins to be worn by freshmen.' So, it's up to us sophomores to teach you a good lesson."

"But Dick," hinted the man holding Bob's arms, "the kid is a game and a clean fighter. Let's not be too hard on him."

"Razzberry," roared the husky sophomore with the numeral sweater, who still retained a tenacious grip upon Nick's coat collar, "we've got to show these youths that rules are rules. Lets start for the tub."

Following the advice the second year men picked up their prisoners and carried them as they would a couple of dry goods boxes. Both prisoners were hurried in the direction of the big brick dormitory. Bob felt himself jerked up a never ending stairway. Finally it seemed to Bob that he was at the eighth floor of a skyscraper. Then, apparently he seemed to be rushed down a gloomy hallway.

At last the party deflected its course into a side room. A veil of steam filled the room. The air was hot, damp and muggy, and both Bob and Nick soon had an accurate conception of their location.

Hardly had young Bob gained an idea as to his whereabouts, when a sudden push landed him face downward in some kind of tub of the coldest ice water he had ever sensed. He gave up without a struggle. The water filled his nostrils and his ears. Drowning seemed imminent. Soon a conglomeration of past good and bad deeds would slide past his vision as plain as a motion picture weekly. Bob felt that only a few more bubbles, and then the end of his submarine tragedy would be reached. Yet, after he had blown what seemed a barrel of bubbles, he vaguely experienced himself being brought into contact with fresh air. As consciousness was becoming restored, he sensed a hard tile floor against his feet. The hold upon his body seemed to be released. He could look around him and

vaguely discern in the thick steam clouds in a way off corner of the room, some moving object. It proved to be Bob's equally unlucky companion.

"Nick," yelled Bob, "where on earth—"

"The c-c-cold sh-sh-shower-rz-z-z," spluttered Nick. The poor fellow had been exposed to a spray of frigid water, and his fine seventy dollar suit was reduced to a soggy mess of burlap. The erstwhile dude presented a sorry sight.

* * *

Three nights later Bobby told the story of the whole incident to a pretty little co-ed, as they danced to a dreamy waltz.

"Really, I think it was a mean thing for those big fellows to do," she said in a sympathetic voice.

"Well," replied Bob," it has all been valuable experience for both Nick and me. We have vowed since that incident, that as soon as we become members of the sophomore class we will do all in our power to put an end to the customary restrictions on the freshmen. The sophs are supposed to carry on the dirty work, and if our class initiates the scheme of putting an end to the nonsense, the next sophomore class will follow our example. Such traditions are not sacred."

"Good!" approved the dainty maid, "you have learned how cruel it all it, and I know you will never be so mean to the freshmen when you get to be a sophomore."

"Indeed not, I have my opinion of such a savage custom."

Nick Graff and Bob Dixon continued the college course through the remainder of the year without any noteworthy happening. Next year both fellows returned to college full-fledged sophomores.

What a thrilling feeling to be a second year student! How proud were the two boys of their illustrious class. A class spirit, a veneration for the reputation and name of the sophomores filled the hearts of both.

Bob Dixon's high pitch of enthusiasm won for him the election to the presidency of the sophomore class. Nick was right behind his chum with a hearty boost for his class.

At the very first sophomore meeting, a student rose to address the chair. Bob recognized him promptly.

"Fellow sophs," began the indignant speaker, "the freshies this year refuse to recognize the respect which they owe to our sophomore class. They persist in talking back and being sassy to upper classmen. They flirt with the girls, and wear loud neckties and high school pins, and they absolutely will not don the skull cap."

Bob Dixon hit his gavel on the desk. "We must maintain the glorious traditions of the past. Our class has been insulted. We must punish these freshies for their arrogance," he advised. "Does anyone wish to make a motion to that effect?"

Up jumped Nick Graff, "Mr. President," he shouted, "I move that we give 'em all the cold showers!" he shouted.

THE FAREWELL NOTE.

By Helene Searcy

"Enough!" cried Winter, "I am done!
"Today a robin dared to sing,
"The pussy-willows have begun
"To purr as if 'twere nearly Spring!"

So wrathful Winter wrote a note
With scorn in every icy word
And threw it at the rosy throat
Of sleeping Spring, who quickly stirred.

Spring woke and read, then laughing tore
That note and tossed it to the sod.
Look! What were bits of note before
Are pink-white daisies fresh from God.

Crucifixion

The Bitter Narrative of a Red Cross Ambulance Driver's Disillusions

By Stanley Preston Kimmel

(*Fifth Installment*)

I HAVE just left Charlotte and returned to my room in the hospital. How bare it seems after being out in the open again! After the Bois, with the trees overhead and the sunlight peeping through them, this room is like a prison. A few weeks ago it looked good to me but now I am tired of it and want to get away. We met Helen and I had to tell her about B—— She told me she had lost two brothers in the war. Charlotte had gone to buy cigarettes and did not have to hear about it.

The boulevards are crowded but no one is very gay. The Italians are suffering a great defeat and the Russians have collapsed. A German offensive is looked for on the Western Front any day. It will come with the first signs of spring, I suppose. We hear that the Austrians are compelling the Italian civilians to march in front of the advancing army as a shield. Honor has been left out of modern warfare.

There are many Americans here now. Paris seems to be filled with them. Six months makes a lot of difference in the transportation of troops. They all go about in a joyous way and no one would ever think they are homesick or disheartened. They are not disheartened, but many of them are homesick. One can't blame them. Many have never been out of their little towns before and the joys of being in France soon wear off and leave nothing but the naked truth.

The French people seem to have the idea that they are loaded down with money and charge them anything they think they can get. Prices have gone up beyond those which we had to pay at first. An old Frenchman told me they were entitled to charge what they wanted as they (France) had bought all supplies, etc., from America and made her rich because of the war, while France had suffered. It sounds like some one trying to clear his conscience.

The women and girls are everywhere. There are five or six of the fair sex to one of the other. The American takes up with them much quicker than the Englishman because the French girls prefer the American. They are always ready to go with him. Some of these girls are very good and kind and do all they can to help cheer the way along. Others are in for all they can get.

What will the army be like when they take them home? They are certain to have a different idea of morality.

I am out of the hospital at last, but will

have to remain in Paris for some time as I am not well enough to join the section as yet. I am to be in the medical supply corps. This will keep me in the open, going from hospital to hospital, and should do me a great deal of good.

* * * *

I shall never walk from the quarters again, at least not the way I came tonight. The Seine looked like a pool of boiling blood. Several times I thought I had gone mad. I felt an impulse to jump over the huge grey wall and plunge into the water beneath. Then it would be over. Every time I am alone all the misery I have seen and been a part of, comes rushing back to me and my brain takes fire. I would have done the thing tonight had not the car stopped and let off a few passengers near the spot where I was walking. I suppose if I should do this, people would call me a coward.

P—— has broken up a chair in order that we may have a little heat in the room. It is raining most every day and night and is very cold. It is impossible to get wood or coal in Paris without a card and money, always money. We could get the card, but it would do us little good for we have no money. We will have to get along some way. The old lady who has charge of the house is a witch and if she finds out P—— and myself have burned one of her chairs she will throw us out. We owe her money now and she will not let us stay if ever a fuss comes up. If the American does not have the money he is an outcast in the eyes of the French. As long as he can pay three or four times as much for what he buys as the Frenchman, then he is welcome to stay in France and gets the best they have to offer. If the money is not in the hand, the door shuts in his face.

Every evening P—— and myself go to the Cafe Rotand and try to keep warm by hovering over a cup of hot coffee. The cafes close at nine-thirty and then we hurry back to the room and get into bed as soon as possible. We have to be out at six in the morning.

This life is easy after what we have had on the front. The fact of it is, we feel like slackers. When one is out there a certain satisfaction comes in knowing you are confronting all the dangers and hardships which other men are confronting, but here in the rear it is quite different. Even though the men occupied in this work are not able to return to the front for the time being, they feel as though they are not doing as much as they should. The argument that someone must do it, is useless. Sometimes I am glad that I am away from the mess.

We have heard that the section is to arrive in Paris most any day and will be sent to Italy.

* * * *

Charlotte has gone to England with her mother. As I watched the long train slowly glide out of the station I felt as though my heart was beneath its wheels. I stood motionless until the last car dipped below the hill and was lost. An old man came up and shouted in my ear, pointing to the gate at the same time. I looked about me. Everyone had gone. He mumbled and held out his hand. There was something between the bony fingers but I could not see what. I grasped it and felt the blood trickle down my palm. The thorns had stuck me.

* * * *

The section arrived yesterday. They all looked very tired. Tomorrow they will go on to Italy, but I must remain in Paris. It will be a fine drive and will doubtless rest them more than to stop here a week or so.

* * * *

Many of the women wear veils who are not entitled to them. They suppose people will sympathize and they know it draws the men. Then, too, they fix themselves up very attractive in this black crepe, but their ankles are always covered with silk.

I understand it is the same in England, and America will likely have a touch of the same thing before the war is over.

These women drop the one medal wearer for the two and the two for the three, etc., on down the line from generals to privates. In the cafes the woman with the two medal man snubs the other with only the one.

If a man comes in from the front in good condition and wearing the decora-

Place de la Bastille, Famous in History

tions of his savage instincts he is immediately the rage and they all clamor about him. If his face has been stuck through by the bayonet, or he has been wounded so that he is of little use to them, they make an outcast of him.

The government keeps these distorted creatures caged up as much as possible. It is not good for the men to see their butchered comrades, so the officials tell us, and weakens the morale of the army. If they are allowed to go out too often or in groups they might do a great deal of harm.

The war must continue at all costs for after all a man or a small set of men are only so much bric-a-brac, and a chip off here or there is nothing to the world at large.

* * * *

I have taken a room in the Hotel de Tououse on the rue Saint-Severn. It is one of those queer old French hotels which totter on through the ages. My room is on the attic floor overlooking a dozen dirty streets which fit into each other like a Chinese puzzle. Early in the morning and late in the evening the peddlers pass up and down ringing bells, beating triangles or crying out in a sing-song manner.

They sell everything imaginable. Parrots, monkeys, fruits, vegetables, perfumes, silks, etc., are all to be had along this street in the course of a day. It is a moving department store.

The by-ways seem to stumble along like the old women who trot their daily wares below me. It is here that one gets a breath of old Paris. To mention the war would be sacrilege. But at night it is different. All Paris is dark. The Quai des Augustins is grey and gloomy with its slimy Seine. The avenues and boulevards lose their attractiveness in their imitation of dark country roads. Without the blinking of odd street lamps; the dimmed lights of color; the rattling of cabs as they roll over the cobble stones; the cries of the urchins in the corridors; the shrill peals of laughter through the open door; the galleries and universities; without song, Paris is dead. The wine and the women are here but truly the song has gone. The people go about looking like chunks of cold stone. Whatever they do is from habit and not because of the joy in the thing.

Life is only an artificiality.

* * * *

I wandered down to the old courtyard of the Compas D'Ore in the rue Montergeiul. The sun was just beginning to throw its shadows across the open square. It has been many years since the old coach rolled out of the gateway on its journey to Dreux.

The large stone stalls with their iron-barred food bins; the worn steps leading to the loft; the wooden canopy covering half the courtyard and the Inn near the passage, are still there. I had hopes that the war would be shut out of this old quadrangle but such was not the case. At one end of the covering, among the old and delapidated carts, was a huge truck such as I had often seen rolling along the roads at the front carrying munitions. It stood there, in a clumsy way, like some overgrown embarrassed boy. The thing knew it was out of place.

Not far from here is the Rue de L'Hotel de Ville. Of all the Paris streets it is the most picturesque. Along its borders are the old massive stone dwellings which were the palaces of kings during the twelfth century. To see the street as it really is one must pass about five o'clock in the evening. At that time, the children are playing in the open, screaming and yelling at the tops of their voices, the women are in the doorways gossiping and the men grouped around game tables playing, drinking and smoking. The children never fail to be as dirty as the street. Here all is in keeping and perfect harmony.

The bulky lamps perch upon heavy projectiles and glare out like eagle eyes against the dingy, grey walls. Every few minutes a blue uniform shows up. One does not have to see it in order to know the thing is coming. Hob nails make a different sound from the wooden shoes.

This morning we went to Notre Dame to hear the mass for the dead. The place was very cold and gloomy. The forms moved about like specters. The towering walls lost themselves in the darkness. Many people were there. It is always that way after a great battle.

The Celebrated Boulevard de la Madeline, Paris

We met an old man who spoke English very well. He told us he had lost his fourth and last son in the offensive just past. He lived in northern France before the war and all his possessions had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The Germans had put them to work,—his shriveled up wife was with him,—but found they were of no value. Instead of killing them, they were sent back to France as worthless and dependent.

My request for a furlough in the States has been granted. I have also been told that in case I desire to change my service I can do so. I will enter the aviation corps if it is possible to pass the physical examinations. After a few weeks' rest I should be able to enter without any trouble.

* * * *

The baggage has just been taken to the Gare D' Orleans. We leave Paris tonight, a party of four. I do not think anyone is sad over the fact that we are leaving France.

* * * *

I went out to the hospital late in the afternoon intending to say good-bye to the men whom I knew there. I found I could not. It would have killed them had they known I was to return while they had to remain in their dismal white-walled rooms. I could see that at the first. All they talked about was going home and the end of the war. I remember being told in America that the men in the hospitals never mentioned the war, their injuries, or the hope of an end to the fighting, but the truth of the matter is, they talk of nothing else. One fellow, who had been on his feet only a few days after two months of suffering, related the whole thing to me and tore away half of his bandage trying to show me how he had been stuck. These men are sick of the whole affair and they want the end to come before they have to return to the front.

They all seem to think it will last another two years. Those who are wounded in a small way tell the others how lucky they are to be out of it. They do not play the Star Spangled Banner or mention the glory of suffering for one's country. They want the butchering to stop. They know what they are talking about. Their hands have been covered with blood, their bellies have been torn with hunger, their brains have been tortured by the roar of the guns and their eyes swollen with the sights of distorted forms about them. THEY KNOW, but what do these despots in their palaces and great stone buildings know about it? They are the ones who shall say when it is to stop. When they have a million or more blood smeared bodies to their credit it may end, if they desire.

If you want to know what war is, go to the hospitals and see for yourself, and if you are a man go to the front and live there like a rat for a while. You may change your idea about the whole business when once you have been a part of it!

Before I left the hospital one of the doctors told me the body of H——, who had come over with us and joined the "Legion," had arrived from the front. I did not even know of his death. The doctor took me into the room opposite. The body was lying on a large slab. A cloth had been thrown across the upper part. I walked over to it and drew away the covering. The doctor sprang toward me but he was too late. I felt myself sinking and fell to the floor.

All I saw were the decorations. The head was not there.

(The End.)

Japanese Lazy Strike

Growth of Economic Problems in the Orient

By Winslow L. Jones

ACCORDING to data published by Japanese newspapers, the High Cost of Living is a more acute problem in Japan than in the United States or Europe, though we of the West have thought that the Orient was not disturbed by rising prices of necessary commodities.

The articles that show a marked advance in Japan, exceeding the prices quoted in London and New York are bacon, beef, butter, cheese, eggs, ham, lard, pork, bread, flour, rice, barley, beans, wheat, sugar, tea, silk, cotton, wool, tobacco, coal, timber and leather.

Since June, 1919, there has been a continued and constant advance. According to a statement sent out by the Bank of Japan the rise during the month of October, 1919, was 5.19 per cent advance over the preceding month, based on calculations covering 56 representative commodities. The report also shows that there was an increase of 25.46 per cent over October, 1918, which was the record month up to June, 1919.

Rice continues to advance. It is the dearest workingman's food in the world to-day. It is three times as high as the bread of the American or the Englishman. There is never a great surplus of rice, and Europe in its demands has drawn heavily on the rice supply of the Orient.

As in other countries, so in Japan, the opposition parties are condemning the administration for their lack of control of the High Cost of Living.

With the High Cost of Living comes the Labor Problem. Strikes comparatively unknown in Japan ten years ago, are now a common occurrence. The war brought about a wonderful industrial development in Japan, and in the wake of this development will come labor organizations, whether they may be termed unions, guilds or otherwise. In 1914 there were only 50 strikes in Japan with a total 7,904 strikers and a loss of 34,801 idle days. In 1918 the number of strikes was 417, with 66,457 men involved and a loss of 203,737 idle days. No figures of 1919 have yet been issued, but it is believed that they will show an advance.

The Kawasaki dockyard strike showed how much cohesion the Japanese workers are capable of, under certain conditions. It indicates that the Orient has labor problems to meet and that the cheap labor, so much talked of, may not be at the disposal of the Japanese manufac-

turer. Wages have increased many fold in Japan in the past few years. House-painters who received 50 cents a day for twelve hours' work, now get $1.25 cents for eight hours, and are allowed overtime. Other trades have advanced in proportion. Office clerks get from $40 a month to $100. Rents, too, are advancing, though much lower than in the United States owing to the smaller investment of money in the buildings. The Japanese housewives demand better clothes and jewelry and theatres that were before out of their calculations. The rapidity with which millionaires have been created has changed the old ideas of proportion. Formerly, the old feudal lords were the only wealthy persons.

A novel development of the methods of the strikers in Japan is well illustrated in the case of the Kawasaki Dockyard, where 17,000 employees during October successfully adopted the so-called "lazy" or "go slow" strike. The strikers demanded an increase of wages and distribution of a special bonus and the company yielded to their demands. A bonus of $2,280,000 (U. S. currency) was distributed among the workers on a varying scale and wages were increased.

The most interesting phase, however, is the method pursued by the strikers. They presented themselves daily at their regular hours, prepared to work and remained prepared to go to work until closing hours. The Japan Advertiser, commenting on this, says, in part:

"The obvious raison d'etre of the "go slow" strike, is of course, the fact that it offers means of circumventing the law which by forbidding the organization of trade unions deprives workers of funds with which to carry on a strike. But it would seem that the idea appeals to something in the Japanese mind. It quiets the doubts of the weaker vessels who feel that their action is disobedient and disloyal; and incidentally, by keeping the men together in the place where they are accustomed to work, it makes unity easy and strengthens the influence of the ring-leaders. The method also seems to have a psychological effect on both parties. It appeals to something which each recognizes—the feeling of loyalty on the one hand and of paternal responsibility on the other, both well marked features of the national character as it has been developed by a paternal-feudal system. To go to the factory, loyal and ready to work if only conditions are made just and fair, seems to the Japanese mind a nobler attitude than that of the arrogant Western individualist who walks out and refuses to work unless on his own terms. It puts

Continued on Page 355

Modern Japan. Great Woolen Mills

As Man to Man

A Domestic Tangle Propitious to Cupid

By Tillie Moran Smith

"He heard her Crying"

BILLY DEAN was a boy; just an ordinary, grubby kid not quite thirteen years old. His hands were rarely clean and his hair was seldom combed. Nobody paid much attention to him except, of course, his mother, for pretty nineteen-year-old Alice (who was by way of being engaged to Don Harrison, a "good Indian" according to Billy) monopolized most of the attention of the family as grown up sisters are apt to do.

But "every dog has his day," so, one day even Alice had to fade into the background and Billy occupied the spotlight for once, for, that day Billy was to graduate from grammar school.

On the bed in Billy's room lay his spick-and-span new blue serge suit; by its side was a gay tie and a white blouse with a painful-looking stiff, white collar; from under the bed peeped out a still more painful-looking pair of shiny shoes.

The clock struck eight. Billy's father pushed his chair back from the breakfast table and folded his paper. "Well, son," he said, "so this is the big day is it? You get your diploma at about eleven o'clock, you say? All right, old dad will be right there. I have to go to the office for a while, but will come back and pick up mother and Alice and be there in time for the big doings."

When his father had gone Billy helped himself to another waffle and began to eat it leisurely instead of bolting it in his usual manner. His mother purred around him; Alice petted him; it wasn't often that he was the center of attraction and he proposed to enjoy it to the utmost.

But alas, poor Billy! This delectable state of affairs did not last. The quiet was shattered by a loud and angry voice from the back yard. "Billy, Billy," it roared. Billy dropped his knife and fork and ran through the kitchen and down the back steps to behold—ruin and devastation; wrath and retribution. His father was standing by an orange tree, heavy with golden oranges; with knobby green oranges and with white, fragrant blossoms; his wrathful eyes going from the scared face of his son to a neat, white band that encircled the trunk of the tree, which, on close inspection, showed the mark of tiny teeth. The tree had been "barked" entirely around, and had borne its last crop of luscious fruit.

"Now, young man," stormed the angry man, "this settles it; those rabbits of yours have eaten your mother's ferns and roses, and now look at this tree! You don't seem to be able to keep them up. I've warned you again and again that I would kill them if they did any more damage, and now I'm going to do it."

Just then the culprit came hopping along, all unaware of the fate in store for it. Poor Billy tried to cover its approach, but too late; alas! "Now, if you don't want the other done the same, too,

you keep it shut up." And, looking a trifle ashamed of himself, the irate parent climbed into his big car and roared away.

Billy stood stock still during this tragedy; but now with a cry of rage and grief and a burst of angry tears, he picked up his motionless pet and ran. Rounding the garage, he dived through a hole in the foundation, crept between the joists and finally reached a cave-like depression where he could sit erect, yet be out of sight of any one seeking to spy out his hiding place. He had dug the hole after the foundation was made and before the floor was laid in view of just such a contingency.

It was very hot and dusty in his refuge. A spider-web fluttered down and he smeared it across his tear-stained face with his dirty hand. A feeling of wrong and resentment dried his tears and with it came the thought of revenge; the desire to "get even."

"Darn it," he muttered, "the rabbit didn't know it was doin' wrong; it was mean, so it was, and I'll make him sorry. I'll go away and stay long enough to scare 'em and they can have their old graduation without me."

He hadn't wanted to graduate anyway, he mused bitterly; he just did it to show that smarty Archibald that he had equally as much sense. Archibald was "teacher's pet"; a wretched white-handed, four-eyed little snitch and sissy, according to Billy. His very name told him and some of the other boys what kind of a kid he was; nobody dreamed of calling him Art or even Archie. And Billy doubled his fists and grinned; for once Billy had "licked" Archibald for the honor of the gang and the good of his (Archibald's) soul; but the memory of his wrongs returning, Billy shut his stubborn young mouth and settled back in the hole to wait till the coast was clear for him to "make a getaway."

He heard his mother call him. He heard Alice's light step on the floor above his head as he sat there and planned his revenge.

The home of the Deans sloped back from the street. At the back of the garden was a summer house from which steps led down to the blue waters of a bay. Tied to the wharf was a row-boat and Billy's own canoe.

The bay was dotted with islands and there were numerous shacks of duck hunters—deserted now, these June days—where he and one of his chums could hide a week if necessary.

Once more his mother's voice called him: "Oh, Billy dear," she implored him, "do come, like a good boy and dress; its half-past nine; I've telephoned your father, he will be so provoked, and what will Miss Clinton think?"

At the call Billy stirred uneasily. After all, it was a shame to disappoint mother, he thought; mother was all right and—and so was dad, most of the time. Dad had taken him duck hunting and had let him shoot his gun (Billy rubbed his shoulder reminiscently), and when they went out in the country, he always let him drive the big car; of course it was provoking to have the tree skinned; dad just about said his prayers to that tree; ever since they came to California, a year ago, from the frozen North, dad had fussed and pottered around it, and it had cost a bunch of money in the first place to have so large a tree moved and transplanted. So thinking, Billy sighed and started to crawl from his hiding-place, when he heard the sound of wheels and his father's voice and the sh-s of the motor as the engine stopped.

"What's the matter, Helen?" he called, "What did you say about Billy? That you couldn't find him? Do you suppose that young limb has dared to run away?" Raising his voice, he shouted: "Billy, wherever you are, I will give you just five minutes to get into this house." Once more Billy closed his stubborn mouth and grimly sank back to the dusty ground.

He heard his father's steps as he shouted all over the place; he heard his mother's worried voice say: "We can't wait any longer; I must go and explain to Miss Clinton." He heard Alice say: "He is probably at Malcolm's; I'll go there and hurry him home."

Billy sat as still as the dead rabbit in his arms, till he heard the front door slam and his family roll away, then he stole cautiously out and into the house.

He made up a bundle of food in the pantry. He choked a little as he saw the big, white cake that mother had made

for the dinner that night in his honor, but kept on collecting enough food to last several days. He went to his room for a coat, and seeing the new camera that mother had given him for a graduating present, he slipped it into the pocket, and picking up the bag of food from the sink, he left the house.

* * *

Getting into his canoe, Billy paddled quietly along, hugging the high shore, till he came to a house where a barefoot boy was busy with a box of white rats. He gave a low whistle and put his finger to his lips as a sign of caution. This was down the steps as long as there was danger of any one seeing him from the house. He took the last half-dozen steps in two leaps and was at Billy's side and listened with wide-eyed amazement and admiration as he unfolded his daring scheme.

"Gee," he said, "you've got a nerve; my dad would lick me within an inch of my life if I'd do a thing like that. Sure, I'll go with you; it don't make any difference what I do; school's out for me; I'm not graduatin'."

The runaways paddled steadily across the bay. Nobody hailed them, so they concluded that those who were interested

Shack Island

Malcolm—to his mother and his mother's friends—to "the kids" he was Mickie.

Mickie had no graduation honors—and worries— Mickie was fourteen and had just managed to scrape through the sixth grade; which was as it should be, and far enough advanced for any kid, thought Billy disgustedly.

With an aimless air Mickie sauntered in catching them were at the school house.

They rested in the shelter of the first island and ate some cookies and bananas; the rest of the afternoon, they spent in exploring the islands. They had done it a hundred times before and had never found anything but a few crabs or a dead gull or duck in the monotonous expanse

of sand dunes and salt grass, but there was always the chance that some sea monster had been washed ashore or they would come upon the treasure of some long dead-and-gone Captain Kidd.

They ran up the sand hillocks and coasted down them with many a whoop; they went in swimming four times and finally discarded their clothes altogether, for Mickie had upset the canoe and they were soaking wet.

* * *

Late in the afternoon they landed at "Shack Island" and, pulling their canoe up on the beach out of reach of the tide, they carried their water-soaked provisions to a near-by shack, and finding the key under the corner of the house, they let themselves in. The shack belonged to "Les" one, of "the kids," and they had permission to use it any time if they would leave things as they found them and lock the door. Rummaging among some old clothes that hung on the wall, they each chose a pair of men's trousers and put them on.

"Golly! You ought to see yourself," said Mickie with a howl of glee, "Say, lets take our pictures in this rig."

"Good stunt," was Billy's reply, "but we'll have to hurry, for the sun's gettin' low."

They found a high, sunny sand dune and began operations. Billy took Mickie standing on his feet with both hands clutching his trousers to keep them on. He took him standing on his head with the band of his trousers at his armpits and the legs crumpled down so his skinny legs stuck triumphantly out. Mickie then turned artist and took Billy in various weird poses.

"How many films we got left, Mick?" Billy called.

"Four," counted Mick.

"Well, I'll tell you what let's do; let's take the canoe and go out in the bay and snap the shacks and the islands; it ought to make a pretty picture; I'll make one for mother."

The boys had just laid hands on the canoe to push it off into the water, when Billy dropped down behind its sheltering sides and pulled Mickie after him.

"Be still," he whispered," who is that over on the sand bar? It looks like Don Harrison."

"It is Don Harrison," said sharp-eyed Mick. "What do you 'spose he's doin' here? Where's his boat?"

"I bet his boat got away from him and he can't get home," chuckled Billy, "I'm goin' to take his picture to show to Alice; she'll be proud of havin' such a fat-head for a beau."

Resting the camera on the canoe, Billy took a picture of Don frantically waving his cap, and another of him climbing into the boat that came to his rescue.

After their supper of bacon, cooked over a big drift-wood fire, and the soggy remains of the bread, bitter with sea-water, the boys sat in silence looking out across the sunset bay.

Billy could see the aerials of his home-made wireless station with its little flags fluttering, from its perch on the flat top of the garage roof at home. Somehow Billy was not happy; now that he had time to think, after the fun and horse-play of the day; he began to have a guilty feeling down deep inside of him.

"What's the matter, Bill?" came Mickie's anxious query; don't you feel good? Are you thinkin' of the lickin' you're goin' to get when you get home? If you are we'd better go home tomorrow and have it over with; you can't have any fun with that on your mind; the longer you think of it, the worse it will seem," said wise Mickie from the depths of his experience.

But Billy was not thinking of the "lickin' " that was doubtless in store for him. He was thinking of his mother's disappointment; of the trouble he had given his teacher in causing her to rearrange her program at the last moment because of his absence. His anger had been directed against his father alone, and in "getting even" with him, they had been the ones to bear the burden of his resentment. In short, according to his code, he had not "played the game."

* * *

In the morning, the boys started for home bright and early. Gone was the joy of yesterday. Billy's gloom affected sympathetic Mickie and it was a glum pair that tied the canoe to its home wharf.

Continued on Page 341.

Monterey the Beautiful

By Eleanor H. Markle

When summer decks the land with gold I'm sane as sane can be.
I stay in town in modest gown, and work right merrily.
But when the wintry rains come down and all is green and grey,
The winds and sea they call to me—"come back to Monterey!"
Then I want to roam the shores again the rain upon my face.
I want to hear the deep sea moan and with the wild waves race.
I want to see the sun go down all crimson in the bay,
I want to live, and laugh, and love, on the shores of Monterey.

The town is filled with pleasures rare, with homes and shops so gay.
My friends they love me, ah, full well, and naught but kind things say.
But when the summer's over, and the skies are dark and grey—
I hear the wild waves calling—on the shores of Monterey.
And again in dreams I listen for the sea gull on the wing,
Again I see the shores so green, and hear the wild bird sing.
And in the west a crescent moon, one bright and silvery ray—
That shines among the pine trees, on the shores of Monterey.

Oh, the world has many treasures—gold so bright and jewels rare.
Men strive to win them one and all, to deck their ladies fair.
But I would count them all as naught, as foam upon the bay—
Could I not wander gaily—on the shores of Monterey.
For I hear the sea-birds calling to their mates across the foam.
I see the boats with flowing sails that take the Fishers home.
And then the evening shadows—soft, caressing, seem to say—
"We called you back, Oh loved one—to the shores of Monterey."

Two and a Quarrel

An Essay on Trouble-Makers in General

By Hamilton Mercer

It hath been said by those of olden time,
"It takes two to make a quarrel."
But does it?
Yes—sometimes.

IF a man is of a cantankerous and quarrelsome nature it frequently is possible to let him do his quarreling all by his lonely self. And therein lies the truth upon which the above proverb is based.

But proverbs should not be, and were not intended to be, swallowed whole and without salt.

Usually a proverb is in the form of a sweeping statement, for the purpose of directing attention to some general principle,—or, sometimes, to a situation which may arise occasionally only (as in the case of the saying, "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein"). But a proverb should never be carried beyond the idea on which it is based. Men's failure to grasp this fundamental proposition, has given rise to all manner of error.

And human experience demonstrates that truth is done despite if the proverb now under consideration is taken absolutely and in the full breadth of its sweeping terms.

It is not always possible to get away from a quarrelsome man. And aggressiveness is a usual accompaniment of quarrelsomeness, if not an integral part thereof. If you are associated in business, or (God pity you) in the home, with a quarrelsome and aggressive man, your case will be rather exceptional if he does not gouge you until you simply have to fight or else give up your self respect. The quarrel is made by him alone.

Likewise, if a burglar attempts to loot your home, and you resist him, that quarrel is not made by two; it is made by one.

And there would be no quarrel with the burglar if he were permitted to have his own way. Nevertheless he alone is the maker of the quarrel.

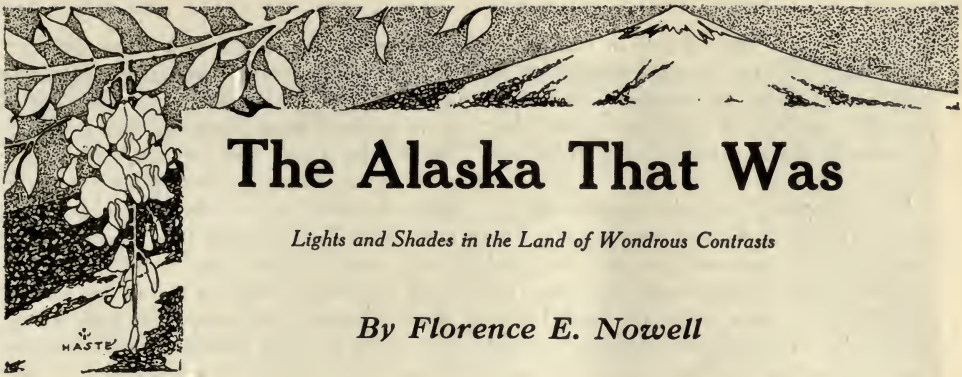
Where two people are closely associated—for instance, in business partnership, or in the relation of husband and wife, or of parent and son or daughter—both of them must be generous and considerate, or there is almost certain to be trouble. Aggressive quarrelsomeness is but the logical fruitage of selfishness.

There are people who stubbornly refuse to meet their just obligations. And there are people who knowingly make bogus demands upon their fellows, and bring pestiferous suits upon false claims.

The quarrels thus engendered by such knaves, are purely one-man quarrels.

Many unthinking people who "speak evil of those things which they know not," are prone to look askance upon a person who has had disagreements, and especially if that person has been the innocent victim of domestic trouble in regard to whose facts they are totally ignorant. And thus some persons will hold themselves aloof from a divorcee, solely because she is a widow by grace of the law, and not because they know anything whatever about the reasons why the law extended to her its grace.

Never make the radical mistake of supposing that the fact that a person has had trouble with others proves him to be of a quarrelsome nature nor to be wrong in any way. It does not always take two to make a quarrel. They quarreled with Christ.



The Alaska That Was

Lights and Shades in the Land of Wondrous Contrasts

By Florence E. Nowell

SINCE I first saw Southeastern Alaska in the early nineties, the section has grown into a flourishing one. Mines, canneries, and other industries have all helped in the development. All along the coast, where once the lonely prospector looked for wealth, have sprung up prosperous little towns. If, in the past, this part of Alaska has produced millions of dollars, so too, the future may hold in store even greater things.

In the pioneer days of Alaska when my father was offered a position at Juneau, as superintendent of a mining company, we were living in Boston, Massachusetts. At that time the importance of the Alaskan trip meant very little to me, although I remember being quite interested in hearing friends speak of that little-known country, a country of short winter days, and long, glorious summer ones; a country of ice, snow, Indians and gold; a land of adventure and promise to all those willing to exile themselves.

We children spent much time in discussing the possibility of adopting the Eskimo costume, living in ice houses and, of course, constantly fighting the cruel savages.

The voyage proved to be a very smooth one for April. We were never tired of watching the ever-changing scenery, from

Juneau Nestling Under Towering Cliffs

the low, barren hills of British Columbia, to the rugged, snow-capped mountains of Alaska. At times the channels were wide, and then again they were so narrow that it seemed almost possible to touch the wooded isles on either side.

Every evening the passengers would go on deck to watch the glorious sunsets. The vivid rose, orange and golden tints dyed the snow-covered mountains, and were reflected in the calm water of these fjord-like inlets. Rapidly, these colors would fade into more delicate hues, and then they would finally disappear, leaving the white mountains silhouetted against the deep blue of the evening sky; gradually, even the mountains seemed to recede into the background of the brilliantly lighted heavens.

The steamer made very few stops on the way north.

One day we were told that we were nearing our journey's end. The steamer Topeka was now in Gastineaux Channel, a most beautiful stretch of water, with snow-capped mountains on either shore. Below the snow line on the mountains, grew luxurient timber and vegetation, the light and dark greens intermingling. Many mountain streams and falls dashed over rocky beds of the steep mountain sides, until they finally became lost in the waters of the channel. At last, from a distance, we could see the smoke from the great Treadwell mines, and still further in the distance, the little town of Juneau, nestling at the foot of Mount Juneau, so named for one of the discoverers of gold in the district, Joe Juneau, a French-Canadian.

A Fur Seal Rookery Alaska

The boat soon tied up at the only wharf, just adjoining the Auk Indian Village. We were met by one of the company's drays, and when stating our pre-

Tourists on a Gigantic Glacier in Alaska

Eskimo Pupils Radiate Youthful Joy

ference to walk, were informed by the driver that the tide was up, and we could either ride or wade; we concluded to ride.

We soon arrived at a long, low building, which we were informed was to be our home. Several preceding superintendents had each added a section to the structure, until it had finally become a representative of their respective ideas of fitness and comfort, though defying every law of architecture.

One early morning, shortly after our arrival, my mother and father had gone down town, leaving my brother and me to amuse ourselves as best we could. My two sisters were still sleeping. My brother heard a queer sound at the door, and at once opened it, when to our amazement and joy, in walked two little bears, about a third grown. Immediately we awoke our sisters and showed them our prizes. To see was to possess, and nothing would do until the pets were comfortably established between the two children in the bed. The bruins at once settled down to a life of ease and seemed to take quite kindly to the liberties we took with them. Mother, upon her return, came directly into the room where we were playing. I can still see the look of horror that passed over her face, as we uncovered and proudly displayed our pets. She instantly snatched my sisters from the bed and called loudly for my father. He came promptly, for he discerned from mother's tone of voice that something was amiss. After considerable difficulty, he removed the bears, who resented being ejected from their warm and comfortable quarters, and he was rewarded by several scratches bestowed upon him in the vigorous scrap ensuing upon his uncerimonious treatment of our pets. We afterwards learned that the bears were owned by a neighbor, and had escaped from their quarters. It was not at all unusual to meet bears on the street, as they were quite commonly owned as pets by many citizens of the town.

We were forced the first few months in Alaska, to take our meals at the hotels, owing to the difficulty of obtaining servants. There seemed to be no one to serve in this capacity excepting the Indians, who were so unreliable, slow and unbearably untidy, that they were almost impossible. My mother did try a native woman answering to the name of "Florida Water Susie." Close upon her arrival was a spree, in which she disposed of several bottles of vanilla extract and innumerable bottles of Florida Water, as a mild substi-

On the Very Roof of Alaska

tute for the beloved but unobtainable fire water, and mother decided to dispense with Susie's services.

These vicissitudes sent us back to the hotels once more. I still have a vivid picture of the dining rooms in these small hostelries, with the wonderfully colored chromos of fish, birds and fruit upon the walls; at one end nearest the door were pigeon holes for the napkins of the "regular boarders." The many tables were covered with red table cloths — changed weekly. Exactly in the center of each table was the inevitable castor, with vinegar, oil, mustard, pepper and salt, with accompanying bottles of worcestershire sauce, pepper sauce and catsup. The food was usually very good. No more delicious fish or venison could be had anywhere. Of the service, perhaps the least said, the better. The waiters were certainly no respectors of persons.

A very fastidious woman from Chicago was seated near me, one day. She had sent several dishes back to the kitchen, and complained bitterly of everything. The waiter was quite patient at first, but soon became indignant and with the deepest scorn he said:

"Say! after you throw that there breakfast under your belt, you'd better hit the hay for a while, and then perhaps you won't be quite so fussy! Git on to youself. Youse not in Bosting, but Alasky."

A little later on, much joy was felt in Juneau, upon the arrival of a number of Finnish girls in quest of work. My mother was delighted in securing a young girl by the name of Olga. As she had been in the United States but three months, her vocabulary was somewhat limited, and it required much patience to explain things to her. It always amused us to have her ask us if we would have our egg "boils." Her greatest delight in life was to attend the Finnish dances. I once asked her what she had for refreshments, to which she replied, "Eat one o'clock, fish, hash, musk — her way of pronouncing mush, and two cup black coffee."

One day she was cleaning the dining room, and she had the windows open. The windows were just a few inches above the floor, and our dog "Nip" had a way of jumping in and out of them at will. After several excursions back and forth, he finally settled behind the stove for a nap. In the meantime the windows had been closed. Suddenly the fire bell rang. If there was one thing Nip enjoyed, it was a fire. He always led the bucket brigade. Evidently, in his excitement, he must have thought that the windows were still open, for with a bound, he was through the glass and off to the fire in a second. It was quite a cold day, so mother told Olga to put something over the broken window, while she went down town to arrange for a new pane of glass to be put in. She was gone fully an hour, and upon her return she was astonished to see Olga's head appearing at the window just above a sheet which she had been holding in position since mother's departure. Our friends used to laughingly say of our Finnish maid, that she was strong in the back and weak in the head. After disposing of the servant question, we settled down to a home existence once more.

The winter was now close upon us, and it seemed delightful not to be obliged to sally forth in the snow three times a day for hotel fare. Quite early in September the snow began to appear near the top of Mount Juneau, and then very gradually it came creeping down the mountain side and into the town, until the fences and small buildings were completely buried. The snow drifted to such a depth around the larger houses that from within hardly anything could be seen excepting the sky above. The days were short and cold, and on cloudy or snowy days darkness came as early as one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Instead of dreading this, we all quite enjoyed it. We would gather around the stove, and open the doors in the front of it and watch the reflection of the flames dance here and there on the walls. Sometimes we would pop corn and tell stories, and sometimes mother would read to us. The warmth and coziness of the room was heightened by the storm that often raged without. The wind would howl and moan about the house, and then for a few seconds would die away into melancholy silence, followed perhaps by an unusually severe blast that would almost seem to threaten the very foundations of the house. At such

A Prominent Landmark for Arctic Navigators

times, a cloud of smoke from the stove would fill the room. The wall paper would swell out in the most mysterious fashion. while the carpet beneath our feet would rise to meet it. The poor construction of these unplastered houses and the fact that the wall paper was put on a foundation of cloth, accounted for this.

When the days were pleasant, long tramps were indulged in by the adults. It was like fairyland to walk among the snow-covered fir trees, or perhaps follow a creek as it wound in and out among the heavy snow-laden foliage, where every atom of moisture touched by the winter's sun sparkled and danced in rainbow splendor.

Often the snow birds could be seen flitting here and there. With the setting of the sun came the brilliant colorings of the North, followed by the long winter nights.

Some evenings young and old would don their warmest garments and go coasting. Seward Street, named in honor of William Seward, was the popular place of meeting. It had a long, gradual descent right to the water's edge. On these nights all kinds of sleds were used, but the bobsled was preferred to all others. A few of the men had skiis, but as most of them were not especially expert, a wide berth was given them. As a rule, the clear, cold nights were chosen for these coasting parties. The snow glistened white under the starlight, and not infrequently the aurora borealis shimmered in the heavens.

The great gathering places in winter were around the stoves in the stores and the saloons. Here the prospectors and miners discussed religion and politics and dreamed dreams of the coming Spring. Here, too, they told of the richness of their claims and what they were going to do with their wealth when they went "below" to the States.

The day of all days, whether winter or summer, was the arrival of the semi-monthly boat from the States, for in those days there was absolutely no communication with the outside world, except by steamer. Every one turned out, even the dogs. As the steamer tied up at the wharf, there would be an exchange of the latest news. Spring brought back the old-timers or "Sourdoughs," almost always "broke," but ready for a "mush" into the interior on prospecting trips, or

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Gathering Clouds

Youth and Beauty Pass Like Flowers

By Mrs. Wm. de Fremery

IT was five o'clock. Dr. Chalamet, as the door closed on the back of his last patient, rose from his desk. The window of his office in the rue de Castiglione looked down upon Paris. He was a sympathetic, as well as a fashionable physician, and after the verdict he had been obliged to pronounce upon Adele Verney, his eyes sought the noble view of the Champs Elysees, the vista beyond the Obelisk, and the Arc de Triomphe—with relief.

The boulevard was thronged with what —from a slight elevation — looked like happy people. Amongst the smart dresses of the women in motors was dotted the occasional blue of a uniform, and the pretty June sunshine fell through the leaves of clipped lime trees upon the moving and intricate pattern of life. Adele Verney stepped into the rue de Castiglione. Her slight figure disappeared into a luxurious limousine that moved off, adding its occupant to the people, that from a distance, looked happy.

Dr. Chalamet left the window. He pressed one clever-looking hand over his eyes. "Ah, the pity of it—the brave little one!" He brought his hand away from his eyes. There was moisture on it. "I," he added, "am an old fool."

After directing her chauffeur to drive to the Tuileries Gardens, Adele Verney sat back against the cushions. She was tired, terribly tired, and she had a great deal to think of before she should meet Henri Coustou, to whom she was engaged, in the Allee des Oranges. He was an officer in the aviation, and he was in Paris on leave for a fortnight. Henri had been in the war for a year. He was twenty-seven—three years older than Adele. He was tall and straight, and his face, with its gray eyes and delicate features, was very beautiful — Adele thought, because the look of spirit and swiftness in his eyes was like a sword drawn for France.

Adele Verney was the only child of a millionaire banker; her mother, an American, was dead; her father, immersed in finance, had been for many years more a visitor in his house on the Boulevard. Haussmann, than an inmate. An unmarried aunt, an estimable but dreary woman, lived with Adele, and thought her the most favored of God's creatures. Youth and beauty were hers — and a golden stream of money that an absent but indulgent Papa directed towards his child. Then the war came, and Adele diverted the golden stream from frocks into channels of relief for Belgium. After three months of training, she qualified as a nurse's helper and went to a base hospital near Verdun. There she met Henri Coustou in the hospital with a shrapnel wound in his leg, and as his case was only tedious, she was able after instructions, to relieve the nurse of his care. That had been a year ago.

The fine rapture of love and service had been hers for two months. Then Henri recovered, had held her close—but very close—and she had promised to wait for him.

After he had gone, she worked harder

than ever. The hospital was very crowded, and one night, the small room in which Adele slept with two patients suffering from wounds, received another inmate. It was a Breton boy in the last stage of tuberculosis. There was no place else for him to die in—so Adele helped him through. Overtired, working all day and sleeping at night in a room whose oxygen was exhausted, Adele took a hard cold. The Breton boy died—after two weeks, the room was cleaned—and Adele got very much worse. With the physical malaise came a terrible fatigue of the spirit. The daily sight of tortured men, the fear lest Henri might be one of them, became to her a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. She existed in a world of horror—and her usefulness as a nurse was over. She returned to Paris on sick leave.

This afternoon, Dr. Chalamet had, at her insistence, pronounced a verdict. She had contracted consumption. She had perhaps, one month to live.

But Henri had a fortnight's leave! Half the month she would be with him. Best not let her thoughts go beyond that limit. Fourteen days—beginning today!

The limousine turned in at the entrance to the Tuileries. The bronze gates with the figures of Fame and Mercury mounted on winged horses, glowed in the sunrays.

At the beginning of the Allee des Oranges, Adele halted her car, then walked down the terrace that was bordered with little orange trees in tubs, that have been there since Francis I, was king. The gardens were bright with flowers—the faint voice of a fountain called. From the gravelled walk came the sound of impatient feet. Adele closed her eyes. Then a hand touched hers—a hand that loved hers led her into the enclosure, to a green iron bench, placed before the fountain, and a white Orithyia pursued by Boreas.

War and death were very far away. Only love was near.

"You are safe, after all that danger!"

"But of course, little Adele, have I not been preserved for a reason?"

"Am I the reason?"

"Let me look at you — let me see." Henri's strong arms held her away from him. But Adele turned her cheek into his shoulder.

"No, just let me rest here."

He folded her close again.

Avenue Champs Elysees, Where Paris Fashion Drives

The Arc Triomphe, Centre of Paris

"Listen, my darling. This is my little moment of eternity — I've waited — I've longed — and now, Oh, God, I have it. You in my arms!"

"And you—here—safe."

"Adele, I've something to tell you that makes me glad."

"What, my darling?" Surely in his arms no harm could come to her—nothing but joy. And they were to have together more moments of eternity. Fourteen days!

He took her chin in his hand.

"Look at me — kiss me — Ah, your sweet eyes! But you are pale?"

"And you, Henri—it is the meeting."

"Well, my dear one, here is something to make you rosy with pleasure. Instead of an idler, a boulevardier, for a fortnight, what do you think your little Henri is to be?"

"To be?"

"Yes, heart of my heart, I am allowed to serve France, to go in an official capacity on a mission of importance—"

"Oh, Henri, not now — not in your leave?"

"But that is what makes it possible. Ah, it's dear of you — you want me — as I want you." Their lips met. How warm his were!

"Yes, I want you."

"But you want me—" he gave a laugh that held a tender indulgence, "to go?" You're just a little bit proud?" His eyes sought hers. There was no doubt in them. How gray they were! Like steel.

"Would you go—tomorrow, Henri?"

Perhaps — out of all the world — they might have tonight.

"No, ma petite. At once—now." His arms went around her, holding her close —close.

"But I will come back, my dear—in a little while—a month or two—and then—Ah—then what will you say to me? Shall we be married—shall we?"

Standing up, Henri drew Adele to her feet.

"Look, darling, at the river! at the little boats going up and down, at old Notre Dame—the Madeleine—there's a flower stand there where there are violets as blue as your eyes — all this beauty, all this dearness—tell me how you want me to serve it?"

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The Black Opal

Reflecting Glimpses of Modern Social Life

By Caroline Katherine Franklin

(Part III.)

All Fools' Night in June.

BUT Charlotte was not dead; she had merely collapsed. "This most regrettable accident happened on the Alpine grade," said the doctor ponderously, when Charlotte had been "brought to" in her room, and some semblance of order and quiet had been affected in that distracted household.

Mrs. Jerome gave her eyes a final dab with a moist scrap of linen and lace, and quavered:

"Tell m-me all about it, d-doctor."

"We were in a narrow stretch of the grade, where there is barely room for two automobiles to pass. A machine had stopped at a turn, and a young woman was photographing the scenery across the canyon. I saw another machine coming up; and I turned out, expecting to stop a few feet back of the machine that was standing still. It was a hot day, as you know; the grease had melted and run down on the brake, and it wouldn't hold—"

"I know that place!" shuddered Mrs. Farrel. "What saved you from going over the cliff, Doctor?"

"I—ah—think I may say, my presence of mind," the Doctor returned, smiling a white-toothed smile. "I was calm—quite calm. I quickly abandoned my first plan, put on speed, rushed by the stationary car and passed the second with an inch of space to spare. Don't worry about Miss Charlotte, Mrs. Jerome. An hour's rest will restore her."

The doctor got up and bowed himself out of the room, passing Jack Benton, who sat glowering in a corner. Jack's performance apparently was of small moment in comparison with the Doctor's deed of bravery. Jack gave him an extra scowl for good measure. Gretchen Mallory was cooing over his bandaged hands, and making an unusually generous display of her dimple. But Jack Benton did not want Gretchen Mallory. And with all his heart and soul he did want Charlotte Jerome—Charlotte, with her pretty brown hair wreathed pleasantly about her face, with her true-blue eyes, and the tender pink mouth that was made for smiles and kisses.

That brute of a doctor had held her in his arms! Professionally, of course; but—

"I don't like that man," Gretchen was saying. "Do you?"

To Jack's mind, there was but one man

in the whole world to dislike, thoroughly, completely, without reservation.

"No!" he exploded, so loudly, savagely, that Aunt Fiske, who began to fear that Jack was falling into the Mallory clutches, was quite relieved.

Mrs. Jerome and Mrs. Farrel, arm in arm, had found many things in common of which they approved. One of these was Dr. Hoffman Gordon.

"A wonderful man!" said Mrs. Farrel. "This morning he forbade me to touch cards for a year. My nerves really are in a terrible condition. Mrs. Fiske will get some one to play in my place. I will just slip away after luncheon. Doctor Hoffman Gordon insists upon my resting for two hours every afternoon since my operation"

"I did not know, until last night, that you had had an operation."

"Why, my dear, you did n-o-t k-n-o-w? How strange! How very, very strange! I thought that everyone knew. Doctor Hoffman Gordon said that mine was the worst case he had ever seen, and—"

Mrs. Jerome interrupted with:

"What was your operation?"

"Appendectomy, my dear."

"How you must have suffered! I seem to have had a pain for years. Not enough to keep me down at all, you know, but just a pain."

"Have your appendix out, my dear, by all means! Have it out. It was our misfortune to have been born with them. Mine was removed at the psychological moment." She smiled a patronizing smile. "I have no more worry about my appendix. I have it where I can look at it whenever I want to; and I don't have to worry for fear I'll swallow a seed that will lodge there. Mine is in a bottle of alcohol—and to my notion, that is the best use that alcohol can be put to. Mr. Farrel does not entirely agree with me, especially since he paid Doctor Hoffman Gordon's bill. Why, if dear Doctor Hoffman Gordon had neglected to operate on me, I would have been d-e-a-d!"

Janice Jerome twisted a little in her chair.

"Have you a pain now, my dear?"

"No," was the reply, "but speaking of it set me to thinking of it."

Coffee was served in the living-room, Mrs. Jerome and Mrs. Farrel still continuing to discuss the folly of owning an appendix.

"My dear," said the latter, when they were seated, having eyed Mrs. Jerome critically as they walked in from the dining room, "your pain shows just as mine did. I, too, careened like a camel when I walked, before my operation."

"Since we have talked about it so much, I do believe that I have more pain now than I ever have had," confessed Mrs. Jerome. "Our family physician does not seem to understand," she continued confidentially. "He is so unsympathetic!"

"As I have already told you, he's years and years behind the times."

"Mrs. Jerome, your players are calling for you," said Violet Farrel, framing her plain little face in the open window.

* * * *

Charlotte Jerome, pale and distrait, as befitted one who was the heroine of a near-accident, was none the less charming in something green and slithery, that gripped her tightly — according to the mode—at the knees. There was a circlet of abalone pearls about her throat; and a band of them circled her white left arm above the elbow.

She looked like nothing so much as an escaped mermaid as she sat, the center of a chattering group, in the living room. The house-guests had been unable to settle down to anything since the events of the morning. Jack was inattentive, and the doctor over-attentive; and it was a very unsatisfactory world that she was living in!

She gazed wearily about the room. From the floor-covering to the window draperies, the color-scheme was soft gray-green, with here and there a note of brighter color that bloomed unexpectedly, like a flower in a hidden place. Really, Auntie Fiske had good taste in everything —save the selection of house-guests.

Charlotte disregarded Mr. Lee, who was trying to be agreeable, with half-closed eyes, and fixed her attention on Jack and —of course!—Gretchen Mallory (Gretchen was plump, hence the dimple). Fat, fatter, fattest—Fatima, that's what she'd be in a few years. Charlotte gloated, cat-

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Writers and The Screen

Are The Limitations of Silent Drama Fatal?

By F. L. Wilkins

ONE of the significant tendencies of the day is that of literary authors more and more to write about as well as for, the screen. The fact of the tendency is evidenced in The Authors' League Bulletin, which for some months past has devoted considerable space to articles dealing with motion pictures. Interesting differences of opinion have developed and more or less analytical discussions have sought to reduce the situation with regard to writers and the screen to something more tangible and definite than it has been hitherto. Without a doubt the writers are turning their personal attention to the screen and are observing it with the idea of determining just what they can do for it and it can do for them.

M. M. Stearns, in a recent issue of The Bulletin, for example, undertakes to show the part of the literary author in the production of motion pictures. He begins with the statement that pictures are tending to a general division into two groups the difference between which is important.

"We have on the one hand," says Mr. Stearns, "the work of individual, creative picture-producers or screen-story tellers, and on the other the mass of manufactured photoplays. Among the forerunners of the story-telling motion-picture directors or producers are D. W. Griffith, Maurice Tourneur, George Loane Tucker, and so on. It is perhaps fair to include Mr. Beach in the list. The productions of these men should not be confused—as they usually are—with the output of the big manufacturing plants that make up the second group."

Mr. Stearns calls the two groups "Class A" and "Class B," respectively, and says that the difference between them is that "in the former all the workers are operating under the direction of a single guiding mind (that of the director who is himself the ultimate screen story-teller), while in the latter there is what we might more truly call group production, with different creative minds, each having something to say concerning the finished product." In the case of each, but "especially in the latter," it is usually "the written story that serves as a basis for the transfer of impressions during the course of the picture's construction," and this is "where the 'word merchant' figures in his own right."

Mr. Stearns then proceeds to illustrate his point as follows:

"Two manuscripts come to a studio, the one brilliantly, the other poorly, presented. Same plot, characters, same locale. If the poorly presented story is, let us say because of some novelty of plot, accepted for production, it will largely be lost in the telling—in the transfer to the new medium of expression, the screen. The plot turn that caused the initial acceptance, perhaps, will be seen in the finished picture — possibly nothing else that figured in the original script. Characters, details of the story, locale, will all be superseded in the process of filming by new characters, new details, possibly even a new locale. And the final product will almost certainly lack unity of impression, for one thing, and be comparatively poor.

"But if the other story is purchased the strength of the impressions made by its excellent presentation will be transferred from one to another of the minds that work on the picture, as the motion runs down a row of falling dominoes tipping one against the next. The character made sharp by good word painting in the original script will appear, in all likelihood, upon the screen. So with detailed 'bits of business.' So with locale. So, per-

haps, even with as intangible a matter as 'atmosphere.' And if any one doubts this, let him note how the glamour which Burke threw about the slums of Limehouse with his word poetry reappears, in the new medium, in Griffith's 'Broken Blossoms.' Here, then, we have continued need for the skilled author, the 'word merchant,' in pictures, for he alone can furnish the sharp impressions that will pass from mind to mind and show anew, in greater or less degree, upon the screen."

The foregoing arguments are given for what they are worth. I must frankly confess that I believe they are worth nothing to the public, for they fail to prove that screen attractions will be improved. At present they are deteriorating. The mechanical part of the production has advanced, but the intellectual quality of the so-called movie-dramas is beneath serious attention.

It may be true as Mr. Stearns, in the Author's League Bulletin declares, that "literary authors more and more write about, as well as for the screen." Suppose they do. The screen presents dramas, and ninety-nine literary authors in a hundred are incapable of producing a dramatic work fit for the stage, and possessed of the right sort of appeal to make it successful. Novelists and other literary gentlemen have been writing for the stage for centuries, but the proportion of them that makes good playwrights is still infinitesimal. In fact the better the word-painter who produces a good novel, the less likely he is to be successful as a dramatist.

Mr. Stearns in his article in the Author's League Bulletin places great stress on the advantages of dramatic plots for the screen being well written. Two manuscripts, for instance, may deal with the same subject, and one be superior in its literary quality. If that well-written scenario be purchased its literary excellence, Mr. Stearns asserts, will be seen in the finished product. More vivid impressions will be made on the producers.

In this single statement Mr. Stearns disproves all that he tries to prove that the screen-dramas will become genuine works of art, because famous writers are taking to their construction.

First of all who are the "famous writers"? Many of them are ephemeral celebrities that will be figuratively dead as the dodo in a year or so. They spring up like the mushrooms and so depart. Some hit in a magazine, or newspaper, makes their reputation and forthwith the "best sellers" blossom out as the sunflowers and hollyhocks and wither with similar rapidity.

However, ephemeral or permanent the fame of the authors that write for the screen, their productions must pass through the brain of photographic directors before appearing for the public entertainment. In other words the studio director is the real artist. He reads the scenario and assimilates its idea and he orders the actors to strike poses in accordance with his notions of what shall be most effective. The literary author must therefore remain a person of minor importance in the production. His word-painting cannot be reproduced. His fine vocabulary is impossible. Only the bare skeleton of his work denuded of all the verbal flesh and ornamentation can be shown on the screen, for the movie picture deals with action and not words. It translates thought into visible shadows, and is as soulless as the ghost of Hamlet —even more so for the ghost emits lugubrious words, but the screen is dumb as an oyster. All it can present is a printed caption to a picture and that has to be made brief as possible so as not to delay the action of the piece.

The screen-drama has a fatal defect in its lack of vocal utterance. Nothing can atone for the omission of the spoken word. Some mechanical appliance must supply that loss or the screen will retrograde. The introduction of good music in the leading picture houses, is a confession of the need of sound to hold the human interest. Music stirs the emotions as the silent drama cannot.

Though famous literary authors may be writing more freely for the screen, as Mr. Stearns asserts in the Author's League Bulletin, the tone of the play appears to be sinking from bad to worse, and depending entirely on its popularity by a brutal sex appeal. Nearly every movie poster displays the hero with some deadly

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The Motorists' Eden—Heading for Saratoga

The Eden of Motorists

Ideal Tours that the Perfect Highways of the Pacific Coast Offers

Amid Spring Blossoms in the Picturesque Santa Clara Valley

By Helen M. Mann

WHAT a wonderful motoring trip I have had. I called for my friend, Wilma, in the morning and my mind travels back over the road we took as I record it.

We got in Wilma's car and started on an adventure. Though we did not fall in love, elope, or do any of the ordinary, "adventure" things, still it was an adventure.

We hurried from San Francisco and soon got onto the highway and before we knew it, we had come to Stanford University. We did not stop for we had both seen it and we really did not have time. One never seems to have "time" when it is the only thing in the world that they really have.

Soon we came to the blossoms. The peach and cherry were mostly gone and the prune were well on their way, but what we saw of the pear trees were loaded with thick balls of white.

As we neared San Jose, in Santa Clara County about 50 miles from San Francisco, the sun became less bright and the country took on an etherial aspect. We stopped there for dinner, but as it was still light, decided to go on to Saratoga and spend the night there. To think that we might have missed that ride in the gloaming! The trees were so dainty in their half leaf, half blossom garb. The sky beyond was a soft blue white and it made the orchards look like Fairyland.

We passed one with half the blossoms still on the trees and the green leaves just starting and I said: "See the Fairies there," and on this side, turning to a grove of elms, where deep shadows danced between the sunlight; "over here are the Elves and Dwarfs. Can't you just see them?" and Wilma could.

We passed one orchard where the blossoms were still on the trees but the wind and rain had washed many of them onto the brown earth so that it made a carpet of white.

Once, as we came to the most heavenly spot of dainty blossoms with a pearl grey sky behind, all shimmering in the half light of dusk, I said, "That is what poetry means to me, that is music, it is rhythm, color, it is art." On the other side were heavy trees with black bark and few blossoms.

"That," I said, turning to it, "is most of the free verse of today." I have never seen such a typical example.

At last we came to Saratoga, a quaint little village nestled between the orchards, but it was not yet dark so we decided to drive on to Los Gatos. It was beautiful all the way. We came to a valley of prune trees that stretched on and on, till it met the pale blue sky, the fleecy clouds and mist-covered hills. All about us were blossoms, waves and clouds of fragrant white about us.

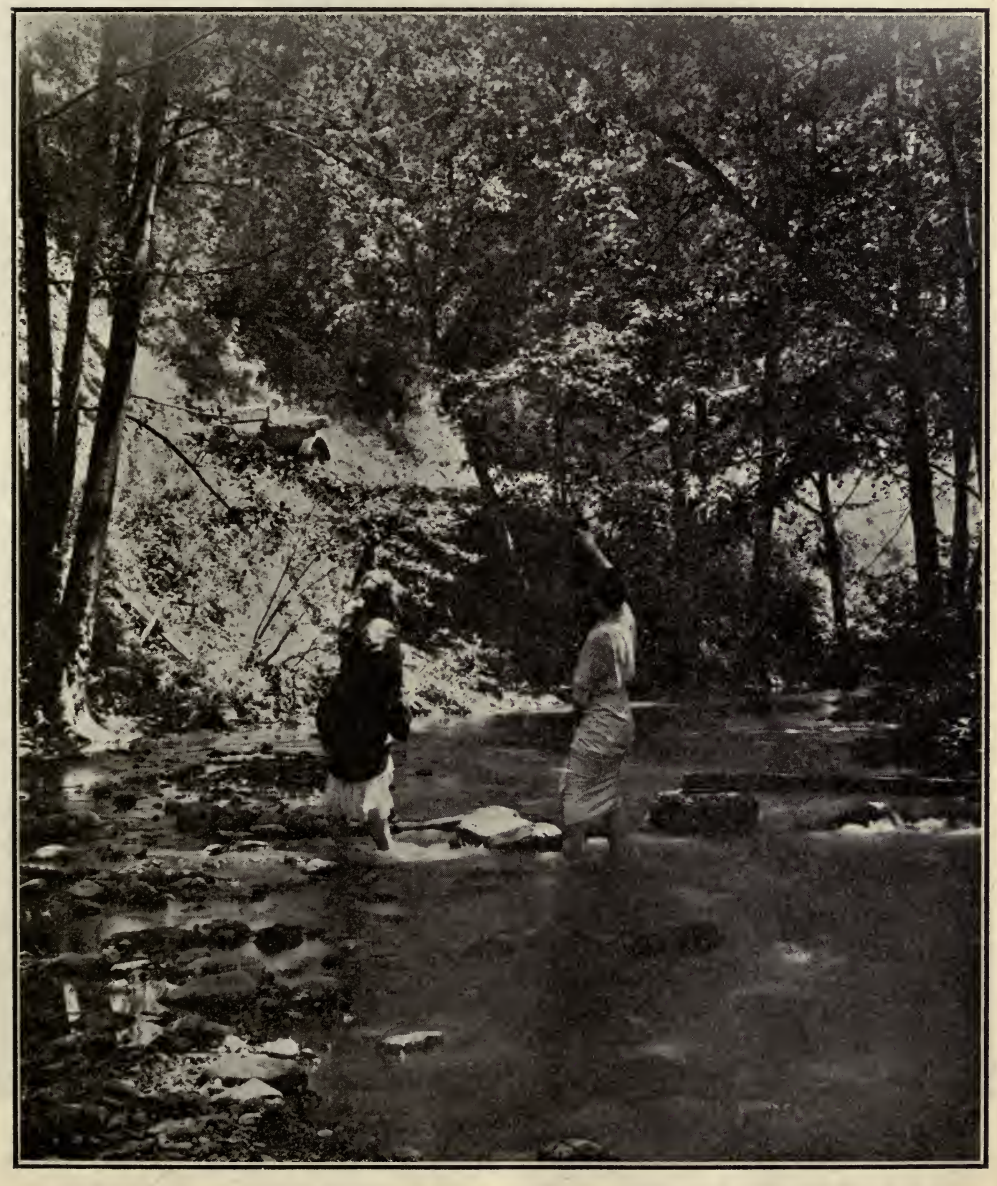
The trip back was beautiful but in a more "daylike" way. The blossoms had lost none of their fragrancy however, and once when we came to an orchard thick with white, we stopped for pictures—and I fear, to appropriate a few.

We had lunch put up, and then drove up into the hills. It was so warm and lazy and cumfy there. We lay and looked at the rugged hills with their oak trees, the birds sang cheerily above us, and behind, in the tall grass was a carpet of "blue and gold," though in reality the poppies were very orange and the lupins very purple. We picked great arms-full to take back to the city. Not singly did I pick them, but in bunches, hands-full.

Try as I would, I could not step without crushing some.

On the way back we passed great fields stretching for miles and miles, solid with either yellow or purple or both. Sometimes it was the purple and mustard, which grows so lavishly out here; but mostly it was the lupin and poppy together. Along the roadway, the railway, through the valleys and far up into the hills stretched the lovely carpet of blue and gold.

That night I could see nothing but soft white or bright fields of lupins and poppies. It is a wonderful country to be alive in.



A Halt by the Sun-lit Highway

The Motorists' Eden—Amid the Blossoms of Santa Clara

Senatorial Sarcasm

It is Freely Indulged in at The Expense of Herbert Hoover

By Lemuel T. Anderson

MUCH eulogy of Herbert Hoover as non-partisan candidate for President of the United States has appeared in print lately, and has been explained by his political opponents as evidence that his bureau of publicity is highly enterprising and efficient.

Propaganda in any cause invariably leads to counter propaganda. We find the rule exemplified by the printed criticisms of the former Food Administrator's candidacy, which are filtering into newspaper offices on the Pacific Coast, and no doubt those of all the other States.

One of the most personal of those uncomplimentary missives has appeared in the form of extracts from the Congressional Record, containing remarks of United States Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, on Mr. Hoover's disqualifications. Only a small part of the senatorial criticism can be given here as the verbatim report in the Congressional Record covered 16 pages. In part the Missouri Senator said:

> If we adopt the League of Nations, he (Herbert Hoover) is the logical candidate for all parties indorsing that un-American scheme, to nominate. The League of Nations surrenders the sovereignty of the world to an organization which will be dominated by the British Empire. . . .
>
> If we have a British League of Nations, dominated by British votes, why not nominate Mr. Hoover, who all the years of his adult life has been a denizen and resident of Great Britain; who never yet cast a vote in the United States, unless he has done so since he came here in the capacity of non-official food dictator? Possibly for the purpose of qualifying for office, he has since voted. . . .
>
> Mr. Hoover left here when he was 21, 22, or 23 years of age. When he came back to the United States he was 46, or 47 years old. He had lived in Great Britain, or in the British possessions all of that time. In his youth he was taken from America in the employ of a British syndicate which was operating in Australia. . . .
>
> It is said he made $10,000,000 . . . . before he was 30 years old. That now is advanced as a reason why he should be elected President of the United States. A get-rich-quick promoter is the kind of man we ought to have for President! . . .
>
> If that is the supreme qualification, and we Democrats nominate Mr. Hoover, then I say to the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Lodge) that the only thing that can save his party from defeat is to nominate J. Rufus Wallingford (Laughter).

Senator Reed repeated a report that Mr. Hoover had recently purchased two newspapers. His ironical explanation was that Mr. Hoover desired to fight off the designing politicians who are intent on naming him for President.

> To what estate has our country come when it can be seriously proposed that a man shall be nominated for President, who probably when he returned to America knew so little about our politics that he described himself as a "Liberal," and who today is so ignorant of public policies that even now he cannot tell whether he is a Democrat, a Republican, a Socialist, or a Populist; he apparently only knows that he wants to be President of the United States, and we are told he has $10,000,000.
>
> To what estate has a country fallen —men out promoting their own candidacies, running for President, with no other qualification than the fact that they made money. About the least qualification in the world for President of the United States is that he has made a lot of money, and furthermore that he made it with phenomenal speed.

Pigmies of the Cosmos

Adversity Helped Them Attain Clearer Mental Vision.

By F. V. Waddy

ISABEL PENNINGTON had a soft job. She worked as a stenographer, and was a highly efficient one. Her employer, Mortimer Lathrop, owner of an overalls factory, paid her thirty-five dollars a week. She was worth it. She had started at fifteen dollars, but qualified for rapid "raises."

Isabel was intimate with Lathrop's family,—on the same social level. Quite often after the day's work, he would invite her to accompany him home to dinner. She had many friends and admirers. So customary had it become for Isabel—familiarly known as Bella—to spend two or three evenings each week with the Lathrops, that she actually felt slighted when he omitted, one evening, to extend the expected invitation.

Lonesome and resentful, she wandered along the street, wondering in her unsettled mood how to console herself for the disappointment. Acting upon an impulse of the moment, she turned into a hall where a socialist meeting was being held. The speaker, Eugene Demarest, was an enthusiastic worker, — an idealist, consumed with ardor in his mission of hastening the millennium. He felt convinced that he could revolutionize the economic conditions of the entire human race at once.

Bella's interest immediately centered on the young orator, who delivered his impassioned speech with tremendous vigor and emphasis. At the moment of her entry he was in the midst of a tirade against capital and its manifold evils.

"Every capitalist," he was shouting, "every capitalist, every banker or financier, is a traitor and a robber!—"

"Why, that's what Lathrop is,—a financier," thought Bella, "and he certainly was a traitor to me tonight,—but as to his being a robber—?"

By the end of Demarest's speech. Lathrop was a robber, murderer, and everything else that is scurrilous and abominable. He owned a large factory, therefore he must be a villian, according to Demarest's logic. All employers of labor are thieves and blackguards, he argued. Bella was surprised at herself for not having realized it before.

At the close of the meeting she walked boldly up and introduced herself to the speaker. Demarest wiped his brow, brushed back his mop of ebony hair, bowed politely, and took the hand that she offered. For a moment they stood thus, gazing into each other's eyes. And during that moment something happened.

His earnest intensity had made a strong appeal to the girl, and his physical attractions aroused emotions the nature of which she was reluctant to admit to herself.

"I wish to thank you for your eloquent

and convincing address," she said frankly.

"I am indebted," he replied, "for your sympathetic and intelligent criticism."

They moved towards the door, through which the last stragglers of the audience were departing.

Demarest, on his part, was conscious of a strange and delightful perturbation in the presence of this wholesome girl. Not that he knew no others of her type—he was acquainted with every kind — but among his friends were so many girls and women of a "temperamental" bent, supposedly artistic propensity, literary aspiration, or other peculiarity, — that this straightforward, normal girl seemed agreeably refreshing by contrast.

Few words were exchanged as they walked.

Isabel's door seemed to be reached in almost no time, and Demarest took his leave.

In the seclusion of her room, Bella realized that by the evening's experience her whole thought and life-interest had been abruptly jerked into a new channel. It seemed as if nothing would ever be quite the same again. She felt differently in regard to Mortimer Lathrop; she found herself analyzing and speculating upon subjects that had never troubled her before, except as vague abstractions with which she had no personal concern. Now she sensed the vibrant reality of these problems touching capital and labor. For nearly an hour she sat motionless, lost in thought, without even taking off her hat and coat.

While Bella pondered, thus absorbed, Demarest was similarly engrossed in the converted attic where he lived. A tireless worker, he would often sit late into the night, busily writing, wrestling with social problems of vital import.

On this night he seemed more wakeful than ever, and as he wrote, the vision of Isabel Pennington persistently obtruded itself between his eyes and the manuscript, until he realized that her stimulating influence was providing the added incentive to work, and also a series of agreeable interruptions to his train of thought.

Demarest crawled into bed at about three o'clock, to dream of the wonderful girl who had unexpectedly given him such revivifying encouragement.

* * *

When Bella took her seat at the typewriter in Lathrop's office the next morning, she was conscious of a radical change in her attitude to him, and to the forces and institutions for which he stood. Somehow she now conceived him as an enemy, to be opposed and worsted. Lathrop on his part soon sensed the change in her. To his customary cheerful "Morning, Bella," she responded with a kind of preoccupied abstraction that puzzled him, and during the day the impression that something was wrong received ample confirmation.

It was not long before the factory owner discovered that his efficient secretary had fallen under the influence of revolutionary doctrines. He was at first amused, then perplexed, and finally annoyed. As the days went by, the personal relationship between them grew more strained; Lathrop refrained from extending social invitations to her, and she, indeed, felt relieved at being thus spared from having to refuse them.

In the meantime she was attending the nightly meetings of the Social Progress Club, of which she had become a member, and was rapidly qualifying as a leader.

Propinquity was up to its old tricks, and the inevitable love affair between Bella and Eugene ripened apace. Along with his teachings — absorbed by him wholesale from the books of the great reformers, and handed out with added zest to his proselytes — she acquired a deep and lasting affection for the man himself.

The meetings were well attended. The arguments and discussions were vital, trenchant, irresistible. Every convert to the doctrines of the club left the hall primed with convincing logic wherewith to fight and overcome the reactionary forces of capitalism and special privilege.

The only jarring note in Demarest's symphony of love and work was the economic difficulty. The meager collections at his lectures, even when augmented by the sale of a few tracts and pamphlets, were inadequate to pay the rent of the hall and provide for his personal needs, simple though they were. More-

over he was carrying the additional burden of partial support of a widowed sister, Mrs. Sturgess, and her two anaemic girls.

Such, however, was his boundless idealism that he would live on the most frugal fare and practice the most rigid economy, denying himself every luxury and convenience—starving the body to feed the mind—rather than use for his own ends any of the funds subscribed for the purposes of the campaign.

Bella's discovery of his impecunious condition was but a matter of time, and when she learned the truth there at once followed a generous offer of help. She was making thirty-five dollars a week. He must allow her to contribute to the expenses of the club. His resistance was short-lived. Her arguments, re-enforced by the painful necessity of his position, soon overcame his scruples against accepting a woman's money—at least for such an exalted cause.

Thus the hall rent continued to be paid, and Demarest for a time ceased to fall in arrear with his landlady, the weekly two dollars for his attic being now regularly forthcoming. And yet, through the malignant influence of economic determinism, the good ship of the Social Progress Club was steadily drifting upon sunken rocks, destined to reduce the noble vessel to a dismal mass of wreckage.

Bella lost her job.

Lathrop had observed with growing concern her absorption in the visionary and impracticable ideals of Eugene Demarest, and while in the early stages following his discovery of her devotion to the cause—and its leader—he had regarded the affair with indulgent good nature, his attitude later became tinctured with jealousy, and finally assumed a quality of angry resentment.

(Continued on Page 339.)

TITBOTTOM'S SPECTACLES

By Warwick James Price

(Sam Johnson has written somewhere that a habit of looking always on the bright side of things is worth five thousand a year.)

When Fancy and I go a-walking together,
No matter how dismal or dreary the day,
That odd little optimist talks of the weather
As though 'twere the clearest and finest of May.

The people we pass in the streets of the city
To him are all good, to him are all true;
The rascally beggars all share in his pity,
And green eyes, to him, are invariably blue.

Fair Julia sweeps by, in her pride and vainglory:
Lo! Fancy looks up and proceeds to unfold
A charmingly sweet (but impossible) story,
I'd wink at no matter by whom it were told.

Or we walk in the country. Every hut in the meadow
Becomes in his sight a wee temple of love;
His sunshine's eternal; if he saw a shadow,
He'd swear it were cast by some rose-vine above.

Wiseacre friends bid me break with the fellow;
They call him untruthful. I'll not, I'll be bound;
While most men are pessimists, most papers yellow,
It makes the world better to have him around.

Mexico Makes Final Appeal

Convincing Arguments of a Resident Official

By Lazaro Basch

Commercial Agent of the Secretary of Industry, Commerce and Labor, of Mexico, Representing the Mexican Products Exhibition in San Francisco.

IT has frequently been said that the reason two men or two nations fight and wage warfare is because they do not understand each other. A lack of proper understanding fosters suspicion, mistrust and misconstruction of motive, elements that eventually come to a head in severing of diplomatic relations and perhaps actual declaration of war.

All of this was known to the Administration in Mexico City, while the European War was in progress. It was also foreseen that the next war would be a commercial one, each nation striving to outdo the other in securing the best products at the lowest cost and best possible terms of payment. That Mexico might share in the commercial prosperity that would naturally be developed in consequence of the rehabilitation of these devitalized countries and of far greater importance, that she might be understood, the President and the Secretary of Industry, Commerce and Labor, conceived the idea of establishing Commercial Museums abroad, where products of every kind, produced within the Republic, might be exhibited. Such a display of products, mostly of the raw materials, would be the best means of connecting the producer with the consumer, it was contended, and hence it came to pass that there were constructed and established various Exhibitions of Mexican Products, one at St. Louis, one at New Orleans, one in San Francisco. Two elaborate Exhibitions are maintained in Paris and Madrid, while plans are under way for two more, one in Washington, D. C., and the other in New York City.

The local Exhibition, in my charge as Commercial Agent of the Secretary of Industy, Commerce and Labor, is maintained with the express purpose of promoting friendly commercial relations between the United States and her sister Republic, Mexico. It charges no fees whatsoever and is open for inspection by the public. There are many interesting samples of raw materials such as minerals, petroleum, agricultural products of every description, specimens of fine workmanship of the Aztec Indians of Mexico in pottery and baskets, serapes and shawls, besides numerous other industrial articles such as saddles, aeroplane propellers, candles, cigars, leggings, soaps, perfumes, etc. The exhibit of petroleum is especially interesting and includes samples of the crude, fuel and distillate product, elegant-

ly displayed on a fine exhibit table. The oil is procured from the famous "Cerro Azul," the world's greatest oil well located some 85 miles south of Tampico, producing over 260,000 barrels daily. Visitors are cordially invited to inspect the exhibition and any information they may desire regarding anything of a commercial nature relative to Mexico will be gladly furnished them.

I have been asked to state my views on the Mexican situation as regards possible Intervention by the United States. On that subject I can only fervently say that I do not wish to live to see such a thing brought about by a coterie who regard their investments in Mexico as of far greater importance than the inalienable right of fellow mortals to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." I have before stated my views and opinions of the Interventionists and their Congressional Agents, who may soon be forced to retract certain statements which they are and will be unable to prove, hence I will touch only upon certain phases of the subject, namely requirements for such a step, duration of hostilities and result thereof.

The first requisite, as will be generally admitted, will be an immense army of American soldiers. Will they go? That depends entirely upon whether or not they will be convinced of the justice of the cause. Remember they have only recently returned from overseas and are weary of battle. They will most assuredly not sacrifice their lives and futures for the sake of some bloated bond-holder's oil interests, cattle ranges or mining properties. Every railroad in the Mexican Republic will have to be policed as long as hostilities last. Some estimates place the duration of such a siege as two or possibly three years, but I feel safe in saying that the length of that period would be until no Mexican remained to carry on guerrilla warfare. The mountainous nature of that southern land would favor such warfare to be carried on interminably for the Mexican knows as if by instinct every nook and cranny of his beloved country and he will fight for her as long as life remains. Although different factions may continually be battling against each other, they will unite to the last man to oppose and check the invasion of a foreign foe.

Many unknowingly speak of the subjugation of Mexico as though it were a very simple matter — merely stepping across the border and administering a sound spanking. Nothing could be more erroneous than such a supposition. To begin with the officially recorded population of 15,000,000 souls is far from accurate. The reason for this is the age-long fear and dread of the Mexican Indians for compulsory military service that originated centuries ago when they were thus arbitrarily summoned to fight for the interests of some tyrant in a cause which held no interest or recompense for them.

The aversion to such slavery often caused them to flee in entire communities upon the very sight of an officer of any kind. This has hitherto seriously handicapped the census-taker in arriving at anything like a true estimate of the population of Mexico, for the Indians would not again risk a summons, or "La leva," which is the term they apply to forced military service. This fact justifies my firm belief that the census of 1920 will prove Mexico's population to be around 25,000,000 and possibly more. The present Administration in Mexico has done much to aid and elevate the Mexican Indians—as for instance restoring to them as the original owners, millions of acres of land, declared forfeit, which was controlled by Thirteen Private individuals in the form of concessions! This and many other acts which have convinced them that their government is earnestly striving in every way to help them, has created in them a loyalty and allegiance to their country and government that is remarkable and that will not lightly be weakened. Incidentally it has been the means of removing that former fear and prejudice which make census-taking so difficult and I have no doubt but that next year they will be glad to give the officials all the required information.

Do the Interventionists, I wonder, ever pause to consider the possible result of Armed Intervention, aside from their belief and hope that their interests will be protected? Apparently not, or they would not be in such haste to force such a step. To begin with, there would be created in every Mexican heart an undying hatred of all Americans and all things American,

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PRODUCTOS MEXICANOS

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DE LA

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DE LOS

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that would not be ameliorated for centuries.

No nation — no, not even the United States—can afford to let such a condition arise. This undying hatred would be continually coming to an issue in such form as would be exceedingly detrimental to the United States. Armed intervention would be a direct violation of the international treaty entered into by the United States and Mexico at the close of the Mexican War, by the terms of which treaty both nations agreed to submit to arbitration all disputes and difficulties which might arise in the future. Such a disregard of contract would result in the immediate loss of faith on the part of every Latin American nation, which would be demonstrated not only politically, but socially and commercially as well. Also —this will perhaps impress Interventionists more than the foregoing—a third result will be the loss of the greater part, if not practically all, of the Latin-American trade, which will immediately be absorbed by other, only too eager, nations. This last condition is perfectly natural, even as an individual would rather favor a friend than an avowed enemy.

The gravest and most pitiful result of Armed Intervention, would be the frightful toll of human lives exacted from the armies of both countries! This, alone, were there no other serious consequences, makes me marvel that anyone can be so heartless as to deliberately attempt to involve two countries in war! It is quite apparent that those who urge such a fearful thing would be the last to volunteer their services, their lives, if need be, for the cause they so ardently champion. If Armed Intervention were indeed authorized by the government of the United States, may I humbly suggest that all Interventionists be the first to volunteer their actual services in order that I and all my people might be convinced of their sincerity?

By establishing Commercial Agencies and Exhibitions in this and other coun-

Continued on Page 345.

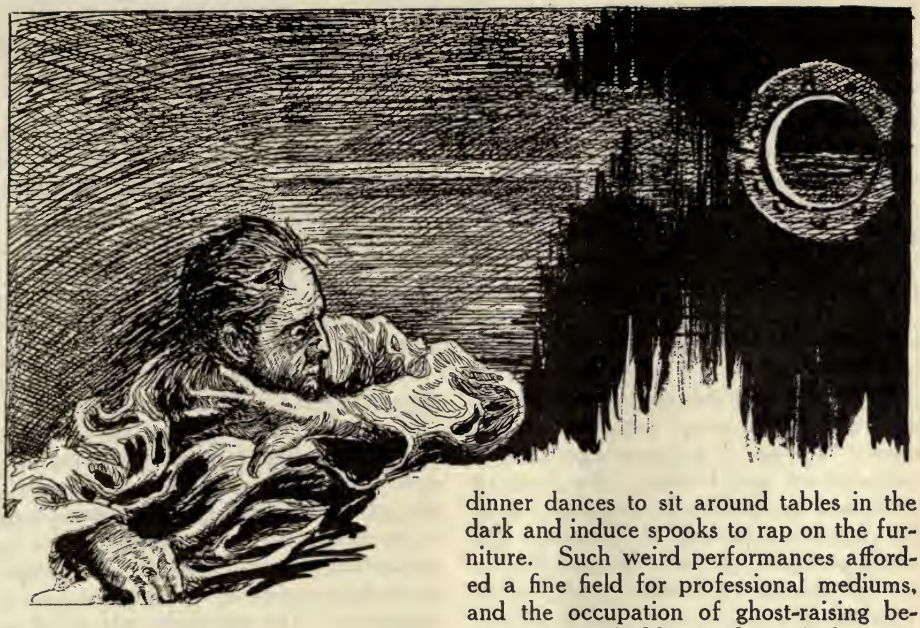
THE DANCE.

By Ruth Bassett Eddy.

Music—and fun to spare;
  Music—and you.
Madness was in the air,
Laughter was everywhere,
  Sadness there, too.

Out of the throng that night
  Only your face
Tempted my hungry sight,
Where you held court by right;
  Fitted in place.

There in the brilliant room,
  Flowers lay dying;
Blossomed a bit too soon;
  Still bravely trying
In that unrest to make
  One touch divine;
Blossomed for young heart's sake—
  Hearts that too soon must break—
    Your heart and mine.



Spooks!

The Superstitious Are Again Worrying About Them

Serious Men of Science Scoff at the Claims of Spiritism.

By Janet Henderson

DO scientists admit that spiritualists have discovered anything to prove that the living can communicate with the dead?

These questions are asked from so many quarters and with such insistence, that it is evident the cult of spiritism, has been galvanized into a semblance of new life. The revival of public interest in spiritism is due in a great measure to the world war which left so much desolation of homes and created a yearning for the emotional consolation of messages from the dead.

For a full generation, spiritism was in disrepute on account of the frauds practiced by many mediums, and which reached a climax and attracted world-wide attention by the exposure of the American conjuror Slade. Spirit rapping was then the prevailing craze. Our grandmothers and grandfathers gave up their whist and dinner dances to sit around tables in the dark and induce spooks to rap on the furniture. Such weird performances afforded a fine field for professional mediums, and the occupation of ghost-raising became as profitable as that of shimmie-dance tuition in our own day.

There is always a climax to popular infatuations. The apogee of spiritism was attained when Slade invaded Europe to demonstrate the genuineness of his public seances. He had already conquered America, and impressed our scientific investigators as well as the lay and uncritical multitude.

At that time the general scientific standard in the United States had not reached an impressive height. The country was too new. But Europe was old and its learned men many and wise in their generation. Professor Charles Darwin was creating a new epoch in philosophic thought and research by his theory of evolution—the descent of men from the anthropoid apes. A new school of scientific skeptics had arisen in the Old World. To them nothing was true unless capable of scientific demonstration. It would be vain to quote to those biologists and physicists the memorable words of Shakespeare; "There are more things in earth and heaven Horatio than are dreamt of in thy philosophy." Their answer would be "demonstrate and we may be convinced!"

How would the American medium Slade fare with those skeptical philosophers? Would they accept his spirit rappings and ghostly concerts as real communications from the world of shadows?

The American medium's progress in Europe was at first triumphal. The investigators shook their heads dubiously at the ghostly visitants he called out of the circumambient air, to thrill his audiences with table-rappings, messages from the dead, ghostly writings and other supernatural feats, but they could not easily detect the modus operandi of the fraud. For fraud it was eventually proved to be—glaring and preposterous humbug, clever juggling by a remarkably versatile conjuror.

Slade had been able to deceive some of the leading scientists of England and Germany. Crookes the great Englishman, and Zollner and Fechner, the German physicists, certified to the genuineness of the faker's supernatural powers. But Truth overtook him and relegated him to the scrap-heap of humbug and foolish superstition.

The cult of spiritism had received a great impetus from the scientific indorsement of the American medium, but that benefit was more than offset when the doubting Thomases of the scientific world finally exposed Slade's seances as bold impostures on credulous people. Spiritism fell under general suspicion and its professing believers dwindled.

In recent years Sir Oliver Lodge, has given believers renewed hope and comfort by his favorable utterances. The scientific world, however, has not received the verdict of Sir Oliver Lodge with the same effusiveness shown in spiritualist journals. The late Ernest Haeckel, author of the "Riddle of the Universe" and other remarkable works on biology, has called spiritism "a dreary superstition" and regretted that "millions of educated people are still dominated by it. Even distinguished scientists are entangled."

"The regrettable circumstance that physicists and biologists are led astray by spiritism," Haeckel wrote, "is accounted for, partly by their excess of imagination and their defect of critical faculty. Early education also imprints on the youthful brain impressions that are not easily removed."

The range of Haeckel's scientific knowledge was unusual. There have been few men who have excelled him in biological research. His scientific work entitles him to a place in history with the intellectual giants of the nineteenth and twentieth century.

To the end of his busy life which occurred a few months ago Haeckel remained an uncompromising opponent of spiritist doctrines.

"The alleged marvels of spiritism," he said, "when thoroughly investigated have been traced to a more or less clever deception. The mediums, generally of the weaker sex, have been found to be smart swindlers or nervous persons of abnormal irritability."

If possible more eminent in the world of science than Haeckel was John Tyndall, author of many works and a president of the most influential scientific body in the British Isles. The results of his investigation of spiritualistic phenomena were more amusing than instructive or impressive. The people he met in his investigation appeared to be either deliberate impostors or childishly credulous persons willing to be deceived.

"The present promoters of spiritual phenomena divide themselves into two classes," declared Tyndall. "One class needs no demonstrations while the other is beyond the reach of proof. The victims like to believe and they do not like to be undeceived. Science is perfectly powerless in the presence of this frame of mind. You urge in vain that science has given us all the knowledge of the universe which we now possess, while spiritualism has added nothing to that knowledge. The drugged soul is beyond the reach of reason. It is in vain that impostors are exposed."

In one of his investigations of spiritualistic manifestations in London the medium, whom Tyndall describes as "a delicate looking young lady who appeared to have suffered much from ill health, sat next to him. The conversation turned on the peculiar properties of magnets and the medium said a magnet always made her terribly ill.

"Am I to understand," said Tyndall "that, if this room were perfectly dark, you could tell whether it contained a magnet without being informed of the fact?"

"I should know of its presence on entering the room," answered the medium.

"How?"

"I should be rendered ill at once."

"How do you feel now?"

"Particularly well. I have not been so well for months."

Tyndall produced a magnet from his coat pocket which had been within six inches of the sensitive medium all the evening. She naturally lost some of her composure, but the courteous host at whose house the affair took place discouraged discussion of the awkward situation.

"Discussion had a tendency to exhaust the medium," he said.

Tyndall has related other incidents of a similar nature, calculated to prove that believers in spiritism do not desire searching investigation of the truth of their theories. In this respect they are at variance with science which demands the truth at any cost, and accepts nothing which has not been subjected to the ordeal of "pitiless publicity." There are in the region of modern science no dark corners where the myths of mystical dogma may lurk secure from investigation.

Modern scientists of established reputation, are averse to serious investigation of spiritualistic claims of supernatural occurrences, as so palpably absurd that examination of the statements would be waste of time.

In the past twenty-five years enormous progress has been made in scientific research — in comparative anatomy, histology, autogony, cellular physiology, embryology, psychology and many other lines of knowledge, necessary to the proper investigation of natural phenomena.

Science has obeyed the wise admonition: "Man know thyself," and has gone to Nature for the instruction. Hence the physiology which is taught in the schools and colleges today is very different from that which impressed on our fathers and grandfathers that man is made in the "image of God." The educated world has abandoned that anthropomorphic idea of the Supreme Being and believes that man is what evolution has made him. He resembles all the higher animals in his physically functions and is subject to the same laws of birth development and death. All this can be explained by the present-day scientist, but as to the mysterious purpose of it all, and the true character of the Infinite Power which animates the universe with its millions of worlds we are today no wiser than the cave-man. Our human limitations are too narrow at present for such understanding.

It is a well-known scientific fact that the human eye fails to detect two-thirds of the rays of the sun. Those dark rays exist but they have no effect on the optic nerves that carry the vibrations of light to the brain and cause us to "see" light. We do not "see" any light in the popular acceptance of the term. We feel it. So, too, with the vibrations that excite the nerves of the ear and cause us to receive the impression of sound.

(To Be Continued.)

THE ROAD.

By Edee-Lou Frazee.

A long, gray road and a straight green hedge
And a brook tinkling far away,
And always the joy that you're not quite there,
But only just on the way;
And you're never disappointed in what you find
For you never find the end—
There's always another turn in the road,
Always just one more bend.

Dodged Old Maidenhood

Where There's a Will There's a Way, Even at Thirty-Seven.

By Foster Williams

IN March of her thirty-seventh year, when the river below the California mountain town was breaking up and the white-icinged streets were turning to the brown of maple syrup, Marianna flipped back the monotonous pages of her existence to the turned-down leaf of her girlhood. For fifteen years, in the stuffy, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated office of Andrew McCullough, Attorney-at-Law, she had waited for a man to forget deeds and mortgages, wills and divorces, to say — not dictate — to the party of the first part:

"Marianna, I love you!"

He had not said it. As she stood by his desk, that drizzly March morning, she had the curious sensation of laying an old, disturbing ghost in moth-balls and lavender.

"You mean you don't want the job any longer, Marianna?"

Andrew McCullough's blue eyes squinted incredulously, and he rumpled his red hair in slow, Scotch consternation.

"For posterity's sake," thought Marianna Budd, irrelevantly, "a sandy-haired woman and a red-headed man are no fit match."

And then, because she was born and bred of Millville, which considers all problems of Eugenics immodest, and all attempts to influence the complexion of its offspring nothing short of sacrilegious, Marianna Budd blushed.

"You don't want the job—you actually offered to take care of Johnny Grant's baby?" he stressed. And without waiting for her answer: "Why?" probed Andrew McCullough, Attorney-at-Law.

"Because I am tired of inky fingers, and white linen collars, and an hour for lunch!"

A shaft of light falling from the one high, small window to her hair, relentlessly picked out the silvering threads. She lifted her well-cut chin. A flood of long-forgotten pink flowed into her face; and for a fraction of a second Andrew McCullough might have glimpsed her soul through her eyes.

"Because I want a kitchen to mess in, and a baby to sprinkle with talcum powder!" said Marianna Budd, defiantly; after which declaration she flung herself into the hall, and banged the door.

In Millville a girl either marries, or she does not; the decision lies in the hands of the gods. At thirty-seven, then, Marianna, gray-green as to eyes, drab as to hair and eye-lashes, and with bony shoulders and hips, was an Old Maid, pitied—before her arrival and after her departure—at the Ladies' Aid. As heart histories go, Marianna's were somewhat discouraging. There had been a man, once, who

loved her; but imagination, which led her into the mistake of loving a man who did not love her, had enabled her to take her two half-loaves, and knead them into a fairly accurate semblance of the Unknown Quantity.

She laughed at the memory of her leave-taking, now, three months later, as she sifted the fluffy white powder lavishly over Johnny Grant's two-year-old baby. Her hands were puckery from the warm, soapy water of the baby's bath, and her arms deliciously tired from the weight of the wriggling, rose-warm little body.

"Nony-nony, lover! It mustn't 'quirm. Let its muvver put a shirty on it!" she cooed.

Baby-talk fell easily from Marianna's lips, as it does from any woman's; she was "muvver" when Johnny Grant was away.

June spilled into the open kitchen door, scents of lilacs, mock orange, and gilly-flowers, pressed out by the warm afternoon sun. Birds chattered in the berry-patch. An odour of baking bread pervaded the house.

Millville had pursed its lips when Marianna Budd left her desk at the office to "work out" for Johnny Grant and his baby. Millville did not know of the laying of the ghost. It discussed freely the fact that Johnny Grant had been after her long before he ever set eyes on the baby's mother, and commented with acidity—before her arrival and after her departure—at the Ladies' Aid meetings, on the blossoming of Marianna Budd.

Marianna was blossoming. Some ascribed it to the housework — the endless stooping and reaching; some said, unkindly, that it was her age. The fact remained that whatever the cause, Marianna's shoulders were less angular, and the line of her drab hair less strained. Andrew McCullough, who had not noticed the brown line at the stiff edge of her collar, did notice the white fullness of her throat in the V-shaped yoke of her gingham dress. He had gotten into a way of dropping in at Johnny Grant's of an evening. Andrew was an old bachelor, and had few enough opportunities to get home cooking.

The baby's eyelids were drooping, and Marianna worked the little night-slip on cautiously, making a crooning sound in her throat. Long fingers of shadow crossed the garden, and she swung gently back and forth in the big rocking-chair, holding the baby's head close against her shoulder. A curious, satisfying warmth ran, like slow fire, through all her being. With a start, she realized the significance of the shadowed garden, and rising gently, carried the sleeping child into her bedroom. Cautiously she laid him in the little crib, then pushed it against her bed.

"Poor Lucy Grant," Marianna sighed, softly, "without her baby!"

She hurried about the kitchen, emptying the wooden tub, collecting the small garments, setting the round table in the corner, cutting thick slices of fresh bread. The tea-kettle was humming; and a stew, savoury with onions and new potatoes, simmered on the back of the range. The door between the kitchen and sitting-room was open, and the door beyond ajar for the slightest sound from the baby.

She sat down in the rocking-chair, when everything was in readiness and looked contentedly out across the quiet garden to the strip of dust-gray road beyond. Late sunshine, slanting in through the ruffled Swiss curtains, caught the ruby heart of some currant jam in a pressed-glass bowl on the table. She rocked in delicious idleness.

Footsteps on the gravel walk made her glance up — the heavy decided tread of Andrew McCullough.

"Johnny not home yet?"

"No. Won't you sit down?" Marianna indicated a chair with an easy movement of her head. "He'll be along soon. You'd better stop for supper."

"I don't know—" he hesitated. It was second-nature for him to object; but his eyes, straying wistfully to the table, seemed to be held by the wine-red glint of the currant jam.

"How are things going at the office?"

There was more politeness than interest in the query.

"Oh, so-so! That Molly Shipley is a fool. She'll be getting married soon, I suppose."

"I suppose so," agreed Marianna, absently.

McCullough stirred uncomfortably in his chair.

"Why do you suppose so?"—testily.

"Why, Andrew?" Marianna with difficulty focussed her attention on the conversation. "Why, because she's young—and pretty—and—"

"Has no sense!" snapped McCullough.

She turned disapproving gray eyes toward him. Something was the matter with Andrew. The office—or indigestion. Men were like that when they lived in boarding houses, she decided.

"Have you ever thought you'd like to come back to the office, Marianna?"

Marianna turned her head toward the sitting-room and listened.

"Never!" she said.

McCullough walked restlessly to the kitchen door, both hands deep in his pockets. A man was coming slowly down the road from town.

"Marianna—"

She looked up quickly, at an unfamiliar note in his voice.

"Marianna," said Andrew McCullough, masterfully, "I love you!"

Marianna Budd's face whitened. She rocked silently for a second.

"Oh, Andy McCullough!" was all she said.

"Marianna!"

She flung out a hand protestingly, at the quick triumph in his voice; tears misted her eyes. For a moment the smell of dusty law-books, the close heat of an air-tight stove, the stifling of moth-balls crowded to her nostrils, choking out the odor of lilacs, and fresh-baked bread—and violet talcum powder.

"Andy, I'm sorry!" whispered Marianna Budd.

She was sorry for Andrew McCullough. Quickly came the knowledge that she needed to be sorry for him. But oh, she was sorrier still for the girl who had been his typist for so long.

Andrew McCullough's face turned curiously, dully white, and as suddenly flamed with unreasoning anger.

"I thought you'd take me, Marianna. You always—"

"I know, Andy. I would have—for fifteen years!"

He turned swiftly toward the door, that she might not see the pain in his eyes. They both started as Johnny Grant came slowly up the path.

"You're not going, Andrew?" Grant remonstrated. "Sit down, man, and have a bite of supper with us."

Johnny Grant was tall, and thin, and stooped. He had tired, kind brown eyes. He was the type of man who loaned his money, rather than invested it.

"I won't stay tonight, Johnny."

Grant glanced quickly from McCullough to Marianna Budd.

"I just dropped in to leave a toy for the laddie." He pulled a small, clumsily wrapped package from his pocket, and deposited it on the table. He had not before thought of it.

"No—" as he was pressed to stay. "I have indigestion, and will be better off with no supper tonight."

His eyes turned longingly, resentfully to Marianna, as she did not second the invitation; then shifted to the currant jam and fresh baked bread on the table.

"Good-night, John; good-night, Marianna!" he said, grimly.

Johnny Grant stood in the doorway, and watched McCullough go slowly down the path toward the street.

"Supper ready, Marianna?" he asked; and then, not waiting for her reply sat down at the table in the corner.

He spread a fringed, blue-and-white napkin, diamond-wise across his vest, and tucked a corner in at his throat. Silently, he watched her light the large table-lamp with the yellow silk shade. The light cast a warm glow on her face, and brought out the yellow tints in her hair. Slowly he cleared his plate of the rich, brown stew. Opposite him, silent, Marianna poked her fork about in her plate, in a futile pretense at eating.

"It's good, having a woman in the house to care for the boy," he said at last. "And flowers around—and homemade bread." He stabbed his fork into a thick slice, and spread it generously with yellow butter. "Seems funny, that it should be—you—Marianna!"

Marianna rose quickly from the table. She hated stew, and bread, and currant jam, with a sudden hysterical hatred.

"It does seem — funny, Johnny," she said; and wondered, dully, why it seemed so.

She went to the sink and filled the gray

(Continued on Page 340.)

Profiteers In Rent

The Angles of a Vital Problem
High Taxes Retard Civic Growth

Assessor Ginty's Statistics Present Significant Facts

By Harvey Brougham

WITH the assistance of politicians, who wish to keep in the public eye, some tenants have started an agitation against profiteering landlords. That kind of thing has been going on in every city in the United States.

Rent profiteers are the very worst of the unscrupulous tribe. The apartment-house variety is in a class by itself. People cannot sleep in the streets, so the mercenary rent profiteers have the renting public at their mercy, and there is no law to stop their extortions.

The basis of the evil is the scarcity of houses. High taxes and bad government generally, combined with economic causes have discouraged the erection of buildings. If the annual increase of buildings does not keep pace with population, there comes a scarcity of habitations and then the rent profiteers, chiefly the lessees of apartment-houses proceed to prey on their defenseless victims. That is human nature. Decrease of production has caused profiteering in all lines.

I shall endeavor to show that extravagant government is at the bottom of the scarcity of houses which gives rent profiteers their golden opportunity to rob a suffering public. Honest investors have been kept from buying real estate and putting up the average number of buildings, by the fact that other investments have been far more attractive. War and talk of revolution alarm timid people. The ownership of city property, which should be looked on as the safest investment is not. The politicians are now trying to lay all the blame on the profiteers and divert from themselves the storm of public anger. They should not escape. They paved the way for the profiteers and should also be pilloried with those culprits. The limit of the public patience has been reached already.

In San Francisco it cost about $7,000,000, a few years ago, to finance the city government. Now the figures are nearer $20,000,000. Property owners are discouraged by the ever increasing cost of municipal government, without prospect of better public management. Every year marks a fresh addition to the tax rate. That's the basic cause of the housing problem.

Matters have not been more encouraging for the property owners by the adoption of prohibition which increases taxation, and the spread of revolutionary propaganda. Some of the San Francisco newspapers make no pretence of concealing their preference for anarchy. Purchases of real estate are lessened by social unrest. When the air is surcharged with revolutionary propaganda, and officers of the law are lax in the protection of life and property, the demand for real estate diminishes. The real estate market in a

large seaport like San Francisco, is an index of public confidence in the growth of the city. Judging by that standard San Francisco is suffering from lack of public confidence in the growth of the city.

Judging by that standard San Francisco is suffering from lack of confidence in the government as unimproved city real estate is not in demand. Bare lots, even on the principal thoroughfares, are offered at prices far below their proper value. On Market Street, which should be one of the greatest business thoroughfares in the world on account of the number of people that pass through it every day, many blocks are valued lower than they were twenty years ago. Property which a quarter of a century ago was valued at $1500 a front foot, is now going a begging for $600 per front foot. Block after block on this fine street, contains nothing better than dead wall advertisements, or lumber yards more suitable for the waste places of a large seaport. This is the result of bad government, which thinks more of small politics than large commercial affairs, calculated to increase the public prosperity.

The dominance of the union labor organization in politics has had no small influence in bringing about the present undesirable building condition. All kind of expensive restrictions have been imposed on property owners, to make the erection of new houses more expensive, and the upkeep of old tenements unprofitable.

The daily newspapers reflect the public distrust of real estate as an investment, for the advertising columns are filled with lists of property for sale. The number of those who wish to sell is far greater than that of the buyers.

Such is the undesirable state of affairs in the principal seaport of the Pacific, where property on the principal streets should be eagerly sought as a gilt-edge investment, not merely in the few congested blocks in the fashionable shopping district, but over in a very large area.

Will this lamentable condition, brought about by misgovernment, be improved? It is difficult to discover signs of rapid betterment. The first essential would be to escape from the political rings that have fastened on the community, and that aims to increase their power with the irresponsible elements by oppressing the law-abiding and producing classes. The city has been split into opposing classes and general public spirit is crushed.

The present movement of complaining tenants against profiteering landlords, which the politicians are fomenting is not indicative of improvement, but of worse conditions.

No doubt some landlords are taking advantage of the scarcity of houses to oppress tenants.

Landlords in San Francisco might be expected to fall into the practice of profiteering, for the patrons have had them on their knees for years, and shown them no mercy. In the lean years when tenements were over-numerous and tenants could select at unprofitable rents, many landlords were ruined. The banks in recent years have done all they could do to enable struggling property owners to weather the storm, but even with such help the percentage of foreclosures has been large. The banks in self protection had to take in a great deal of mortgaged property, most of which they managed to sell at prices that covered the mortgages and accrued interest, but left the unfortunate property owners nothing. Several large apartment houses in San Francisco have been sold in that manner. The men who built them lost their fortunes. For those unlucky ones there is no word of commiseration. We hear only of the profiteers, many of whom can never get even on their investments, when they figure in the high taxes, the costs of upkeep and the deterioration of the buildings. It is safe to say that a large majority of the landlords of San Francisco wish that they had left their money in a savings bank, in preference to investing it in houses.

Of late the tenants who reside in flats and apartments have come to understand that high taxes affects their pockets. Formerly they had no such thought in San Francisco. Most of them seemed to think that it mattered nothing to them how great was the bonded debt of the city or high the annual tax rate.

"It's up to the landlord to pay it. We should worry," they said.

But they began to worry themselves when new tenements got scare, and land-

lords finding that conditions favored them, began to add the taxes to the rent so it was the tenants who really paid the costs of extravagant municipal government. The popular resentment against the politicians has therefore been growing, and that is one reason why we now find the Board of Supervisors and the office of City Attorney represented in the movement to bring the profiteering landlords before the bar of Public Opinion. The politicians wish to make the profiteers the scapegoats, and thus dodge the wrath of the unhappy tenants, which they see is crystallizing.

The municipality showed its hand clearly at the first indignation meeting when a representative of the City Attorney's office added fuel to the flames of discontent by telling the complaining tenants what they could do to get even with the profiteering landlords.

Under the existing laws, the Deputy City Attorney said, tenants could make "necessary repairs," if the landlords did not perform the work, and the bills would become a charge against the property.

If the City Attorney's department desired to make matters worse for everybody, instead of better, it could not have used a stronger argument.

One of the reasons why people with money do not go into building speculations is that the existing laws are aimed at the landlord's purse. The landlord is made a shining mark for so many various kinds of attack, by different varieties of grafters. The public is aware of that unpleasant fact, and prefers stocks or bonds to house property. Country lands attract buyers because a ranch may support them, but they know that flats, or other small city holdings, will not be profitable under the handicaps that the property owner finds so oppressive.

How then can be the effect of a proclamation from the City Attorney's office, that tenants can make repairs and charge them to their landlords be otherwise than injurious to the building industry. Such a proclamation, officially issued, practically stops the building of rentable houses as an investment in San Francisco. If the City Attorney's office be intent on increasing Bolshevism in San Francisco, and retarding the proper growth of San Francisco by forcing people to live elsewhere, it is on the right track.

Let us consider the building condition in San Francisco, without consideration of politics, labor organizations, or sensational journalism. There are in this city 135,536 building lots of which 71,876 are unimproved. Ninety-four per cent of our buildings are only wooden structures, many of which will have to be remodeled or torn down in a few years.

There are altogether 64,436 wooden buildings in San Francisco ranging from one to six stories. Of brick buildings there are only 3,456 or but five per cent of the total improvements. Of reinforced concrete, or steel and stone buildings there are but 821.

That situation can only be made worse by starting a class quarrel, calculated to retard the building industry and the general prosperity of the community. The statistics here given are absolutely correct, as they were copied the other day from statistics compiled by the master statistician, Assessor John Ginty.

The Class A buildings of San Francisco are but one per cent of the total. These are figures over which serious-minded citizens may well ponder.

The newspapers and the politicians that are stirring up the excitement on the housing problem, make a serious mistake in thinking that the property owners of our city represent a rich aristocratic class. Of the 73,431 lot owners in San Francisco, the majority are working people, or persons of moderate means. Outside of some few favored localities, wealthy taxpayers with realty holdings are a very limited class. A great many working people own flats and live in them, to obtain a home and some income from rents to help in paying off the mortgages to the banks. Such small property owners are our most useful and law-abiding citizens —the bone and sinew of the community. Their thrift and ambition to advance in the world, and give their children homes and education, should be encouraged. When such people are oppressed by tax-eaters and sensation mongers, the city retrogrades and Bolshevism increases.

The Deputy Registrars report the registration of a large Socialist vote.

(To Be Continued.)

Stories From The Files

Famous Writers Who Contributed to the Overland Monthly Fifty Years Ago

Mark Twain's First Draft of The Innocents Abroad.

By E. Clarence O'Day

IT is almost 52 years ago, since Mark Twain published in the second number of the Overland Monthly, a humorous narrative of his experiences in Paris.

That was in July, 1868. His celebrity was merely local. Virginia City, Nevada, knew him as Sam Clemens, the reporter, who wrote funny local items for the Daily Enterprise, under the nom de plume of "Mark Twain."

In 1865 he came to San Francisco, and was a reporter on the old Morning Call, which since has been transformed into an evening journal. He went to Europe in 1867, and the next year contributed to the Overland Monthly the new literary magazine of the Pacific Coast, edited by Bret Harte, a paper on his impressions of Paris.

Twelve months later, the little known San Francisco newspaper reporter's fugitive papers on foreign travel, revised and published in book form under the title of "The Innocents Abroad," was delighting the readers of two continents. Mark Twain had become a name in literature, as eminent and revered in the English speaking world as Cervantes is in the Spanish.

When Twain gave to Pacific Coast readers, through the columns of the Overland Monthly in 1868, his inimitable observations of foreign life, no one dreamed that the author would become recognized the world's greatest humorist or that the editor of the magazine would soon gain international fame as the peerless master of Western romance.

Perhaps among the young contributors to the Overland Monthly today, there are

Mark Twain's Statue at Hannibal, Mo.

men and women whose names will be found with the "immortals" in the roll of literary fame.

It is interesting and useful to study the methods of Mark Twain in the telling of the stories which Bret Harte accepted for the Overland Monthly some 50 years ago. The style of the great humorist was devoid of artificiality and what he most aimed at was clarity of expression. Never for a moment does he allow a thought to lose itself in a maze of artificial smartness of phrasing. The simplicity of art which conceals art is his goal and he always attains it. He secures the readers' attention at once, and holds it by the continuous play of light and shade in the mental pictures he presents.

What could be better than the realism and the naivete of Twain's description of the Can-can, as the contribution was

printed in the Overland Monthly in 1868, under Bret Harte's editorship.

"One night we went to the celebrated Jardin Mabille, but I only staid a little while. I wanted to see some of this kind of Paris life, however, and therefore the next night, we went to a similar place of entertainment in a great garden in the suburb of Asineres. We went to the railroad depot toward evening, and our guide got tickets for a second-class carriage. Such a perfect jam of people I have not often seen—but there was no noise, no disorder, no rowdyism. Some of the women and the young girls that entered the train I knew to be of the demi-monde, but the others we were not at all sure about.

"The girls and women in our carriage behaved themselves modestly and becomingly all the way out, except that they smoked. When we arrived at the garden in Asineres, we paid a franc or two admission, and entered a place which had flower-beds in it and grass plots, and long curving rows of ornamental shrubbery, with here and there a secluded bower convenient for eating ice-cream in. We moved along the sinuous gravel-walks, with the great concourse of girls and young men, and suddenly a domed and filagreed white temple, starred over, and over again, with brilliant gas-jets, burst upon us like a fallen sun. Near by was a large, handsome house, with its ample front illuminated in the same way and above its roof floated the star-spangled banner of America.

" 'Well!' " I said, " 'how is this?' " It nearly took my breath away.

"Our guide said an American — a New Yorker—kept the place, and was carrying on quite a stirring opposition to the Jardin Mabille.

"Crowds, composed of both sexes and nearly all ages, were frisking about the garden, or sitting in the open air in front of the flag-ship and the temple, drinking wine and coffee, or smoking. The dancing had not yet begun. Our guide said there was to be an exhibition. The famous Blondin was going to perform on a tight rope in another part of the garden. We went tither. And now I made a mistake which any donkey might make but a sensible man never. Standing right before a young lady I said:

" 'Oh, Dan, just look at this girl, how beautiful she is!' "

" 'I thank you more for the evident sincerity of your compliment, sir, than for the extraordinary publicity you have given it!'

"This in good, pure English.

"We took a walk but my spirits were very, very sadly dampened. I did not feel right comfortable for some time afterward. Why will people be so stupid as to suppose themselves the only foreigners among a crowd of ten thousand persons?

"When Blondin the tight-rope performer, who by-the-way was the one who walked over the Falls of Niagara, finished his exhibition, Twain and his companion returned to the dancing. It had begun.

"Within the hall was a drinking saloon, and all around it was a broad circular platform for the dancers. I backed up against the wall and waited. Twenty sets formed, the music struck up and then—they were dancing the renowned can-can. A handsome girl in the set before me tripped forward lightly to meet the opposite gentleman — tripped back again, grasped her dress vigorously on both sides with her hands, raised them to a considerable elevation, danced an extraordinary jig that had more activity and exposure about it than any jig I ever saw before, and then drawing her clothes still higher, she advanced gaily to the center, and launched a vicious kick full at her vis-a-vis that must have infallibly removed his nose, if he had been nine feet high. It was a mercy he was only six. That is the can-can.

"The idea is to dance as wildly, as noisily, as furiously as you can; expose yourself as much as possible, if you are a woman; and kick as high as you can no matter which sex you belong to.

"I moved aside and took a general view of the can-can. Shouts, laughter, furious music, a bewildering chaos of darting and intermingling forms, stormy jerking and snatching of gay dresses, bobbing heads, flying arms, lightning flashes of white-stockinged calves and dainty slippers in the air, and then a grand final rush, a terrific hubbub and wild stampede! Heavens! Nothing like it since trembling Tam O'Shanter saw the devil

and the witches at their orgies that night in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

A reference to the grisettes of the Latin Quarter of Paris, is more in the broad style which Twain had cultivated in his reportorial evolution in the sagebrush State where the newspaper readers of the mining era desired plenty of tabasco in their pabulum. Twain had in mind the idealized grisettes of Henry Murger's "Scenes de la vie de Boheme."

"Ah the grisettes! I had almost forgotten. They are another romantic fraud. They are always so beautiful — so neat and trim, so graceful—so naive and trusting—so gentle and so winning—so faithful to their shop duties, so irresistible to buyers in their prattling importunity—so devoted to their poverty-stricken students of the Latin quarter—so light-hearted and happy on their Sunday picnics in the suburbs—and oh, so charming, and so delightfully improper.

"Stuff! For three or four days I was constantly saying to our guide, 'Is that a grisette?' And he always said 'No.' He comprehended at last that I wanted to see a grisette. Then he showed me dozens of them. They were like nearly all the French women I ever saw—homely. homely. (Twain's estimate of female beauty must have been peculiar.) They had large hands, large feet, large mouths; they had pug noses, as a general thing, and moustaches that not even good breeding could overlook. They combed their hair straight back without parting; they were ill-shaped; they were not winning, not graceful; I knew by their looks that they ate garlic and onions; it would be base flattery to call them immoral.

"Down with impostors! I sorrow for the vagabond of the Latin Quarter now, even more than formerly, I envied him. Thus topples on earth another idol of my infancy."

No doubt when Twain became more of a cosmopolitan, and forgot his reportorial trade tricks of writing for Nevada a mining community he could have framed his opinions of the Paris grisettes in different language. He was then 33 years old and most of his life had been spent in environments not favorable to literary culture.

The newspaperman from the Ultimate West, who was destined to gain the sceptre in humorous writing showed by many flashes in his Paris impressions that he possessed the power of serious description and deep reflection in a high degree. The picture he drew of Napoleon III, and his royal guest Abdul Azis, Sultan of Turkey, proceeding to the Paris Exposition with military pomp and ceremony, was worthy of a Thackeray.

"And then came a long line of artillery; then more cavalry in splendid uniforms and then their Imperial Majesties, Napoleon III, and Abdul Azis. The vast concourse of people swung their hats and shouted; the windows and the house-tops in all the wide vicinity became a snow storm of waving handkerchiefs, and the wavers of the same mingled their cheers with those of the masses below. It was a stirring spectacle.

"But the two central figures claimed all my attention. Was ever such a contrast set up before a multitude before? Napoleon in military uniform—a long-bodied, short-legged man, fiercely moustached, old, wrinkled, with eyes half closed, and such a deep, crafty, scheming expression about them!— Napoleon bowing ever so gently to the loud plaudits, and watching everything and everybody with his cat-eyes from under his depressed hat-brim, as if to discover any sign that those cheers were not heart-felt and cordial.

"Abdul Azis, absolute lord of the Ottoman Empire — clad in dark-green European clothes, almost without ornament or insignia of rank; a red Turkish fez on his head—a short, stout, dark man, black-bearded and black-eyed, stupid unprepossessing—a man whose whole appearance somehow suggested that if he only had a cleaver in his hand and a white apron on, one would not be at all surprised to hear him say: "A mutton roast to-day, or will you have a nice porter-house steak?"

The Western humorist's sketch of the royal adventurer, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland and Hortense de Beauharnais, epitomized in half a page of the Overland Monthly a biography of the Great Napoleon's nephew which might be elaborated into a volume.

(To Be Continued.)

Bleak Siberia

Little-Known Land Where American Boys Have Been Dying.

Its Topography and Possibilities.

By Valery P. Demianof

FOR many centuries and practically until the present day Siberia, in general was a little known country even to the Russians. The dependable story of Siberia is of comparatively recent origin.

In 1561, Ermak, a Russian outlaw, offered to bring under the Russian scepter the rich lands of Siberia in return for equipment and incidental pardon for his own misdeeds. Engaged and oufitted, Ermak started across the mountains, and during the following year in a decisive battle with the Mongols, waged war under the walls of the chief town of Sybir, defeated them and levied tribute in the name of the Muscovite Empire. Thus began the Russian acquisition of this great region destined to come into such prominence in modern history.

Siberia proper is a territory one and one-half times larger than the whole continent of Europe. It represents one-third of the continent of Asia, and contains 4,841,000 square miles.

Covering so vast an area, Siberia naturally possesses a diversified geographical structure and varied climate. It can be roughly divided into two parts: one of plains and the other of hills and mountains. In this respect it resembles our own country's plains and mountains.

The steppes or plains contain extensive areas of "chenoziom" or black earth, highly fertile and admirably suited for raising general farm crops and special cultures, such as the sugar-beet. This region comprises one of the most prosperous and well-settled districts of Siberia and can be called the granary of the country. The Yablonovy Mountains are five thousand feet above sea-level.

The snow-covered and wooded mountains of the Great Tibetan and Chinese

Siberian Native Woman.

Plateau give source to the great river systems of Siberia, which, in regard to their length, volume, and extent of the basin can justly be classed amongst the greatest in the world and compare with the Nile, the Amazon and the Mississippi. The Lena, the longest in Siberia, is 3,000 miles.

One can hardly imagine a country more richly endowed in metal and mineral resources. Coal, bituminous and anthracite, iron, ore, copper, lead, tin, mercury, antimony, manganese, silver, gold and precious stones abound in many places throughout the country, often lying near the surface. Little has been done to develop the great mineral wealth.

After mineral wealth comes the immense forests, stretching in a broad belt from one end of Siberia to the other. Birch, cedar, pine, fir and a multitude of other important species, together with Siberian oak and cork-wood, constitute the chief wealth in this class and afford great possibilities for development in the future. The area of surveyed forests belong-

ing to the Russian States in 1914, was 414,457,400 acres.

A vast territory covering nearly five million square miles is populated by only 9,865,200, as estimated at the beginning of 1914, giving the density of two per square mile. This population is distributed in 56 towns, 11,000 villages, and 15,000 other communities, such as farmsteads, mining camps, etc.

Rich in all the above products, Siberia is as yet almost purely an agricultural country. Peasants from overcrowded Russian districts, from Central and from White Russia, from Ukrainia and Poland, constitute the preponderating element of the Russian population in Siberia.

The total area of land devoted to grain of various kinds in 1914 amounted to 18,572,395 acres. To this number undoubtedly should be added various cultures located in remote places and unrecorded in the official statistics.

Hunting and fishing on a commercial scale play an important part and furnish occupation to many thousands of native aborigines and Russians, especially in the Amur territory along the Pacific and on the rivers.

The making of butter is a well-paying and well-organized industry in Western Siberia. The great Siberian Union of Buttermaking Co-operative Associations ten years ago counted its members by tens but now they can be counted by the hundreds.

The commercial life of Siberia is centered upon the export of agricultural products, such as grain, vegetables, etc. All kinds of machinery, better grade tools, articles of luxury and more complicated articles of household furniture have to be imported.

The chief role in commercial life of the country is played at Vladivostock, the only one good port. Vladivostock freezes over for only two or three months in the year. But even during this time it is possible to keep the bar open by employing ice-breakers.

With Russian industries disorganized and immediate imports from Europe uncertain, it is probable that the countries bordering on the Pacific will be called upon to supply needs of the ten million people in Siberia during the coming ten years or more. The opportunities for commercial intercourse are promising.

THOUGHTS.

By Frederick Allen.

Whence come these thoughts which genius writes down
That those whose minds soar not so high may read?
Are they a gift sent from some Outside Crown
To just those chosen few who are to lead
The rest? Are splendid thoughts a part of God
Which he has placed within the god-like man,
Interpreter for Him, to tell the clod
Like you and I, some smatterings of His Plan?
Yet I believe that truths come from within;
For being lesser god, man can create
Some lesser thoughts, some lesser heaven win
On earth. So often I have thoughts, quite great
They seem to me. It then must be His Plan
To mould some God-like truths in every man.

Police Court Graft

A Form of Official Rascality Which Fosters Crime and Discontent

By George Watson Wickersham

THE effects of police court graft, such as the Grand Jury of San Francisco is now investigating in a half-hearted way, are far-reaching and demoralizing to the municipal service and the community.

Honest citizens have only a superficial knowledge of police courts, and seldom go there except to testify in the prosecution of some person charged with violating the laws. An attempt to punish some offender who stole his property might give an honest citizen of San Francisco an insight to legal jugglery that would surprise and shock him.

Suppose that the honest citizen's automobile had vanished while he was buying a cigar, and that in the next block he found the thief trying to sell it, and had the fellow arrested? So far, so good. Very soon the honest citizen would discover, that it is easier to place a common thief's name on the docket of a police court than on a prison roll.

As soon as the honest citizen had gone home to tell his wife of his adventure and predict the speedy conviction of the prisoner, caught with the goods on him, or words to that effect, the thief's friends would begin to move for his liberation.

First of all a police court practitioner, in favor with the administration, would be retained. The lawyer would immediately ring up the bond-broker and in a little more time than it requires to tell the story the caged thief would be let out on bail to resume his dishonest calling. Perhaps to make up for lost time he might stand up and rob a second honest citizen hurrying home in the dark from lodge-meeting.

Next morning the owner of the stolen automobile would be on hand to tell the police court his tale of woe, but it might be a month or two before he got an opportunity—perhaps never. Continuances of the case would be necessary for the police court shyster to "shake down" the thief or his friends for all the money that could be got out of the transaction. The fate of the thief would depend entirely on his ability to produce cash for all the grafters. As long as he was not moneyless the offender need have no serious fears of the penitentiary. Before the case had passed through its preliminary stages, the honest citizen whose machine was stolen would wish he had said nothing about it.

Unless rumor be altogether unreliable, the present disgraceful state of the police courts of San Francisco is unparalleled. It is exactly what might be expected when professional bond-brokers and others, who profit by breaches of the laws, finance the election of police judges and recoup themselves by converting the machinery of justice into the machinery of graft.

The English people are wiser in their management of police courts. They recognize that a police court is fully as important as a higher tribunal that tries cases of felony. Felons may never be brought to trial if dishonest police judges, co-operating with crooked lawyers, bond-brokers and policemen, turns offenders loose.

In London ten police courts suffice for a population of over six millions. Here we have four police courts for a population one-tenth that of London. In other words we have three too many. Englishmen do not overwork their officials.

Now that the saloons are all closed, which the prohibitionists asserted were the prolific cause of crime and arrests, two police judges should be more than sufficient for San Francisco.

London police judges receive $7,500 a year, and thus have the same salary status as a county judge—similar to our superior judges. A London police judge is expected to be a man of character, and his position is permanent. The slums of Whitechapel have nothing to say in his selection.

Department of Oriental Affairs

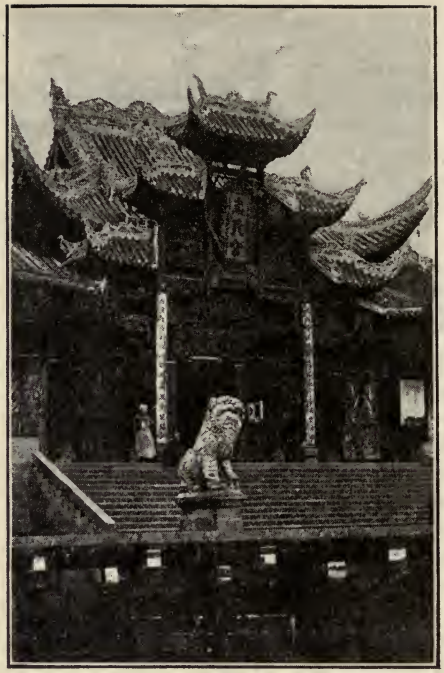
Conducted by

Charles Hancock Forster and Gladys Bowman Forster

Many of the most thoughtful people on the Pacific Coast earnestly believe that here, where West meets East, we should take the lead in developing a sympathetic, intelligent and constructive understanding between the Occident and the Orient. They are deeply convinced that the peace of the future will depend upon such an understanding, and that this Coast is the strategic geographical point from which should go forth a sound leadership in these matters. Only by such leadership can the next great world war be prevented.

In order to do a small part for the constructive peace that is now the earnest hope of all far-seeing men and women, the Overland Monthly has inaugurated this department.

Letters and manuscripts dealing with matters that fit into the aim of the department will be gladly received, also photographs of the Far East. A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for the return of unavailable matter.



Entrance to Chinese Guild

ORIENTALS IN CALIFORNIA

By Colonel John P. Irish

THE present vituperative discussion of the question of the Oriental in California, goes deeply into the subject of productive labor on the land. When we treated our treaty with China as a scrap of paper, and by the Geary Act excluded thirty thousand Chinese who were legally domiciled here, and by murdering and destroying the property of other Chinese, drove them out, there was created a shortage of farm labor, and this economic vacuum drew the Japanese who came protected by a solemn treaty between their government and ours.

The Japanese now here constitute a fraction of one per cent of the population. Against this minute element many of our people are being lashed into a fury of apprehension, hatred and rage. There may be left amongst us those who are capable of calm consideration, and to such I venture to address myself.

The present storm was started by a senatorial statement that an American Company in Los Angeles had sold to Japanese 800,000 acres of land on the Mexican side of the Imperial Valley. The American Company promptly proved this to be false, and proved that it sold no land, there or elsewhere, to Japanese.

The Senator then shifted the story to such a sale to Japanese by the Mexican government. That Government promptly denied such sale and submitted proofs of the falsity of the charge. Not discouraged, the Senator again shifted, and charged that Japanese women in California were having children and that the Government should stop it.

A little retrospection ought to calm the temper of this discussion and confine it to the truth. When San Francisco was shaken to its foundations, and levelled by fire, and thousands of its people had no food and shelter, their cry went out to all the world. The only country that heard and heeded was Japan. That Government immediately sent a quarter of a million in gold to the relief committee, of which Senator Phelan was a member. A few

months later the San Francisco School Board kicked all the Japanese children out of the schools, and its secretary gave as a reason that the Japanese children did nothing but study in school and in examinations took prizes and promotions that the white children ought to have!

Soon after this an organized anti-Japanese movement began headed by a citizen whose leadership should have damned it.

The Legislature of California began to take notice and passed an Act, ordering the State Labor Commissioner to thoroughly investigate the Japanese in the State and make a report. To pay the expenses for this, ten thousand dollars was appropriated.

The Commissioner took ample time for the investigation. He relied on the testimony of scores of white witnesses. His report, based on their testimony, refuted every lie coined about the Japanese by an ex-convict and his followers. Now that report was a public document paid for by the taxpayers' money. But the influence of the ex-convict with the State government was able to prevent its publication, and the taxpayers who paid for it, were not permitted to see it. In the foregoing is a record of absolute fact. Is it a record of which any decent citizen can be proud?

We have now entered upon another phase of the anti-Japanese question, and in this phase the same old lies, refuted by that report, are in use once more, and the politicians who eat their bread in the sweat of the taxpayers' face, are shouting them from the house tops.

Since that report was made what have the Japanese been doing? Nothing but working and by their industry adding to the wealth of the State.

In our country the normal flux and change of affairs always following a war, has been displaced by abnormal conditions. The hands of men are raised against our government. Anarchists advocate the destruction of our institutions. They try to destroy life and property by bombs. The I. I. W. teach murder and arson as commendable occupations. Organized labor under this radical leadership, carries on destructive strikes. In our own state tons of food have rotted on the docks because the stevedores refuse to move it, and claim the right to mob and murder anyone who will move it. Seventy-five per cent of the local tonnage of the State is affected by water transportation, and all water borne tonnage has been forbidden by a strike, which threatens death to all who take the strikers' places.

Are there any I. W. W.'s among the Japanese? Are there any anarchists? Are there any Japanese bomb-throwers? Are there any Japanese mobs busy murdering men who want to work? No. Are there any Japanese groups teaching resistance to our laws and destruction to our institutions? No. Then what are they doing? They are at work! "But" cries the alarmist, "they should not be allowed on the land."

Why not? The Japanese have had but little independent access to the good lands in California. They found the sand and colloidal clays of Livingston cursed and barren as the fig trees of Bethany. On that infertile spot the Japanese wrought in privation and want for years, until they charged the soil with humus and bacteria, and made it bear fruitful and profitable orchards and vineyards. Now white men, led by these Japanese pioneers, pay high prices for this land that was once worthless, and grapes purple in the sun and peaches blush on the trees, where all was a forbidding waste until Japanese skill, patience and courage transformed it.

The refractory hog wallow lands stretching along the east side of the San Joaquin Valley, were abhorred and shunned by the white man. But the Japanese Sakamoto, seeing that they were in the thermal belt, began their conquest for citrus orchards. He persisted. He won, and now vineyards and orchards cover the hated hog wallow land from Seville to Lemon Cove. And Sakamoto, the pioneer of it all, owns only forty acres of that conquest, and is called a "menace" to California.

These same experiences were repeated on the bad lands of the State.

We now produce a rice crop valued at thirty million dollars, on hard pan and goose lands that were not worth paying the taxes on. But it was Ikuta, a Japanese, who believed those lands would raise rice, pioneered that industry and produced the first commercial crop of rice.

El Sueño (the dream) Rancho

One of the "Show-Places" in which California excels the World Wonderful Retreat of a Well-Known Business Man

"Pushing" himself during many years with a "dream" of being able to retire early in years to a California country-life, the owner of "El Sueno Rancho," a couple of years ago reached his "goal."

In seeking the "happy medium" betwixt and between the extremes of the North and South of the Pacific Slope, he wandered into Humboldt and Mendocino of articles in this magazine. The Professor "picked" this locality for his retreat, which he has very aptly called "Noyo Nido."

The landscape abounds in beautifully wooded intersecting ridges, with rich valleys and hillsides one mass of flowering trees and shrubs. It is the natural home of the rhododendron!

The Owner of El Sueno Ranch, "Snapshotted" by Prof. Clarke, College of Agriculture, University of California, Berkeley, Painting Main Entrance Gate With His Pet Mare Standing By.

Counties, the famous Redwood Belt, and again found his "goal" at Northspur, in the latter county, half way between Willits and Fort Bragg, the termini of California's most beautiful piece of scenic railway, "California Western Railway & Navigation Co.," running the forty miles from the Little Lake Valley to the ocean.

Northspur is where the North and South forks of the very picturesque Noyo River join, and is a section now being very prettily described by Prof. Clarke of the College of Agriculture, University of California, Berkeley, in a series

"El Sueno" extends up the north fork of the Noyo, about a mile from the station, with the home about half way up and situated on a high knoll which resembles a ridge started but not allowed to grow, an odd effect! It commands a view entirely around about and faces a wonderful vista of seven intersecting ridges toward the southwest.

The ranch comprises about three hundred acres with flat and hillside land that will grow anything. Besides the river there is a stream running down the canyon and past the house, fed by never

The Home of the Owner of El Sueno Ranch.

failing springs with a large lake up the canyon and above it a 5000 gallon water tank, always overflowing. The water is the finest to be had and irrigation easy in any direction. There are three orchards, apple, pear and "family" and this district is starting to produce apples and pears that cannot be excelled. Pests are almost unknown.

There is a large vegetable garden which is irrigated two ways by the above mentioned stream, that flows by it. There is room for unlimited further and wonderful developments on the ranch in every way and with its great and good water supply and sunny dry slopes presents the finest kind of a field for poultry raising on a very large scale.

The home is admirably built of redwood and by day-labor. It has a rustic pergola effect over a piazza that extends around three sides and has a frontage of 100 feet, with a depth of 12 x 16 feet. There are two rustic balconies, one front and the other rear. There are a living-room and dining room each 40 by 20 ft. with fire places in each to take a 4-foot log, although out in a so-to-speak, wild and naturally beautiful country, one can have all comforts and facilities. The train leaves to connect at Willits at 11:15 A. M., and arrives back at 3:15 P. M. Telephone on the premises connecting with the very excellent general stores and markets, both at Fort Bragg and Willits, makes them accessible.

Owing to circumstances forcing it, this place is for sale, with full particulars to be had at the office of the "Overland Monthly."

Swimming Pool in North Fork Noyo River Running Through Ranch. There is a Bather's Tent on the North Bank.

"THE VOICES"

A Book of Knowledge as Well as Romance

It is seldom indeed that a novel written by a woman contains as much matter on the necessity of political reforms as "The Voices," the latest work of fiction from the pen of that versatile and successful writer, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, author of "The Irresistible Current," "The Nation's Crime," etc.

When the average woman novelist, has woven a web of romance around her creations of the imagination, she thinks that the reader has received all that can be desired. Not so Mrs. Lowenberg, who is far more than an average novelist. Her fiction is but the literary decorations of a story, over which the wise as well as the inexperienced may ponder. Her new novel is therefore in that class of enjoyable literature which bears, not just one reading but several, without loss of interest and with positive gain to the reader.

We may not all agree to the letter with Mrs. Lowenberg's conclusions on great public questions interwoven with the emotional texture of her story, but when we have reached the last page and laid down the work, we are sure to ask ourselves wherein do we differ, and are we quite sure of our own ground. It is a triumph for a writer to induce that state of mind in the reading public, as too many novels are laid aside as "closed incidents" not to be reopened. In her latest work "The Voices" Mrs. Lowenberg has scored such a triumph. We find ourselves perusing it again, to consider the merit of the changes in governmental policies which her heroine Joan Lynn advises at great mass meetings in the Civic Auditorium of San Francisco.

Joan Lynn, is the unique character around whom Mrs. Lowenberg's novel is written. The girl is of the people, a stenographer, born amidst an industrial population, educated at the University of California and inspired to utter truths that indicate the panacea for various governmental and economic defects to be discussed in the Presidential contest this year. Voices from the empyrean, unheard by other mortals, guide Joan Lynn. From her childhood she was a superwoman in that respect, but a womanly woman in her emotional qualities—a reincarnation as it were of Joan of Arc in her love of country and of justice.

At the great mass meetings, held in the Civic Auditorium by this San Francisco apostle of public wisdom and private honor, both sides of the picture are presented to her audiences. She tells them that employers cannot be forced to respect their contracts and employees allowed to violate them at pleasure. Both sides must obey the law.

She deprecates the class complaint that professional men are highly paid, by telling of the years it requires to become a doctor. In his student days he receives no pay while the mechanical apprentice gets wages in learning his trade.

She proves to her audiences that labor and capital are mutually dependent; that inventions of machinery have increased production and helped humanity. She informs her hearers of the expedients resorted to by Solon the wise man of Greece, over five centuries before Christ, to prevent evils that still exist. People in Solon's day complained of the rising costs of living, and unfortunate debtors who could not pay were made slaves. Solon imposed penalties on extravagance and idleness to make democracy safer, but the government degenerated into a despotism.

"Equal rights to all—unions and non-unions, organized and unorganized labor," declares the inspired San Francisco girl, her intelligence stimulated by the mystic voices that speak to her from out the impalpable air.

At another great mass meeting in the Civic Auditorium, at which Joan Lynn, answers many questions and swavs her audience, she sketches for them the in-

dustrial and political conditions in Europe in the Middle Ages, when the guilds excluded apprentices. The guilds made their organizations a favored class, which grew in its oligarchic pretensions till it challenged the nobles, another privileged class.

Mrs. Lowenberg has refrained from making the heroine of her novel tell all the disagreeable facts about the guilds of the Middle Ages which became a menace to Europe in the fifteenth century. The recital while interesting and useful would delay too long the action of the plot of a novel.

It would be impossible in the brief space of this review to enumerate the various important — the vital reforms, suggested by the mystic voices with Joan Lynn acting as medium. Among them is the election of President by direct vote of the people instead of the electorial system. The term of the President's office she urged should be eight years without re-election.

Another important reform which the mystic voices advised is the limitation of a declaration of war to the people. Congress might recommend a war, but the people would exercise the power of ratification.

The private ownership of public utilities, but supervised by government was also advised by the voices, speaking through Joan Lynn.

Protective tariff, an eigh-hour day, a minimum wage, restriction of immigration, strikes, deportation of anarchists and the proper teaching of Americanization, were all discussed by the young superwoman. The discussions form an important section of Mrs. Lowenberg's remarkable novel, which should prove useful reading for the thousands of voters now puzzling their brains over the problems of the Presidential campaign of 1920.

The number of important subjects treated by Mrs. Lowenberg in one story, astonish a reader by amount of condensed information and the vigor of the author's thought. Though one may not quite agree with all her conclusions, they at least command our respect. No novel more timely or useful could have been written, and that a woman should have written it makes the literary performance all the more remarkable. The feminine intellect does not lack in force brilliancy, but it seldom addresses itself to such a task as the infusion of political economy, practical politics, and ethics in a tale of love, with a happy termination.

SECRET OF ZANE GREY'S SUCCESS.

Possession of the sense of atmosphere is given by Richard Le Gallienne as the reason of Zane Grey's story writing success, as again demonstrated in his "Man of the Forest." His last book, Le Gallienne says, "is flooded from end to end with loveliness of Arizona. The breath of its forests fills it with a profound freshness and earth mystery. The landscape in which his characters live and move and have their being is a living presence throughout. And, apart from the story, some of his descriptions—never dragged in, but always inevitably "occurring" — have that beauty of reality which only comes of that intimate love and knowledge of natural things which have ceased to be conscious, but become part of the very soul and body of the observer.

"It is a favorite theory of certain critics and of writers whose books do not sell," declares Le Gallienne," that best sellers can only be written by men who cannot write. Mr. Zane Grey has incurred the disgrace of popularity, a disgrace he shares with that other master of the Western story, Mr. Rex Beach. But the man who wrote 'The Man of the Forest' and 'The U. P. Trail' and 'Riders of the Purple Sage' can afford to smile at that theory and softly whisper 'Sour grapes!' "

Incidentally the critic gives his opinion that Zane Grey is the best writer of the Western story, since Bret Harte, the originator and master, laid down his pen.

Our own opinion is that nobody has written Western stories that possess the appeal and permanency of Bret Harte's masterpieces, which all received their first publication in the Overland Monthly, he being the editor and founder of this magazine. The people that Harte portrayed were genuine types of flesh and blood. actual personalities as characteristic of California as the giant redwoods. The cowboy heroes of the modern Western novel never existed on land or sea outside some motion picture studio.

Le Gallienne admits their utter lack of originality and realism. The conventions of the Western story he says "are as fixed and familiar as those of the fairy tale or the old pantomime. Its plot formula is scarcely less variable than the formula of a sonnet and its dramatis personae scarcely less old and welcome friends than those of Punch and Judy. The cowboy is as fixed a literary figure as a musketeer, a toreador or a troubadour, and the ranchman, 'the bad man,' the gambler with a touch of sentiment, the young engineer 'superman,' bridge builder or what-not, vary only at the risk of our disappointment. And, alas! it must be added that the Western heroines—the serious-minded, fearless, superbly athletic and withal dazzlingly 'pure' and tremulously feminine 'star,' with her romping 'second lead' dare-devil engenue—are no less fixed and unchangeable. One is not complaining of this any more than one complains of Kings and Queens and mermaids in fairy tales or knights and minstrels in an Arthurian romance. With all our demand for modernity, so-called, mankind at large really loves best the old stories and the old characters, with just that 'perpetual slight novelty' which Keats declared the only necessary and acceptable innovation in poetry."

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN ESSAYIST.

A book of essays by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, published by Charles Scribners' Sons, is receiving favorable attention from the metropolitan reviewers. The New York Times says that women have not distinguished themselves as essayists. Few of them have sought association on the roll of Fame with Bacon, Steels, Addison, Goldsmith, Washington Irving, Lamb, Hazlitt, Macaulay, Emerson, Holmes and Stevenson. Whatever the reason the fact remains unexplained by the Times.

Mrs. Gerould is cosmopolitan without ceasing to be an American. She has wit as well as mental poise. One of her best papers is on "British Novelists, Ltd." She finds an astonishing likeness in the fictions severally compounded by Messrs. Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy, and more especially in those put up by Walpole, Beresford, Mackensie, Cannan, Onions, and George. She sees an obvious similarity in their manner of writing, in their structure and in their style, in their heroes and in their heroines, in their points of view and in their attitudes toward life—or should we say their attitudinizing? In one book or another any one of them may disclose symptoms of owning his own soul; but in the majority of their novels they seem to be all playing the same game in exactly the same way. And Mrs. Gerould ventures to suggest that there is a syndicate, a fiction trust, turning out a standardized product, from separate factories and under different trademarks. She asks us to "look, for a moment, at the women described by the syndicate. They are cheap: hard without being strong; cold without being pure; sentimental without being kind."

Probably these British novelists are really misrepresenting the actual conditions of England society as recklessly and as wantonly as a more or less corresponding group of French novelists, headed by Paul Bourget, has misrepresented actual conditions of French society. On both sides of the Channel certain tellers of tales have chosen to deal with the exceptional woman as though she were average and normal. They may with one accord begin to make excuse and to protest that it is only the exceptional woman who is interesting. None the less are they libeling their countrywomen.

Admirers of the output of this fiction factory may call attention to the fact that now and again the novels of one or another of these British novelists are widely advertised as "best sellers." So are the works of Harold Bell Wright; so were the works of Miss Braddon, of Georges Ohnet, and of "E. Marlitt." Where are the best sellers of yesteryear? How many of those who have persuaded themselves that the novels of Wells and of his partners in fiction mongering are important have ever read a line of William Black or Walter Besant, Mrs. Oliphant or Miss Rhoda Broughton, best sellers of less than forty years ago? It is because he is so totally up to date that Wells is surer of being out of date than most of the others who now tag behind him.

PIGMIES OF THE COSMOS

(Continued from Page 312.)

The crisis came one day when Lathrop had occasion to complain of careless work, Bella's evident pre-occupation having caused three serious mistakes in compiling statistical reports for the firm. Upon his openly recommending closer attention to business, and less foolery with outside affairs, she rose from her desk, and facing the tyrant of the overalls factory, indignantly denied that her socialist activities were in any way interfering with office duties.

But what did it matter? She could soon get another position. With her experience and good record with The Reinforced Overalls Co., she would surely have no difficulty.

The event, however, proved that she had been too sanguine, for, try as she would, the painful weeks dragged wearily by—to the number of seven—before she found herself again at work, and even then for only fifteen dollars a week.

She had made the bitter discovery that a set of conditions cannot be restored or created to order, and that while her position with Lathrop had been a singularly fortunate product of personal interest and average ability—which was all that she possessed — it appeared impossible to strike this happy combination elsewhere.

Isabel Pennington's pride was sorely humbled, and her income sadly reduced.

Meanwhile, Demarest, thrown once more upon his own resources by the collapse of Bella's affairs, applied himself manfully to his difficult task of reforming the world and making a living unaided, the girl requiring all her energy and resources for the dreary work of job-hunting.

But there is a limit to all endurance, and and the heroic young pioneer at length awoke to the fact that his strength was giving away under the strain. Insufficient food, broken sleep, and ceaseless toil had conspired to undermine his health.

Demarest was taken seriously ill.

In the intervals of her work, Bella devoted herself entirely to the care of her prostrated friend, being seldom away from the bedside in the little attic. There was nothing specifically wrong with the patient, his breakdown being due merely to malnutrition and incorrect living. A doctor told him that complete rest of mind and body for a few months would enable nature to give back his normal vigor. Youthful recuperative power and careful habits would do the rest, — but there must be no return to the late hours and "scratch" meals of his former regime.

The Social Progress Club, deprived of a leader, was forced to suspend its meetings, and soon disbanded. As no one else able or willing to carry on the work came forward, the hall was given up and the organization collapsed.

During convalescence, as Demarest lay hour after hour upon his bed, thinking, thinking, — ardent and hopeful as ever, but no longer restless with an extravagant ambition—there was borne in upon him the utter futility of his feverish effort to reform the world at once. He saw himself—a mere, tiny speck, floating on the sea of humanity—a straw buffeted about in the surf—a pigmy shaking its fist at inexorable fate — a microbe infinitesimal in the vast cosmos around him. Figures and metaphors followed in quick succession as he pondered over his position. This physical sickness had been necessary to pull him up short, to show him the grotesque inadequacy of his puny endeavor. The institutions that he had labored to destroy or to improve, were, he reflected, the growth of centuries, and could not be altered in a moment,—nor in a lifetime. They are interwoven in the fabric of social and industrial life, and to change them is possible only by gradual modification.

With overwhelming vividness Demarest realized that he was fighting a losing game. Life was too short. The sum total of his efforts, if further prolonged, would amount simply to a tedious method of suicide.

The thought of working himself to death — perhaps for nothing — at once showed him how precious life had suddenly become. After all nothing really mattered but—Bella!

Eugene arose from his bed steadied,

with firmer anchorage on life, a clearer vision, and a sense of proportion. His extreme radicalism was modified by chastening influence in the fire of suffering.

Then came the great problem to be faced; the economic factor, which, after all, controlled everything. He talked the matter over with Bella. She perceived his change of front. His impersonal philosophy had undergone a complete metamorphosis. So also had her own. During his illness, the folly and futility of his conduct — and of hers — became ludicrously apparent. As she compared her present department store billing job with the superior position that she had held with Lathrop, her mental vision clarified until she realized that the fault had been largely her own, plain dereliction of duty having brought about the loss of her situation. Lathrop had been her greatest benefactor, and had cause for his final action. Nay, more, she felt that as a friend she owed him an apology and reparation for having so lightly thrown aside the business and social advantages that he had brought her.

With this thought in mind, she called at the office of the Reinforced Overalls Co., and Lathrop perceived instantly that she had changed. He welcomed her cordially, his "Morning, Bella!" having the old, familiar ring.

Taking his hand, she said simply:

"Will you forgive me for being such a fool?"

"Why, surely, Bella—don't think any more about it. I knew you would come back. And, now after your excursion, do you feel like taking down the following letter?"

So saying, he prepared for dictation.

Thus Isabel Pennington returned to work.

And Eugene Demarest—? He, too, is working loyally for the Reinforced Overalls Co., for now they are married, and living their own lives, content to be regarded as normal people, and to leave the social revolution to the inexorable forces of fate.

DODGED OLD MAIDENHOOD

(Continued From Page 322.)

granite dishpan with hot water. The teakettle seemed heavy, all at once; and there was a choking push of steam in her face. Wearily she turned to the table, littered with crumbs and soiled dishes; then, unsteadily, toward the door.

The garden was shadow-wrapped, now; and a few stars had strayed into the sky that seemed to touch the mountain tops. From the edge of the town the sound of the river came distinctly through the darkness. Johnny Grant laid down a slice of bread and jam and pushed aside his half-finished cup of coffee. She heard the slow scraping of his chair, and he came toward her. Silently they stood in the open doorway, and looked out across the dim garden.

"Marianna," said Johnny Grant, hopelessly, "I love you!"

She turned her face, in the darkness, toward the little Millville grave-yard, out at the edge of the town where the river boomed.

"Poor Lucy Grant—without her baby!" thought Marianna, her eyes filling with quick, hot tears.

"I—I can't—help it. I'm sorry, Marianna!"

"Don't be sorry — please — Johnny Grant!" whispered Marianna.

"Don't—be—sorry?"

He repeated the words after her, uncomprehendingly. The blood drained slowly from his face, leaving the spattering of freckles distinct against the whiteness. He fingered the crumpled, fringed napkin.

Understanding came at the sudden flow of pink in Marianna's face. There was a quick, triumphant straightening of Johnny Grant's shoulders, and a light in his tired brown eyes. He had her in his arms, then, kissing hot tears from her eyes; kissing her tremulous, half-laughing mouth.

Marianna Budd had come into the glory of her girlhood.

AS MAN TO MAN

(Continued from Page 288.)

"I'll beat it home, Bill," whispered Mickie. "Whatever happens you wont want me 'round."

Billy nodded assent and slowly climbed the steps. His mother was standing on a chair training a honeysuckle over the roof of the summer house.

"Oh, Billy," she said reproachfully, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, to have acted as you have done? You have worried and mortified me and upset all of Miss Clinton's arrangements and made your father very angry. I heard about your rabbit after you had gone; I am sorry father was so hasty, but that doesn't excuse you."

Billy shyly put his arm around his mother's waist. "Yes'm, I'm sorry that's why I came home," he said soberly, and his mother dropped a kiss of forgiveness on his tousled head.

Coming out of his room, dry and fairly clean, Billy met Alice in the hall.

"Say, sis," was his greeting, "don't come into the bath room for an hour or so; I'm goin' to use it for a dark room; I'm goin' to develop my films." To his surprise, she made no reply but hurried past him and into her own room, and Billy was certain that he heard her crying.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he muttered, "Girls are queer; I expected her to blow me up worse than mother did and she didn't even speak to me."

In the course of the afternoon Billy brought the developed films into the dining room and spread them out on the table; he laughed and chuckled as he held them up to the light and squinted at them; picking up the one of Don he called:

"Come here, Alice, I've got something to show you."

"I don't want to, Billy, I don't feel well," came back the muffled reply."

"All right, I'll bring it in there, it'll make you feel better; it'ud make a cat laugh"; and Billy took the films into her room.

Alice was sitting listlessly by the window, and Billy was right; she had been crying. He thrust the film between her eyes and the light; she jumped up as though she had been shot.

"Billy Dean," she screamed, "where did you get that picture? Who took it and when and where?" She shook him impatiently.

"Hey there," gasped Billy, "take it easy. I took that beautiful mug yesterday afternoon, over on Shack Island. That boob of a beau of yours let his boat get away and he was shipwrecked for I don't know how long, for I didn't ask him, but what's there in it to get so excit—" But Alice was gone, and startled Billy heard this one-sided conversation over the telephone.

"Is this you, Don?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I've found out all about it and I want to tell you I'm sorry I was such a little fool."

"Yes, I know I did, Don dear, but I couldn't see how there could be an explanation; you didn't come, you know."

"What."

"Oh, Billy took your picture over on the island, and if you were there you couldn't have been with that other girl, as that old cat said."

"You were?"

"Oh, uh-huh."

"Yes, right straight after dinner, Don, and bring my ring back with you, and I'll never be mean and horrid and suspicious again."

"What?"

"Yes-s."

"Goosey-goose, dear boy."

"Good-bye."

Then Alice tangoed up to Billy and gave that astonished youth a hug and a fervent kiss and flew into her room. Billy shook his puzzled head.

"Girls sure are queer" he muttered.

Later Billy heard his mother talking over the telephone. He was too honest to listen, but he surmised, with a glow of gratitude, that mother was "squarin' it with dad." He heard her low laugh as she said "bood-bye," and felt that it was all right.

When his father came home in the evening, he was prepared to "take his medicine," though he did not fear, thanks to mother, that it would be very bad.

"Well Billy," said his father, looking at him steadily, "so you are back."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I just want to ask you as man to man, whether you think you have done the right thing in making mother and Miss Clinton pay for your anger at me?"

"No, sir," said Billy bravely,

"You will not do a thing like this again?"

"No, sir."

"Well, we'll say no more about it. Mother has her boy back. Alice has found that Don is the fine fellow he always was. Dad's sorry he killed your rabbit. You are sorry you acted so badly. Let's shake hands, son, and call it square."

And they solemnly shook hands as "man to man."

WRITERS AND THE SCREEN

(Continued from Page 304.)

weapon in his hand, and the heroine, largely undraped and in a compromising position. Such pictures must have a pernicious effect on the illiterate portion of the public, and be anything but enjoyable to people of some refinement. The latter class is hungry for dramatic attractions of a more intellectual kind and to that fact may be attributed the liberal patronage of some new dramas of the legitimate stage which have not entirely deserved their success.

The rage for screen pictures will undoubtedly be followed by the greatest revival of the spoken drama that the world has seen since the days when Aristophanes amused the playgoers of ancient Greece.

THE BLACK OPAL

(Continued from Page 302.)

tily, noting the breadth of the creamy shoulders under the flame-hued blouse of Georgette crepe.

"——this whole house will have to be done over," Aunt Fiske was saying. "The smoke got into every corner of it. While I'm about it, I shall have at least three bathrooms put in."

Mr. Lee spoke up, pacifically:

" 'Now is the time, the Walrus said, to talk—' "

"Don't talk!" Aunt Fiske cut in, rudely. "If you want to do something really useful, persuade Gretchen to sing a duet with you. I've heard worse—"

"Previously engaged," said Miss Mallory, shortly. "Mr. Lee and I don't get on at all, Mrs. Fiske. He has a quarrelsome disposition.

"How you misjudge me!" murmured Mr. Lee. "I'm a man of peace. Let's start something, Miss Jerome. These people are bored to tears."

"Who will take a midnight stroll with me at eleven-thirty?" said Jack Benton, raising his voice above the chatter. "You, Miss Mallory? We can get lost; I have a talent for it. Miss Mallory, I insist that you are going to get lost with me. I know of several likely places around here. You will get lost with me? Besides, I'm going home tomorrow."

Charlotte rose abruptly, and with a half-audible explanation that had something to do with the "closeness of the room," linked her arm within that of her mother and led the bewildered lady to the veranda.

"Mother, dear, our party isn't a great success, is it? Jack doesn't speak to me. And he says he's going home tomorrow."

"I thought you said he didn't speak to you, Charlotte?"

"He doesn't speak to me. He speaks at me to someone else. I'm mad enough to c-cry!"

"Oh, my dear! Don't worry. Everything will work out all right. Of course, if Aunt Fiske hadn't lost her pearls—and the fire, and all—I guess they do look on you as a sort of hoodoo, Charlotte—with that black opal ring—"

"Here you are!" said Aunt Fiske, quite

unnecessarily stating an obvious fact. "I had to escape Doctor Hoffman Gordon, or be talked to death. If he had used up all the time of this incarnation, the next, and the one preceding, he couldn't learn more ways of boring people."

Janice Jerome shook her head and put her fingers to her lips. Aunt Fiske immediately fired up.

"Put your fingers down, and stop shaking your head at me, Janice! Charlotte would never tie herself to that pill-peddler! Oh, I know he can be fascinating, when he forgets his own little dear little sweet self. But he so seldom forgets—"

"As least, he isn't superstitious!" Charlotte cut in, hotly. "I wouldn't marry a man who was superstitious, no matter how much I c-cared for him. I'd cure him of it if I had to marry someone else, and divorce 'em after. Jack Benton and his old scarab! Why, Doctor Gordon—"

"Speaking of angels — you hear the clattering of their hoofs," said Aunt Fiske, maliciously, as Dr. Hoffman Gordon sauntered out of the door, and looked about as if in search of someone.

"Here you are!" he exclaimed, even as Aunt Fiske had done; but unlike Aunt Fiske, there was especial significance in the way "you" was emphasized. "Won't you come for a walk in the garden, Miss Charlotte? As your physician, I recommend the cool evening air after the depressing heat of the day."

Charlotte knew that she was in for it. The Doctor would lead her somewhere—perhaps under the very pepper tree where Jack had so nearly blurted out his love for her—and propose marriage in due form. And that was the very last thing on earth that she wished!

Why had the burglar appeared at the very moment when Jack—? But why think about Jack? Perhaps he hadn't intended to propose after all? She would go with Doctor Gordon—No, she wouldn't go with Doctor Gordon. What she wanted—she knew it, now!—was to be swept into love by a surge of longing, to be carried along by this tide of emotion—

"We're going to watch for the burglar," gurgled pretty Gretchen, in the doorway. "Jack and I. They say a criminal always returns to the scene of his crime. Jack thinks he saw him come out of the basement door. Of course he had the pearl collar then—must have climbed the roof of the veranda to get it. Didn' you say the dressing table stands close to the open window, dear Mrs. Fiske?"

"Dear Mrs. Fiske" slanted a look at Jack Benton that fairly shouted her belief that he was seven kinds of a fool. But Jack did not see it. He was scowling after the retreating forms of Charlotte and Doctor Gordon, bound gardenward. Charlotte was clinging to his arm and laughing—laughing! How could she be so heartless?

"Run along!" said Aunt Fiske, grimly. "This isn't the first of April, but it's All Fools' Night, just the same. Good luck to you!"

Figuratively speaking, she had washed her hands of the whole affair.

(To Be Continued.)

ABSENCE

By Harold Vinal

Night, with soft shadows falling
  Afar the cool sea's moan;
Somewhere a bird is calling
  Deep in the dusk alone.

Three silver notes go winging,
  While I sigh wearily;
How can I bear your singing,
  Now Love has gone from me?

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GATHERING CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 300.)

Could she let him go—and not tell him what lay before her. Could she let him heed the need of France—and not her own?

"Tell me, Henri dear, I am proud of you—I want to know why—why you were selected. No one else could go? Was there no other?"

"A dozen, of course—Fine fellows! But I was lucky. I was given the chance."

He wanted his chance. He was glad, proud of it.

Adele drew his head down to hers—and kissed him on the mouth—and his kiss was bitter with all parting. He did not know. He should not know. But he wondered a little.

"How you kiss me, darling—perhaps you do love me, as I love you? but why—what can make you care for me?" His voice was suddenly humble.

Adele did not kiss him again—but she put her hand on his shoulder—

"Perhaps, I do love you, my dear. Did you know that your eyes are like a sword to serve France?"

She turned towards the river on which the dancing sunlight had become obscured by a passing cloud. Henri noticed.

"It may rain," he warned. "And you are not altogether strong, Adele."

"But I shall be when you return, darling. Oh, I shall be so well—and clouds and rain shall not matter. It will all be love and peace when you come back. You will never, never forget me, Henri?"

He imprinted passionate kisses on the slender hand which she extended to him as she moved towards her limousine and drove away through the bronze gates of the Tuileries guarded by Fame and Mercury.

The little boats went up and down the Seine and the sombre bulk of Notre Dame grew gloomier beneath the gathering rain clouds. The flower seller with the bunches of violets that were rivalled by the azure depth of Adele's eyes looked anxiously at the heavens. Henri Coustou stood for a moment and watched the scene..

"The pain of parting but makes the pleasure of reunion all the greater," thought the young soldier. "Only a month or so—and then—what happiness!"

How little do we poor mortals know what Fate holds in store for us.

MEXICO MAKES FINAL APPEAL

(Continued from Page 316.)

tries, Mexico made the first advances to this country by way of inviting commerce. Although this invitation has been practically disregarded it is not too late to take advantage now of the golden and limitless opportunities offered by that treasure house of the world. You ask what are these opportunities and I answer, they are legion. In a word, Mexico needs everything the United States manufactures!

And in order to manufacture more extensively and advantageously, the United States needs all the raw materials Mexico produces! The American investor has many lines to select from: petroleum, the liquid gold that fairly irrigates that favored soil, mountains of minerals of practically every kind known to man, agricultural products of every zone, made possible by climate, fertility of soil and wide range of altitudes! Then there are the attractions offered by cattle-raising; since pasture lands and water are so plentiful. The vast forests of timber, many still intact and guiltless of the sacrilege of the axe, produce myriads of different cabinet and construction woods. Entire battleships could be built of mahogany while it is a well-known fact that Mexican railroad ties are built of that fine wood which is used in this country for constructing pianos. Lumbering in Mexico, with American finance and methods, holds possibilities that defy conjecture. Another glit-

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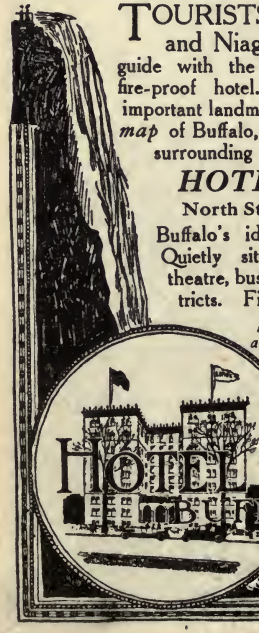

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tering field for investment is in operating industries of any kind. The mountainous nature of the entire country and the perfect network of rivers, necessarily rapid owing to the topography of the land, make conditions that furnish all the water-power needed for carrying on such industries. Many factories are unproductive at present because they lack the American ingenuity and capital to operate them successfully. Canneries of every kind would be an innovation and highly successful from their very inception. Textile and rope factories would flourish since the necessary elements for supporting them could be secured so cheaply and in such abundance. Similarly many other factories could become very profitable for all concerned as for instance, sugar refineries, shoes and all leather goods, establishments for manufacturing wax, rubber goods of varied kinds, pottery, chicle, chocolate, cigars and cigarettes, iron and steel goods, such as machinery and hardware, gums and resins, soaps, perfumes, candles, furniture and musical instruments, paper, shawls, serapes, hats, etc., ad infinitum.

Forget all this agitation about intervention. Stop hammering at Mexico. You know you would resent such an act against your own country by an outsider. Ponder well upon the other kind of intervention, that of meeting Mexico half-way in her efforts to get your patronage of her vast resources. Remember, time flies and while you are arguing and disputing over the Mexican situation and reviling that sister land in general, other nations are calmly and quietly getting the trade that should be yours and that would be yours if only you were not so complacent and self-sufficient.

Think it over and then GET BUSY!

AFTER THE RAINS.

By Percy B. Lloyd.

Oh, miracle of life's renewal!
Soft fall, throughout the long, grey hours,
The gentle rains upon the sleeping hills;
Quick, then, steals forth and covers them
A robe of tender green, all bright with flowers.
The bride puts on her dress, with beauteous hem,
To greet her lord, who all her being fills
With golden smiles, and she, renewing all her charms,
Is glad, and feels the warm strength of his clasping arms.

Oh, beauty of God's benediction!
The leaden clouds which hung in sullen masses,
A veil of blankness o'er the desolate plain,
Now flee before the mighty west-wind, driven
In scurrying flight on to yon dark mountain passes,
And into scattered groups are torn and riven.
In dazzling line glitters the far-off main.
Once more the radiant blue of heaven woos our gaze
After the unyielding greyness of the weeping days.

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THE ALASKA THAT WAS

(Continued from Page 297.)

reopening their placer claims for the season. After the usual greetings, there was a rush to the post office for mail, and from there to the shops. It was a case of first come, first served. This was especially so in the case of the meat market. The early customers received the choice cuts; those coming later took what they could get. It kept one guessing whether one was to have steak or stew.

Long before there was any promise of Spring, we began to plan what we should do, when that glorious season came. Finally the heavy rain storms gave promise that our longings were soon to be gratified. The days began gradually to lengthen, and with the melting of the snow the luxuriant vegetation sprang up as over night. How overjoyed every one was at the sight of the first wild violet, can be told only by those who have lived in the North.

As soon as the good weather came, all who could were out in boats, or off to the woods for long tramps. The return trip home was always the most beautiful, because of the peacefulness of the Northern evenings. The snow-capped mountains cast their long shadows, and the evening breeze sighed softly among the pines, enlivened by the twitter of birds.

In the summer it was quite the custom to make the journey to Sitka, then our capital and social center. The summer excursion boat first stopped at Taku Glacier, a glacier a few miles from Juneau. I shall never forget our approach to this great, bluish mass of ice. The boat wound in and out among hundreds of icebergs, until we were close to this huge, irregular wall of ice. Rising abruptly from the water it extends for several miles along the shore. Scientists say that it is gradually receding until, not many years hence, this glacier will be a thing of the past. Taku Harbor, a short distance from the glacier, was once a station for the Hudson Bay Trading Company. Around this post grew up an Indian village, deserted now, and calmly sleeping in the deep forest of the North. The death-like silence was broken only by the lapping of the water on the beach. We went into some of the houses, and found that the massive logs were put together without a nail. In the center of each house was a place for the fire. In the roof just overhead could be seen an opening to let out the smoke. Around the edge of each room was a bench-like place for sleeping. We next visited the Indian cemetery, which consisted of small houses, in which were placed the ashes and belongings of the dead. Some of the tourists looted the graves and found trinkets of more or less value.

Our next stop was at Muir Glacier, far grander than Taku Glacier, but it seems to me not so beautiful. The captain took us as close as he dared, so that we might watch the ice as it broke off, and became a new-born iceberg. It was most interesting to watch tons of ice break off with a mighty crash, and then silently drift out to sea.

After Muir Glacier our next port of interest was Sitka, which is considered the gem of the Alaskan Archipelago. As we entered the bay we saw in every direction countless wooded isles and a majestic circle of snow-clad mountains. The par excellence was Mt. Edgecombe, in ages past a volcano. It rises from the water in lofty serenity. Along the shore of the harbor was the little town of Sitka, once figuring so importantly in the annals of Russia, now but the background of the present history of Alaska.

When the excursion steamer had docked and the customary greetings had been exchanged, we started on a tour of inspection. Many of the buildings were erected years and years ago by the Russians. They were constructed of logs, and the roofs were green with the moss of many years. On one side of the main street was an old trading post, while on the other were the quarters which the Russian soldiers once occupied. We visited an old log building once a Russian jail, and now doing service for Uncle Sam. In another part of town was a circular log house, one of a series, which did duty during Indian hostilities. A few years ago an old sam-

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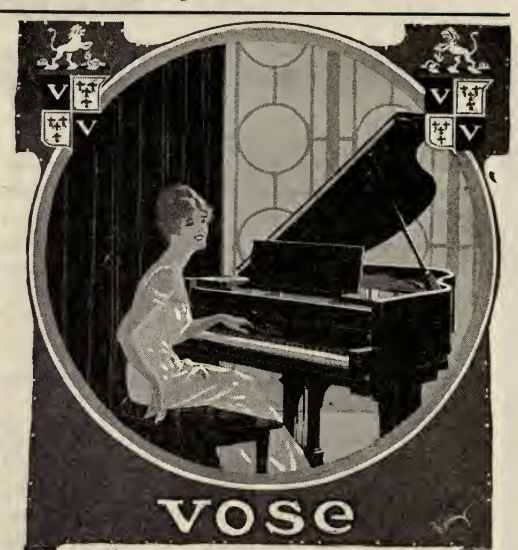
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ovar was uncovered here. It was very old and very valuable.

The Cathedral of St. Michael occupied in early days what was then the center of the town. It is built in the shape of a cross, and surmounted by a large dome. Above the clock belfry are eight bells, the weight of which ranges from seventy-five to fifteen hundred pounds. On special occasions these bells chime the scale. St. Michael's contains three sanctuaries and as many altars. Separating the body of the church from the sanctuary is a screen, decorating which are twelve ikons, in silver and gold casings. Above the door in the screen is an old painting of the "Last Supper." In front of this painting hangs a wonderfully beautiful silver lamp. For the silver decoration of the twelve ikons, which adorn the screen, six thousand dollars in silver were used.

On a hill commanding a charming view of Sitka Bay and the Pacific beyond, was once a square log building known as "The Castle," and occupied by the Russian Governor. Among the officers and officials, who exiled themselves in this dreary waste, were men of noble birth, and men who had been accustomed to the cultured circles of St. Petersburg, as it was then called. In order to make life more livable, one of the early Russian Governors established a club, which supplied billiards, cards, a supper room and a reading room. During the long winters there were many balls, suppers and fetes, with now and then an amateur theatrical. And finally one must not forget to mention tea drinking, for it is an institution among the Russians. Every home has its samovar, in which water is heated. The water is poured over the tea leaves, and the tea is then served in glasses. Sometimes, too, a little rum is added. With the Russians it is never a question of drinking one or two glasses, but innumerable ones. The host, or hostess, always feels offended if one declines.

The first thing one noticed among the Russians in Alaska was their spirit of hospitality; everything was yours, and nothing too good for a guest.

A legend has grown up around the old "castle." One of the governors, for companionship, sent to Russia for his beautiful niece, Olga. At that time there was stationed in Sitka a regiment of soldiers, at whose head was a dashing young captain. He often saw the beautiful countess and secretly adored her. As for the countess, she never seemed to give a thought to the young captain. On one of her walks by the Indian River, she left the main path and was lost. When darkness came she climbed into the sheltering branches of a tree, hungry and tired, and wept. Every time the breeze rustled among the trees she fancied she heard the soft tread of a bear. Again, every shadow held a foe, an Indian that seemed to creep and crouch. The night passed like a thousand years, until the morning light was just beginning to glow pink in the east. Then she heard a voice she knew. In a few seconds the captain was beside her, all anxiety. She read in his eyes those words which his lips dared not frame. This knowledge gave her pleasure for in that moment she knew her heart as she had never dreamed she would. But alas! it was too late; she had already plighted her troth to one many years her senior. Besides, her uncle's long-cherished plans, and her own ambition all stood in the way of a plebian match.

The day of the wedding came, the guests crowded the ballroom to witness the ceremony performed by the Bishop, which would make Olga the wife of one of the influential men of Russia. Beautiful, but white as the gown she wore, she entered the room on the arm of her uncle. A hush fell on the room as the bishop solemnly read the service, and as he pronounced the blessing, the captain, haggard and worn, dashed from the crowd, stabbed the bride, and then threw himself into the bay. Ever after, it was said, that on stormy nights a faint light could be seen from the turret of the "castle," which the countess was supposed to hold to cheer her lover. Some of the Russians declared that the soft rustle of silks, moans and groans could be heard in the large drawing-room. The "castle" is no more. It burned to the ground many years ago.

(To Be Continued.)

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JAPANESE LAZY STRIKE

(Continued from Page 284.)

the employer in the awkward position of having to dismiss his whole staff if he cannot come to an agreement. This he does not wish to do, both for material reasons which are plain enough and because he dreads its effect on public opinion. In short, the "slow" strike is a successful adaptation of a Western theory to Japanese conditions, and it is not surprising that it should have captured the imagination of the public.

"If the idea should be developed and generally practiced, as seems quite probable in view of its success at the Kawasaki Dockyard and the wide-spread interest it has aroused, it will greatly affect the labor question in Japan.

Production is what counts today, and Japan is producing to a greater degree and in a greater variety of products than at any previous time in her history. Share values have increased enormously and all companies are expanding. Imports consist largely of machinery so as to provide for a larger productive capacity. Japan has tasted of the power which comes through economic development and is determined that her future growth must be through further industrial and commercial expansion. This change, the result of the war, has brought into prominence and power a new element, composed of industrial and financial leaders.

Militarism does not appear to be advancing in Japan. The Japanese are not, however, oblivious of the wonderful advance made by their country under the old conservative statesmen. The Island Empire of Japan, with all the adjacent islands is smaller in area than the State of California. But in spite of that it has maintained its independence against powerful neighbors and waged successful wars of which it was not believed capable. It has been called into council at the Peace Conference, a thing which twenty-five years ago would never have been dreamed possible.

A military career does not however, attract young men in Japan as it did a few years ago. This year the Military Academy lowered its standard to provide for a larger class of cadets, but 104 of the successful students resigned and went into commercial and other civil lines. In order to fill up the 104 vacancies the Military Academy admitted 14 men from the original list of the rejected applicants.

Although the military ambition seems to be diminishing in Japan the thirst for knowledge continues. Elementary education is compulsory. There is no immigration from countries that neglect popular education and the percentage of literacy in Japan is said to be as high as in any part of the United States. It would be well if our American politicians would hold that fact in view when they map out new laws to make the Japanese nation more restive under the imputation of racial inferiority.

PROMISING NEW POET.

A new book of poems by Siegfried Sassoon is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. It will be called "The Picture Show," its title having reference to the mood in which a man back from the war looks on at the life, at first seeming to him so unreal, that is going on busily all around him. The poems voice the changing emotions through which he gradually passes until he finally finds himself again in normal relations with the world in which he belongs. Sassoon is considered one of the promising young English poets. He is now lecturing in the United States.

A HENRY VAN DYKE EDITION.

The Scribners announce publication of a new uniform and standard edition of the works of Henry van Dyke. It will consist of sixteen volumes, illustrated by well-known artists. The first two volumes, "Fisherman's Luck" and "Little Rivers," are ready, and two additional volumes will be brought out each month until the set is complete.

Have *you* mastered these *new* words?

vitamine	Bolsheviki	escadrille	ace	Taube
Freudian	camouflage	fourth arm	tank	Boche
Rotarian	ukulele	Soviet	lorry	brisance

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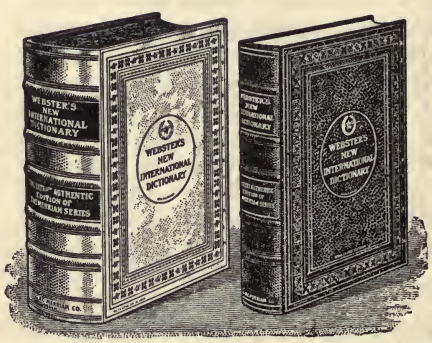
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OVERLAND MONTHLY
Founded 1868 Bret Harte
San Francisco

VOL. LXXV MAY, 1920 No 5.

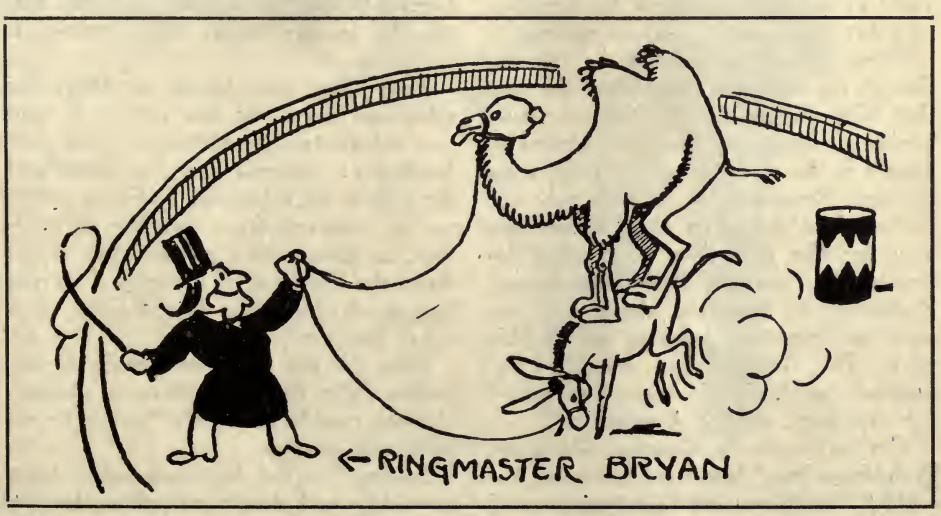
A Synonym of Confiscation

THAT Prohibition will be an important issue in the national election this year, is expected by the leaders of the Dry forces. Preparations for the ordeal are being made with great care.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the mobilization of the Prohibition army is progressing. American Prohibition leaders in foreign lands, like "Pussyfoot" Johnson, who attempted the conversion of England and lost an eye, are being called home. While Johnson's voice — canned—will exhort British tipplers, his uncanned utterances will be turned to account in the United States. He is considered to be one of the most effective speakers of the Anti-Saloon League. The notoriety he obtained by his foreign expedition, is expected to make his tour very successful.

On the Pacific Coast the dominant figure of Prohibition is Dr. D. M. Gandier of Los Angeles. He it was who scattered the wets of California like chaff, and secured the election of a Dry Legislature, which in the expressive vernacular of politics, was "tame enough to eat out of his hand." At a crook of Dr. Gandier's finger, the State lawmakers voted "Aye!" or "No!" with the scheduled accuracy of a graphophone.

When the Wets went down in overwhelming defeat, before Dr. Gandier's perfect organization, it seemed a reasonable expectation that the United States



Promised Feature of Democratic Circus

would reconcile itself to beverages devoid of kick, and in a few years, perhaps, forget how it felt to gaze upon the wine when it was red, and the highball when it was amber, but John Barleycorn has the vital tenacity of one of his own katzenjammer snakes. Some fourteen months after Dr. Gandier placed his foot upon the necks of the defeated champions of Booze, he finds himself confronted by another force, which the shrewdest general finds hard to estimate.

In his former campaign Dr. Gandier's objective was "The Saloon, the Temple of Bacchus reeking with Rum, and the rank incense of all the Iniquities." Presumably it had many friends but in truth not even the chronic booze-fighter rallied loyally to its defense. It proved to be an outworn institution. The patrons were tired of it, and the nation congratulated itself on being well rid of it.

Now the conditions, confronting the Prohibition leaders are totally different. The saloon has passed into the discard, but new and serious problems have taken its place in politics. Like Nature, politics abhors a vacuum. No sooner is the nation rid of one perplexity than discussion rages over several others that arise to fill the void.

Not till the saloons had evoluted into boozeless restaurants did the nation realize how closely alcohol was interwoven in the social fabric. After eight thousand years or more, it could not be forgotten in a day like a motion picture comedy.

When the nation assisted the elimination of the saloon it overlooked the fact that with the despised institution would vanish all beverages that had figured so largely in the social usages of civilization for ages. Representative citizens, who are putting iron doors on their cellars are now for the first time considering seriously what bone-dry Prohibition means. Prohibition is, therefore, destined to become an important issue in politics this year. Dr. Gandier has officially discredited the idea in his opening speech of the campaign, at Los Angeles.

The real issue. Dr. Gandier said is not Prohibition but "Americanism versus Anarchy," Prohibition has been incorporated in the Constitution of the United States. None but an anarchist would dare attack that sacred document, or try to annul it by non-enforcement of laws specially designed to give it effect. "Wise or unwise," the Constitution of the United States should be submitted to, declared Dr. Gandier. That being true the Wets whose avowed intention is to knock the Prohibition amendment out of the Constitution, are self-convicted anarchists. The questions of personal liberty, and unconstitutional infringement of State rights, have no place in the controversy.

A good many thoughtful people, who are neither Partisan Wets nor Drys, will be inclined to consider Dr. Gandier's logic, better suited for a camp meeting than a supreme court. An unwise declaration does not become wise and sanctified, because it may have found lodgment in the constitution of a state. If constitutions of civilized commonwealths were sacred and unchangeable, the brakes would be put on progress. The world does not regard constitutions as unchangeable. It is constantly showing that it regards them as mere scraps of paper. Every few years, there is talk of some new constitutional convention in California, and probably after the august body shall have performed its work, the public will be more dissatisfied than ever.

The precautions being taken by the powerful Prohibition organization to retain the Eighteenth Amendment in the United States Constitution, is proof that the Dry leaders believe public opinion is wavering.

Ever since man began to desert the trees and caves, he has striven to concoct substitutes for cold water. The artificiality of civilized life, has stimulated the efforts, till urban life embraces habits as far removed from primitive naturalness, as killing one's grandmother to cut down the high cost of living, and serving her up as the piece de resistance of a tribal banquet.

Even yet the American people do not realize, fully, the profound social changes and the popular dissatisfaction that Prohibition is causing.

Seldom has the American public been so widely and deeply stirred, as by the sudden loss of personal privileges which

they had regarded as heritages never to be challenged. Of all the world, the American nation has had most liberty. From that condition, Americans have found themselves plunged into an atmosphere of despotic supervision and control. Conscription, to which they were unused, bade them exchange civil for military life, and took them oversees to shed their blood. When they returned they found that it had been made a crime to buy even a glass of hard cider. Beer and wine had become classified as inventions of the devil, against which America should be protected as against a pestilence.

Out of the atmosphere of radical puritanism smothering personal liberty in America, are heard louder protests against the incorporation of sumptuary laws in the Constitution of the United States. Honest citizens are asking themselves, whether even the elimination of the American saloon, was done in a way, creditable and beneficial to the nation. Without one cent of compensation great numbers of persons engaged in the liquor business were thrown on the world. Their property was practically confiscated. The answer to their complaints by the puritan reactionaries, was that enough had been gained by the purveyors of rum, from the victims of their nefarious traffic, to compensate them.

What fair-minded person could indorse such a brand of morality? Every saloon man was encouraged in his occupation by the consent of the United States to license it. The taxes from liquor were regarded as a valuable source of revenue by the Government. Not only did the Federal Government license the saloons to sell whiskey, but it encouraged them to sell poison in the form of "rectified whiskey." On payment of an additional license, saloon men could obtain a "rectifiers" license, and make their "whiskey" in the cellar, from any liquid or drug

"Sh—h! Hilarity in Public is Prohibited!"

that could be combined to form a substitute. Such injurious compounds were labeled "Rectified Whiskey," as required by the Internal Revenue law, and the Federal authorities paid no further attention to the traffic. Many saloon men declined to obtain rectifiers licenses, and sold real distilled whiskey over their bars, but in the year 1914, of the 175,000,000 gallons of "whiskey" which paid the Government tax, only 75,000,000 were the product of distilleries. The other 100,000,000 gallons were rectified whiskey mixed in the cellars.

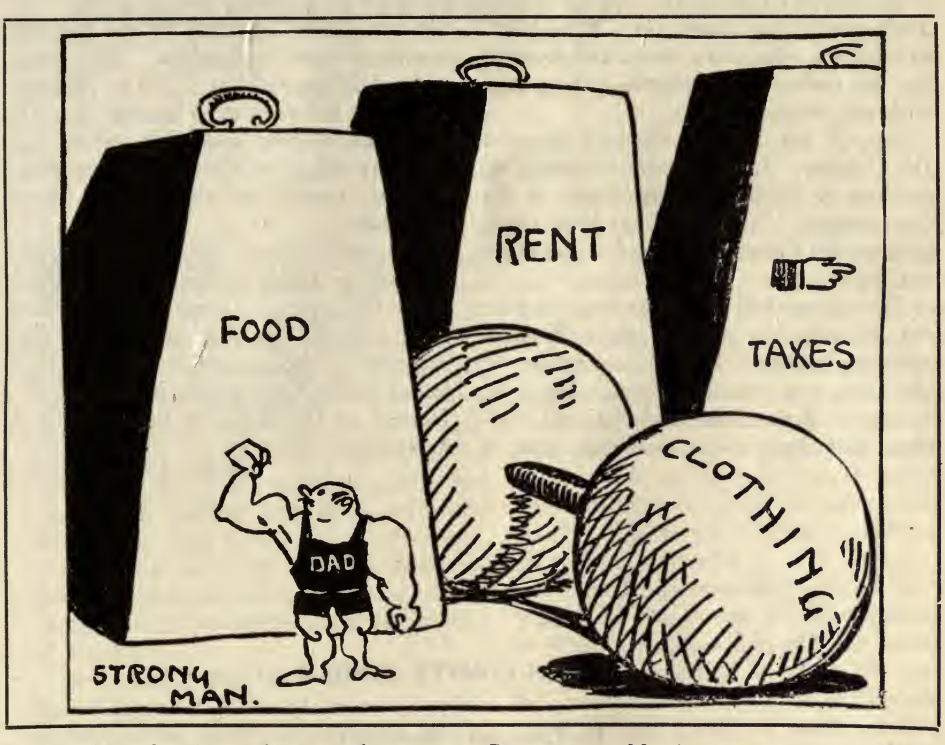
Not only the Federal but the local authorities encouraged dishonesty in the liquor traffic. The Federal Government tolerated the manufacture of injurious substitutes, sold as rectified whiskey, and the municipalities put hardly any limitation on the number of saloons. Anybody having a few hundred dollars, could set up in the liquor business, some wholesaler taking a chattel mortgage on the saloon and furnishing the license. Where there were thousands of drinking places in a city, hundreds would have more than sufficed and made the duty of regulating them far easier. It was in the power of the city authorities to limit the number, and prescribe the rules of the business. The city authorities, however, evinced no interest in saloon regulation, except to collect large revenues in licenses, and use the saloon vote at elections. It was a discreditable condition. But who tolerated it? Why the very officials whom the people elected, and whose election the reputable voters could have prevented whenever they bestirred themselves and went to the polls resolved to place worthy men in office.

The American saloon has been a proof of municipal inefficiency and dishonesty. The municipalities fostered the evil. All the blame did not rest on the humble rum seller. The majority of saloon men complied with the laws, Federal, State and Municipal. They paid heavy taxes, which were used in the support of the governments. Saloon men, from the legal standpoint, had the same civic rights as lawful merchants, and to cast them all out—sheep as well as goats — and confiscate their business investments, was an act of national dishonesty, which the United States should regret. In England, proposals of national Prohibition have been accompanied with provisions for compensation. It would have been but ordinary humanity, to have given the liquor people several years to wind up their business. It would be no more than rudimentary justice, to have allowed the wine makers and brewers, compensation when the cyclone of hysterical puritanism struck them.

In any country, and especially a large democracy, composed of diverse elements, it is a dangerous thing to confiscate the property of any class. If licensed liquor men be made the victims of confiscation, why not owners of real property. Communism of property is now being preached. Communism of water rights is being fought out in some parts of the West. There is no limit to confiscation once a democracy becomes imbued with the spirit.

Whatever may be thought of the confiscation of liquor dealers investments as part of the crusade for chemical purity, there can be no diverse opinion about the destruction of California's splendid vineyards. In the rich valleys, and on the sunny hillsides of this wonderful State, the vine has equaled the best growths of Southern Europe. The preeminence of California in viticulture has been many times predicted. In recent years our vintages had attained an excellence which commanded the attention of the world. We maintained a State Board of Viticulture. We made much ado about its exhibitions, and its prizes to stimulate improvement in the art of wine-making. If one were searching for some line of business that had a bright future and apparent permanency, viticulture would have attracted him. Yet by a stroke of the pen, bigotry has attacked the vineyards of California, as radically as if savage vandals had laid their axes to the roots. The civilized world has seldom seen such a demonstration of hysteria, accompanied by outrageous disregard of property rights.

There, indeed, was an alarming example of anarchy! What better designation than anarchists, could be applied



to people, who in a frenzy of narrow puritanism, were ready to substitute brambles and weeds on the hillsides, which had been made sightly and useful by purpling vineyards and the labor of generations of Californians. What grosser inhumanity than to pauperize the people who had spent their lives in the lawful cultivation?

When the unwisdom which permits the destruction of the vineyards of California is written into the Constitution of the United States, where sumptuary laws have no place, the sophistries of salaried Prohibition propagandists cannot make it sacred. It is open to attack. It should be attacked. It is Bolshevik madness in another form, and madness is restrained by the laws of every State. There are asylums where lunatics are placed. They cannot be permitted to safeguard their insanity in our splendid Constitution, which is a glorious declaration of the rights of humanity.

Hysterical Prohibition, like all kinds of hysterical reform, does not accomplish the moral progress which it attempts. The "Wave of Crime" shows no sign of abatement by reason of National Prohibition. Desperate robberies are common. Murders are just as many. The cities are not reducing their police forces. Police courts are as numerous as ever, and not any better. Strikes have not been stopped. Morally, economically, or politically there are no signs that Prohibition will be a panacea for all the ills of civilization. The thirst for stimulants is more intense than ever. The liquor traffic has been converted from an open trade, which the State regulated and taxed, to an illicit and demoralizing business conducted by "Blind-Pigs" and "Bootleg" manufacturers of bottled poison.

Citizens of good social status, to be in fashion, are fortifying their cellars, and trying anxiously to enlist in the noble army of bootleggers.

Beyond question, the introduction of bone dry Prohibition has caused a lowering of the moral tone of large cities, instead of an elevation. It has increased the number of habitual law-breakers. Great numbers of people, hitherto honest citizens, are making illicit liquor in their homes, thereby defrauding the Government and destroying their health. The vendors of drugs are reaping a harvest.

The groggeries, known as "Blind-Pigs" are driving a lucrative trade, and corrupting the police while poisoning the public with vile concoctions.

But all this must be stopped, declares Dr. Gandier. It is anarchy to attack or insiduously nullify an amendment of the Constitution. Prohibition has been made part of the Constitution, and is therefore immune.

The nation will not have long to wait for a public decision on these Prohibition contentions. It is the intention of the Drys to participate as a balance of power in all the State and National elections and support no candidate who is not avowedly opposed to the slightest modification of teetotalism. The slogan of Prohibition will be: "All or Nothing" —who is not with us is against us. The advocates of beer and wine will be classified as the most dangerous of enemies because camouflaged and at heart friends of Alcohol.

No matter how the political parties may try to evade Prohibition as a direct issue this year, it cannot fail to force itself into the elections and furnish data sufficient to show whether summary legislation in the Constitution is the fad of a faction, or the desire of the majority of Americans.

Henry Wilbur Parkinson

A MARIN COUNTY SUNDAY.

By Genevieve Bertolacci.

Ah! Thrill the breath! Let the heart sing thro it!
Heigh-o my boots, here's the road again!
Rock me along—there's the trail—I knew it
Climbing and twining thro redwood-spiced glen.
Dizzy with freedom, did office-desk hold me?
I, who move dryad-limbed, tip-touched with fern?
Here is a world all a-quiver to mold me
Into a being from which gods may learn!
Up, up the canyon-side, level with tree-brows,
Look on the vibrant map, blue-scrolled below,
Laugh with the sea-breeze that rustles through high boughs
And smile toward the city, that strange cameo
Pale in the distance, for in the young June light
Its blood poured from street-cars that sighed off their loads
To genial-decked ferries—'twill ebb home by moonlight,
Thrice-richened and pulsing with joy of the roads!

Practical Politics Vs. Economy

Instructive Experience at the National Capital

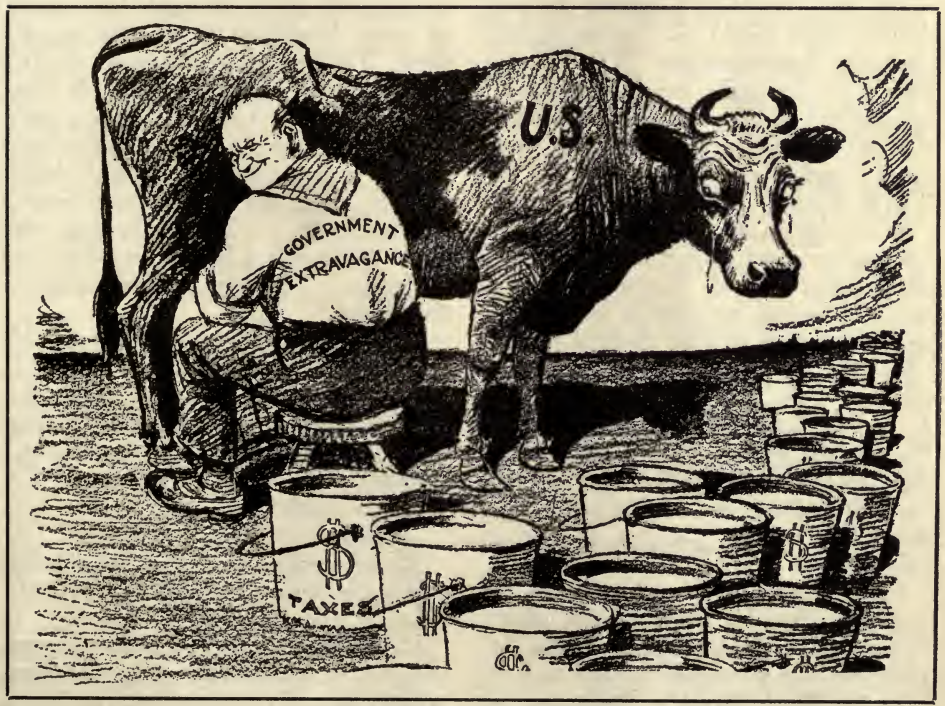
By George Edward Jones

IT was said, recently, by a Senator of the United States that the present gathering of national lawmakers at Washington, will obtain a place in history as "The Congress of Dilemmas." Never did the members of either House find themselves beset by so many official perplexities. As the Senator in question expressed it: "We your servants, are threatened, cajoled, persuaded and warned of the fate, political and otherwise, that awaits us if we dare exercise our own judgment on public questions. We'll de damned if we do and we'll be damned if we don't."

Few people stop to think that a Congressman has troubles of his own, in the avoidance of which, he exercises adroitness enough to make an honest living.

One of the first things expected of a new Congressman representing a farming district, is that his voice will be raised and his vote cast for economy. His promises of cost reduction must be emphatic, or he would be elected to stay at home. Having convinced his constituents that economy would be his watchword at Washington, he proceeds to the performance of his duties and the regular collection of his salary—perhaps resolved to be true to his word.

At the first opportunity, he causes the ceiling of the House of Representatives to vibrate with his demands for economy —the inauguration of thrift in public business: "The money of the taxpayers must be spent with as much care as if it were a sacred trust. Not a dollar must



Rich Milk from Discontented Cows

be squandered"; "Everey scheme intended to start new leaks in the Public Treasury must be caulked"; "The old leaks must all be cemented immediately if not sooner," etc., etc., etc.

Having woke up the House of Representatives by this noisy spasm of economy, the enthusiastic tyro in national legislation uses his frank to send constituents copies of the speech through the mails, and have extracts printed in the county newspapers. Then he stands around the spots in the Capitol where he can meet the greatest number of his fellow-members, and hear their compliments on his patriotic oratory.

Not every member who happens along, gladdens him with even faint praise. Most of them do not even refer to the great effort. Those who do, speak rather ironically. A few experienced friends take him aside and ask, whether he has many Bolsheviks in his district, and hopes to annex a large bunch of radical votes at the next election.

In due course the home-county newspapers arrive at Washington, containing delightful references to the size of the swath that the Hon. Ebenezer Jackson Alfalfa (his name) is cutting in the House of Representatives. The Evening Tocsin of Graftville, treats the matter editorially, and intimates that the Honorable Ebenezer's oratorical wings may prove equal to a Senatorial flight at the next election.

In the bunch of mail with the county newspapers come several letters from his constituents, marked "Personal," and reminding him of pre-election promises to quarter the writers in Federal nooks, where the fat salaries are out of all proportions to the light work. There is also a heart-to-heart missive from Brother Pica, editor of the Tocsin, complaining that the talented journalist does not find his appointment for a third-class postmastership coming his way as fast as he'd like.

The Congressional reformer's mail for a month after his great speech, chiefly consists of kicks from constituents, because nothing was being handed to them from the "Pork Barrel." Thereupon the orator bestirs himself to get season tickets for the distribution. Then a great light on the real and useful purposes of Congress begins to illuminate his ganglionic cells.

He finds his chances of getting up to the "Pork Barrel" less than a small boy's chances of sneaking into a reserved seat at a circus, and watched by a policeman.

It is only possible for a national legislator to tap the "Pork Barrel," and placate the flock of patriotic cormorants at home, by standing ready with his legislative shovel at all times to keep the receptacle brimming over, no matter if it cost the nation a billion a minute.

The Honorable Ebenezer Jackson Alfalfa, in all likelihood, having assimilated that important principle of national politics begins to receive something besides kicks from his home-county by every mail—and then some. The Tocsin announces with becoming modesty that Brother Pica, whose sharp editorial pen had so long made a watchdog of the county treasury unnecessary, had been appointed postmaster at Graftville. Every honest patriot who controlled five votes including his own, and had sworn a solemn oath never to touch hoe, shovel or plow, brightens up on hearing the news. The Honorable Ebenezer Alfalfa's popularity takes a fresh hold. In Congress he becomes a figure. When a guide comes along with a tow of agricultural visitors to the Capitol, he jerks his thumb towards the Graftville Representative's desk and says: "That lanky guy over there, that needs a hair-cut is Alfalfa of Graftville— You see his name often in the papers."

"You doan say? well!—well. He doan look so much, do he?"

"He's slated for Senator though—just so soon's old Senator Rutabago bumps off— His cough's a fright this session."

"Looks like curtains fer him, eh?"

"It's a cinch."

"Who'll get Alfalfa's job then?"

"Some gook named Pica, that's running a one-horse sheet out there at Graftville."

It is not as easy as many persons imagine, to reconcile the great fundamental principles of public economy and practical politics.

Treasure Lost and Found

Reminiscent of the Early Days of California

By Rena Bender Davidson

THE purple haze of a perfect August day hung over the vine-clad hills surrounding the little town of Los Gatos. Over all was the soft mantle of romance, adventure and the spirit of California that knew the Indian, the Don, the stage coach and bandit, the gold-seeker and homesteader. Thoughts of this came to me as I lay in my hammock in the shade of broad oak trees and listened to the dull buzz of the bees hovering over the trays of apricots drying in the sunshine. Presently my host, sitting near me, voiced my thoughts:

"It's a pretty view, isn't it?" said he, "sort of makes one think of Spaniards with red boleros and gay sombreros. I never seem to get over expecting to see a procession of monks come marching down the hillside from the Novitiate, or Indians creeping out from among the trees around the ranch. It's a wonderful country," he went on, "seems to get under your skin and holds you. The city with it's teeming life, excitement and rush is all well and good to make a living in, but when the week is over and I can get to my little house on the hillside, put on my old mackinaw and wander in through the brush and rocks, tramping alongside the little stream till I come to the spring way up yonder, or lie as you are lying under these cool trees, with the smell of the fruit in my nostrils; the drama of the past spreading itself out before me, with the hum of insects for accompanyment, why then I live.

"This very ranch holds romance aplenty for one with a keen imagination," he continued. "Do you see that large rock yonder?" I nodded in the affirmative, "that is a real cave, and bear made it their home when bear and wild cat were plentiful in these foot hills.

"Even now," he went on, "in winter or spring the deer come down to my front door and make a good meal on sprouts of the trees. Then back over the brow of the hill near the spring which is the source of my water supply, is a dugout. Old inhabitants say it was the hiding place of Jose Valesquez, a notorious stage coach bandit, and that his gold is hidden somewhere in these hills. Many have been the searchers after that lost treasure, and one man— But would you like to hear the story?"

"Indeed, I would," So he continued:

"When Jose and his followers held up the stage on its way to Santa Cruz in the spring of 1869, he tied the noose around his own throat, for he was pur-

sued by a posse of indignant and revengeful ranchers and soldiers into these very hills, and after a battle was finally taken, hastily tried and hanged from the old Los Gatos bridge. Supplies were found in the old dugout on this place, and though that and the neighboring ground was thoroughly searched no trace of the stolen booty was ever found.

"In 1870 there came out here a man called Jonothan Twilby, and his wife. Jonothan was a dreamer, and thought to acquire wealth quickly by prospecting for gold. His wife, however, was a practical New Englander, who had gone through all the hardships of life on a Maine farm. They had sold their holdings in New England, and with that and what they had managed to save in the few years of their married life, they made their way West. They arrived in San Francisco as ignorant a pair as one could find. Some enterprising real estate man sold him this rocky grazing land which he had bought from the profligate son of the former Spanish owner. When Jonothan Twilby and his wife came to take possession of their property they found, instead of the luscious green fields of their imagining, this brush-covered, untilled acreage. Their disappointment was pitiable, for their funds were low and the little family was to have an addition. But in them, as in all those who dared the wilderness and the Indians to reach this Land of Promise, the spirit of the pioneer was strong. They made the best of things; decided they would remain on the land, and that Jonothan should get work at one of the rancheros.

"Jonothan worked at what odd jobs he could get all that winter—a winter that to them was more like summer, and it was in the little shack beneath the oaks that their first child was born.

"One chilly night shortly after the baby's birth, the old doctor who had attended Mary, was forced to spend the night in the cabin by a heavy storm. The two men talked until quite late, exchanging the confidences that seem born before a log fire with the rain pattering on the roof and the wind howling among the creaking branches. At last Jonothan told the doctor how he had acquired the land, and of how poor the prospect of getting a living from it seemed, as he had so little money to develop it with. The old man laughed and said:

" 'Well, boy, why don't you search for the hidden treasure of Jose Valesquez. It is supposed to be hidden somewhere in these hills. In fact, the dugout on your place was their chief rendevous.' "

"The eyes of Jonothan and Mary opened wide.

" 'Didn't you know about it?' " asked the doctor, amused at their wonderment. He told them the whole story.

"That night Jonothan could not sleep. The dreamer in him had awakened. The romance of California stole into his blood and forced aside all his practical New England training. He could see visions of himself the center of an admiring crowd, proudly exhibiting the stolen gold, his by right of discovery. He could see a new home gracing the hillside, bought with the new found treasure, presided over by Mary, with a faithful Indian maid for Jonothan, Jr. He went over this so often that night that he had convinced himself all he had to do was go out, dig about the dugout and the gold would be his. He told his plan to Mary as they had their simple breakfast. But she, fearing the loss of what her husband was making at what work he could get, begged him to wait until spring. Her heart was set on planting fruit trees and grape vines, which flourished in the valley. He would not listen. His imagination was fired.

"Then followed months of unhappiness and disappointment. Each morning as soon as the sun was up, Jonothan would start out on his hunt for the buried treasure. He began at the dugout, digging faithfully every inch of the surrounding earth. When nothing materialized there, he went into the brush, uprooting and tearing it all out. He found nothing, and as it got toward spring it was a very much disheartened man, who weary but unable to discontinue the search, would throw his implements down outside the cabin door and go in to a meal of whatever the resourceful Mary could get together. Many in the village tapped their

foreheads significantly, when he came in to get supplies, but there were always others who would listen to his story, and refire his imagination with tales of treasure that had been found.

"In the meantime Mary had not been idle. Used to wringing a living from the hard, unyielding soil of New England, the rich, productive ground of Los Gatos delighted her heart, and wherever her treasure mad husband rooted out the underbrush and stones, she planted seed of vegetables, vines and young trees she had purchased with what money she could spare.

"So it went on.

"One noon Jonothan came in, his eyes wild with excitement.

" 'I've found it!' " he cried, " 'I've found it, Mary! Come quick!' "

"Without another word he caught the astonished woman by the arm, and pulled her up the steep hillside in the hot sunshine. Near the brow of the hill, beneath a splendid madrone was a hole about three feet deep, and imbedded firmly in this was a metal treasure box such as the Spanish used. Jonothan had not even waited to discover what was inside before hurrying to Mary with the good news. Like two children husband and wife threw their arms about one another. Then they both excitedly began to tug at the box. Jonothan all the while repeating in a voice tremulous with happiness. 'I knew, I would find it! I knew I would find it!' At length unable to stand the suspense any longer and the box showing no signs of yielding, he split the metal bound top with a blow of the pick. Lifting it up with hands that shook, they came upon—nothing. Whatever treasure had been there had been removed long ago. Jonothan gazed in unbelief at the sight before his eyes, then fell to pawing wildly at the empty box. When he at last became convinced that nothing was there, he began to weep, burying his head upon his knees and sobbing like a heartbroken child. Mary threw her arm comfortingly across his heaving shoulders, and spoke to him in a low soothing voice.

" 'Jonothan,' " she said, " 'look up lad! I have a treasure to show you!' "

"The distracted man lifted his head and stared at her in amazement. " 'You a treasure?' "

" 'Yes, lad,' " she went on, " 'these many months you have been searching for the treasure of the Spaniards, when all the time it has been right in your hands. Hush,' " she said, putting her hand over his mouth, ' "let me have my say. While you have been digging and hunting, I have been planting and sowing. The crop you have reaped has been tears and disappointment. Mine has been vegetables and sturdy young vines and fruit trees. This land yields and bears like nothing we have ever dreamed of. It is God's Land of Promise, Jonothan. What do we care for gold when we have the wonderful earth, this glorious California sunshine, our whole lives before us and our Love. Isn't that treasure enough?' "

"And Jonothan looked and saw that what she said was true.

"So after all, they found their treasure in the ground," finished my host, "but they did not carry it away. And that is why you and I can lie here this hot August afternoon and see the grapes purple upon the hills, and smell the odor of drying prunes and apricots, and see the drama of the past spread before us to the accompaniment of insects buzzing among the blossoms."

Maytime Magic

By Jane Black

IT was the evening before the annual May Festival. The college campus was the scene of such preparations as had never been heard of before. On one side, boys were shouting as they moved the bleachers to the lawn, and on the other side, a bevy of merry girls were trimming the Maypole.

Between two flamboyant booths, with pink streamers floating over his head and the brilliant lights lighting up his thoughtful face, in the very midst of the confusion, stood Ralph Brown. A crowd of his fraternity brothers had enticed him from his study, and then had left him stranded alone. They had wandered off, and were now absorbed in the merrymaking. He could distinguish here and there the familiar back of one or the other of the deserters, who was chatting merrily with a milkmaid, Japanese maiden, or Dutch girl as the case might be. The tum tum te tum of the orchestra drum, as it beat the Highland Fling for some bonny laddies in kilts, made the blood tingle. The mere thought of reading grew more and more distasteful with each minute. There was something in the gay lights, the laughter, and the music that stirred all the romance in him. As he looked upon the happy couples he began, for the first time, to feel that there was much that he had missed in his four years of hard work. To be sure he held the admiration of the school. His marvelous oratorical power presaged a brilliant career at the bar. His frat brothers came to him as to a father, in all their troubles, and many were the times when he had stood between an unlucky miscreant and an irate faculty. But all that was ended now, and somehow he felt a lack of—he knew not what—tonight.

Just then Betty Black came running to him. Brown had always avoided Betty. In his opinion she was utterly frivolous. She was one of those roly-poly, little pink and white creatures whom everyone loves.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," Betty pleaded, "would you mind helping us trim the top of the Maypole. It's so very, very high and our ladder won't reach anywheres near the top. You're tall enough, I know that you could do it. Will you, please?"

"Yes," was all Brown could say. As Betty tripped along beside him to get the ladder she talked in a little running stream of conversation. At last the work was done and Betty marched him off to have one of the cones which were being delt out to all the tired workers. As they sat down on the gymnasium steps to eat their cones, Betty startled him by saying, "I don't like you very well."

Brown made mental note of how red her pouting lips were.

"I guess you don't care anyway but you worry me awfully."

Brown could not suppress the exclamation, "I worry you?"

"Yes, you do. One feels so silly talking to your coat buttons and not being able to see your face, without breaking one's neck, unless one is out of speaking distance with you. I think you might invent some way to avoid the embarrassment."

"Does it really worry you?"

"Does it? Well I should say. I always wanted to ask you—you won't care will you? — what does all the people's hair look like on top. Doesn't it look all crooked and mussy or false on top?"

Brown went off into a peal of laughter and all his wit came rushing back to him. They sat till the campus was nearly empty. Suddenly Betty jumped up.

"Dear me, I forgot that I was to see that all the tools were returned to the janitor's room."

A crowd of men and girls crossed the lawn. "Well, Betty, the things are all carried back," one of the girls called.

"We have been waiting for you a whole hour, Betty Black. All the chickens will be in bed if we don't hurry. Brown, won't you come along on our little serenading tour?" one of the men bantered.

"Sure," Brown responded. Lee, the cut-up of the crowd, pretended to be knocked senseless with surprise.

Brown never forgot that night. It seemed to him that he was another Brown, a totally different Brown. They climbed fences, cut screens, and carried off the contents of many fraternity refrigerators. Every house on the campus was visited. Once inside, different members of the crowd gave clever vaudeville stunts, told stories or sang songs. Soon Brown found himself contributing a one-act juggling stunt to the general performance.

Brown took possession of Betty to the secret amusement of the fellows and the evident delight of the girl. Twice before the evening was over, Brown had swung her over a fence, and many times, odd little shivers had run up and down his back as they hastened from pursuit hand in hand.

At midnight they reached the Zet House. On the night before the Zeta Alphas had given a stag-do, and were sadly in need of sleep. The serenaders, receiving no response to their repeated knockings, proceeded to set up earsplitting catsqualls from the porch steps.

Suddenly, the screen of a second story window, overlooking the porch, was pushed up noisily. The moment for escape had arrived and the crowd took to its heels as one man. Betty alone remained held fast by her dress, which had caught on the thorny branch of a rose bush. She had barely time to duck her head before the rain of water descended, followed by the pan which had contained it. The pan caught her unawares and sent her, sliding on the wet step, off the porch, with dress torn and arm badly scratched by the thorns. There she lay cuddled in a little white heap. She tried to rise but could not. A moan escaped from her lips as she saw Ralph come tearing over the fence to her side.

"Betty, why, Betty darling."

She had fainted. He turned to call for help but by this time the others were far down the street and on the way to their respective homes. He ran to the faucet and brought back a handful of water. Soon she opened her eyes but quickly closed them again and gave a little moan of pain.

"What is it Betty? Where are you hurt," he begged.

"It's my foot," she answered and turned away her face.

"That's all right, little girl. It'll be better pretty soon."

Betty's only answer was another groan of pain. "Could you stand it, do you think, to have me carry you?"

"Oh, no, no," she said shaking her head petulantly. "You never could do it."

Thus admonished he said, "Well I'll show you, little miss," and proceeded to pick her up groans and all, and started to mark off the two short block's distance from her house.

Many things rushed through Brown's brain during the short journey. His thoughts were an odd mixture. As for Betty, she said not a word but lay bravely quiet, a sad little fluffy-ruffles. At her door, after ringing the bell, Brown mustered all the courage that he possessed in order to keep himself in hand. He looked away but could not keep his eyes off her pouting lips, so near his face. He saw a light come on in the upper hallway. He counted the knocks of his heart

against his ribs. It was no use. He bent his head and kissed those red lips squarely. He handed Betty over to a woman in kimono and curlers and paced slowly around the block gazing at the moon before going home.

As he entered his house, he was met by the strong odor of tobacco. On entering his room, he found the men of the party lounging on his bed, his chairs, his trunk, the dresser, and the floor. There was absolute silence. They looked him over critically from top to toe and then delivered their verdict in unison. "She wins."

"What's the big idea?" Brown asked half angrily.

Pink, who had urged on this quiet little after meeting, spoke up. "You kissed Betty good-night, didn't you, old man?"

Brown was unspeakably angry at himself for the hot blush that overspread his face.

"Well don't get so darned fussed about it. Be glad you got the chance. None of us have had it, you know," Pink gibed.

"What in the—have you got up your sleeves?" Brown asked as nonchalantly as possible.

"Go on. Shoot, Pink," several of the boys admonished.

"Well, you see it was this way," Pink began with tantalizing coolness. "Last night, you remember, we had a dance downstairs and you didn't come as usual. In the course of the evening your name was mentioned and Miss Black asked where you were. Well, she was for making you come down, but, after a lengthy discussion, we duly impressed her with the sanctity of your privacy and with our deep concern that such a distinguished personage would never regale himself with a little harmless amusement.

Cries of "Cut it short! Make it snappy!" came from the bed and broke in upon the oration.

"Well, not to proceed farther into the full details of the case, I will say in brief, that before the discussion was ended several of us were jealous of you, old dear, and pretty sure that you had topped the winner with Betty. But tonight was beyond our wildest dreams. We feel responsible in this affair let me tell you. For it was we that dragged you over there tonight with malice aforethought and it was Shorty that urged Betty to have you fix the pole, but when we passed the Dorm just now and saw that disgraceful performance; well, as a man we stand by Betty. Any fellow that will kiss a girl when she is lame and can't help herself and our Betty girl at that, deserves a pretty stiff sentence. In the name of this fraternity I, Pink Stebbens, sentence you—"

Here Pink could not suppress the good feeling and mirth that was bubbling up in his honest heart and he just blurted out gripping Brown's hand.

"Brother Ralph, old chap, we sentence you to a ten days' houseparty following commencement week, with Betty Black and a bonafide proposal by the end of that time. Are you on?"

"Let's go!" Brown fairly radiated joy as he shook Pink's hand.

State Ownership Battle

It is the Key-Note of Peturbed English Politics

By Winslow L. Jones

WE do not realize in the United States, how serious is the struggle now going on in England between Labor and Capital. The recent election of Former Premier Asquith to Parliament, as a member from Paisley, has accentuated the quarrel.

The Asquith Government was displaced in 1816 by the Lloyd George coalition, and during the world war the politicians in power, conducted the public business as if they represented a despotism. That condition is always characteristic of a serious war.

With some slight semblance of peace restored in Europe, the English people are asking themselves whether the Labor Party shall be permitted to nationalize all means of production and distribution.

It was on that question that the recent election at Paisley turned and Mr. Asquith was elected by 14,736 votes against 11,902 for the labor candidate, who was confident of victory. When the result was announced, the disappointed Laborites pelted the former Premier and his party with meal, so that they looked as if they had passed through a snow storm. With all our political strenuousness in the United States, we do not resort to such methods to express our chagrin at the election of rivals. We seem to be better political losers in the United States than defeated voters on the other side of the Atlantic.

The bitterness of the radical Laborites antipathy to Asquith is of long standing. He made no secret of his opposition to state control of production and distribution when he was the official head of the English Liberal Party. In a speech to the House of Commons in 1907 he said: "It has been our work during late years to emancipate the country from State control. Large areas of our social and industrial life have to be set free from the misdirected and paralyzing activity of the State."

Asquith has apparently not changed his views on public ownership, which the Labor Party so defiantly demands. The result of this demand will be a rearrangement of political parties in England, just as we in the United States are rapidly undergoing political realignment.

The political conditions in England are becoming more like those in America where we have had universal suffrage. In Great Britain suffrage has been limited, but now eight million new voters have been enfranchised by the Reform Act. A new element enters English political life. No man can foresee where the developments may lead. So far they have increased class animosity and a lowering of the tone of English politics. A dignified statesman like Asquith, is calling Lloyd George his former lieutenant "a demagogue." George is endeavoring to retain his salaried office by attempting to be all things to all men. Representative British citizens do not relish such happenings.

Whatever may occur, British policies will never again return to the old lines, for the reason that the land owners and the big manufacturers, that formerly controlled the Government, and served without pay as lawmakers in the House of Commons will rule no more. The landed-gentry class has been broken up. Many great land owners have sold their possessions. The nobility are unable to meet the taxes and living expenses. Agriculture in England is at a low ebb. National government has suffered in dignity, if not in merit by the appearance of a cheaper salaried class of politicians in the House of Commons. Salaries for lawmakers appear to produce more professional politicians and fewer responsible ones.

The payment of salaries began amongst the Irish members of Parliament. Irish nationalists said that the non-payment of members of Parliament, threw all the legislative positions to the landlord class, as they only could afford to spend the parlia-

mentary session in London. It was therefore resolved to pay Irish national members enough to support them. By this plan the Irish nationalists obtained a strong representation in the House of Commons. Now all British members of Parliament are paid salaries, and the effect appears to be detrimental. A louder demand for government control of all lines of production and distribution is heard. The England of old exists no more in a political and social sense.

Public ownership which the English Labor Party demands, is one of the cardinal principles of English Socialism. It is an old principle, and one of the worst, as its immediate effect would be to increase the number and powers of the host of beaurocrats, devouring all civilized nations.

What the word "State" means politically and economically has been described by H. O. Arnold-Forster, a member of the British House of Commons. He said:

> The State is a term which is very frequently used in Socialist literature, and to those who have no time or inclination to pause and think, the introduction of this wonderful new power with a capital S, is doubtless impressive. But after all is it a new power? Is not the "State" a very old friend, whom we have known for a long time and have not always greatly loved? Undoubtedly such is the case, and before trusting our old friend with unlimited powers over our consciences, our children, and our purses, it may be well to have a look at his antecedents.
>
> The "State" means in practice, that a certain number of persons selected by a rough-and-ready method of election, for short and uncertain periods, shall have immense powers over the property and persons of their neighbors.
>
> The House of Commons, which is yearly falling into more deserved contempt for its incompetence and its instability is one manifestation of the "State." What sane person would desire to have the House of Commons regulate their private affairs?
>
> The tax collector, the rate collector and the horde of inspectors and surveyors with whom we are all so well acquainted, are the "State." John, Tom and Harry, who live down the street, are not the "State" today; but if they have no particular occupation, and can afford the time to make many speeches, and many fine professions as to what they will do with other people's property, if they get the chance, they may become the "State" tomorrow.
>
> The fact is that no amount of fine words will alter the plain facts. There is not the slightest reason to believe that we will be better governed, or that anybody will be happier or richer because we have added some hundred of thousands to the number of salaried officials paid to interfere with all the concerns of our daily life, or because we have turned out all the present occupants of our public offices and have put another set of people in their places.
>
> What the Socialists mean by the "State" is simply the introduction of a number of new men in old places. The idea that some new, heaven-born entity, called "The State" is to descend upon us and alter the whole condition of our life, is a patent absurdity which should deceive nobody.

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

By Henrietta C. Penny

Green glittering billows, wreathed with snowy foam
  Dashing and breaking on the shining sand;
  Bold points with stern grey rocks on either hand,
Deep limpid pools where starfish find a home;
  Cliffs crowned with flowers of many a gorgeous hue
  Stone-crop and poppy and the lupine blue;
  Snow-white sanddunes that grudgingly give room
  To sea-verbenas' pink and yellow bloom;
And back of all the fragrant breath of Pines
  Sighing and whispering to the sounding sea,
  With fluttering bird, and butterfly and bee,
Where morning-glory o'er the wild rose twines;
This is the picture, that remains with me,
Of thy rare charms, oh! Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Their Old Spanish Home

What Would Life Be Without Its Illusions?

The Story of a Day-dream that Alas Did Not Come True

By C. B. Orwig

EVER since her arrival in Southern California with a convalescent husband, Mrs. Eleanor Calder had yearned for a place to call her own. All of her previous winters had been passed in North Dakota and she registered an inward vow that future Decembers would find her en route to the Pacific Coast. Henry could manage it somehow if he made up his mind to leave his business for the time, she reasoned, and a little home, be it ever so humble, would be a magnet stronger than doctor's orders. She had been reading real estate literature secretly for some time and had inspected numerous "amazing bargains," "great sacrifices" and "wonderful buys" but without finding anything remotely acceptable to her taste and purse.

Armed now with Henry's consent, Eleanor plunged openly into the home-seekers' game. Every unoccupied house arrested her attention and her days were filled with weary excursions to impossible habitations. Weeks passed in vain seeking, the time for returning to North Dakota was fast approaching and she was in despair of realizing her cherished ambition when, one day, motoring near the Mexican line, she observed a house fairly plastered with "For Sale" cards. Running true to form, she called upon hubsand Henry to investigate. Henry drew up dubiously and together they read the signs that proclaimed to all concerned that the owner of the property was now living abroad, the place must be sold to settle an estate and no offer would be refused.

"That looks like our price, anyway," laughed Henry. "It's a little old Spanish house, considerably down and out. 'Mostly View' would be an appropriate name."

"The lot is small, Henry and the site is great. If it's terribly cheap it would be a lovely place to live. We could repair it ourselves. Oh, Henry, do you think we can afford it?"

"If it's an old Spanish house built in the time of the Missions, I'm afraid it may have historical value and will be beyond our reach, but I'd enjoy restoring a tumble down old relic if I could get hold of it. The work and exercise would keep me fit and I could save a lot of expense. I suppose many a priest or pilgrim was sheltered here in the days of the early settlers."

"I'm crazy about it already," enthused Eleanor. "It must have been the home of some early Californian, Don Felipe de Something."

"It's as Spanish as bull fights or

tamales. The windows are all boarded up so we can't see inside," observed Henry after taking a turn around the house. He poked through the debris on the porch and brought to light an old sign that had evidently adorned the house at one time. Somewhat surprised, he brushed it carefully and soon the leters **"Elros Ba"** appeared. Calder fitted the sign back in its place over the door and gazed at it curiously.

"Why, they had a name for their house, didn't they?" queried Eleanor. "What do you suppose it means?"

"Oh, something about roses, Rose Cottage, likely," hazarded Henry whose knowledge of Spanish had been gained from reading cigar box labels.

"Aren't the Spanish names lovely?" remarked Eleanor "El Segundo, El Centro, Playa del Rey, Elros Ba! I like the name of our place best, don't you?"

"It sounds like more classy Spanish," returned Henry judicially.

"If we get 'Elros Ba,' we'll move in right away, Henry, fix up as much as we can and entertain our friends there before we go home. We'll have everything Spanish, clothes, dances and refreshments, enchiladas, fandangoes, castanets, mantillas, everything!"

"Can't have a bull fight in that tiny yard but maybe I can put on a cock fight, if you insist," drawled Henry.

That day Rudd, the real estate agent, gave the Calders a three-days' option on the property and the keys of the building.

The Calders were in ecstasy. "We'll restore 'Elros Ba' just as it was originally," Henry declared. "Who knows but that some California research society will buy it of us, for its historical value?"

Collecting supplies and making plans for their new-old home filled the Calders' waking hours the rest of the day and Eleanor stole away long enough to leave an order at a stationers for letter paper engraved with **"Elros Ba"** as a surprise for Henry.

The next day with a car loaded with provisions and luggage, the Calders motored to "Elros Ba," gladdened by the sight of motorists plucking wild flowers on the roadside. The real estate agent had removed all his signs and swept up. Commenting on the improved appearance of the building, the Calders reached the porch where they were surprised to find a tramp who hurriedly retreated, ran out to a place where three roads met and signalled in all directions. In a short time numbers of strange men, hobos, ranch hands and Mexicans arrived and formed an interested group on the sidewalk before the house. Extremely annoyed at this unsolicited interest and unable to understand the cause, Henry quickly unlocked the front door and drew his wife inside, for he was unarmed and she was young and very pretty.

"You stay here, Nell," he said, much worried, "while I go out and find what they're after." Anxious to dismiss his unwelcome visitors and without investigating the interior of the house, Henry walked out on the porch and called pleasantly to the nearest man "How do you do? What can I do for you?"

The stranger, an elderly Mexican, responded with a puzzled stare and withdrew to an outer group, chattering unintelligibly.

Filled with alarm, Henry returned to the house and locked the door. Pressed by Eleanor, he reluctantly admitted he believed they were captured by a band of Mexican bandits. "They've crossed the border and probably intend to carry us into Mexico and hold us for a ransom. We're way off from the police and can't communicate with them!" He wiped his brow on which beads of perspiration were forming.

"Can you see out the windows?" asked Eleanor. Together the two went to the nearest window and peeped between the boards. "Why, Henry, are you sure they're bandits? Look, they're cleaning up the grounds!"

"What the Sam Hill! They can't be outlaws or they wouldn't be cleaning up the debris. By George, this is queer! You stay here, Nell and I'll try them again. Surely some of them must speak English."

Again Henry came out on the porch, this time inquiring in his most attractive manner, "Well, friends, can any of you speak United States?"

The majority of the men came near with alacrity, responding "Yep!" "You bet!" and "Sure Mike!" One old codger

"Delighted With the Scenery and the Sight of Motorists Picking Wild Flowers"

stepped on the porch, grinned expansively and inquired,

"When air ye goin' ter open up?"

"We expect to come here next winter," replied Henry dubiously.

A wave of extreme disappointment swept over the faces of the men, plunging Henry into utter bewilderment. Becoming obsessed with the one idea of getting Eleanor away from danger, Henry went back to her and whispered, "Follow me. Smile and don't let on you're frightened. We'll go leisurely through the crowd and then run for our car—and get away."

She nodded and clutched his arm as they emerged from the house. Henry locked the door unostentatiously, pretending to light a cigar, then the two started to go through the crowd.

This caused visible disapproval and the leading man voiced the opinion of his fellows by protesting vigorously.

"Say, young feller, why don't ye open up now? We-all kin help ye. We air plumb interested in this yere joint. The bettin' is about even 'twill be the real thing, law or no law. We hopes it ain't to be a soft one, as 'tis been a long, dry spell since the place was pinched. I knowed Buck Milligan the guy what built the joint, fifteen year ago, imitatin' the old Mission style. See here! I found the missin' letters off'n yer sign an' stuck 'em on fer ye."

Following the direction of his outstretched hand, the Calders were electrified to behold the restored legend: **"Melrose Bar, Straight Goods Our Specialty."**

REWARD COMES LATE

By Claude Weimer

They showered the thorns on his head
When he lived this side
Of the grave, and they covered his bed
With flowers when he died.

They disputed with him when to live
In peace he had come,
And they prayed for him to forgive
When his lips were dumb.

They gave no thoughts to his needs
When hard was his lot,
And they praised him with words, and deeds
When he needed it not.

They tendered no thanks in his day
For the gifts that he gave,
And they claimed him a friend when he lay
Alone in the grave.

They are friends of the dead—the dead only;
They came not to him
When, sick unto dying and lonely,
He waited for them.

They showered the thorns on his head
When he lived this side
Of the grave, and they covered his bed
With flowers when he died.

When The Buffalo Roamed

Primitive Simplicity of The Middle West

Some Features of Farming Life Eighty Years Ago.

By J. S. Clark

WITH books now crowding every home, and newspapers and magazines "to burn," it is impossible to imagine the conditions in respect to these things on the frontier 80 years ago. The only book in my father's house besides the Bible was a well worn copy of Baxter's "Saints' Rest." There was little time given to literature, for all the time was needed in the struggle with the forces of nature, and contending with the conditions of pioneer life. Now there are so many books and so many things to know, Lowell said of an old pioneer: "What a lucky dog Methusaleh was! No books and nothing to know and nine hundred years to learn it in."

Johnson County, Indiana, where our family resided, was organized December 31, 1822 and named for John Johnson, one of the early Supreme Judges of the State. The county seat was laid out by the county commissioners, one of whom, S. Herriot, had recently read Franklin's Autobiography, and named it Franklin.

As the children of the Clark family grew in strength and vigor they were able to take a hand in the struggle for life and success. A system and order of work developed as regular as the seasons come and go. I cannot conceive of a better method of developing habits of industry and building character than this regular and orderly system of work.

At corn planting time all worked together side by side, girls and boys, barefooted, racing across the field, their skilled fingers dropping the correct number of grains in the exact spot without checking their speed. Father and the older boys followed and carefully covered the grain with hoes. In those busy times holidays were rare, but when corn planting was finished it became a general rule to take a day for recreation and sport. So the Clark family regularly went fishing, either to White River, four miles west, or to Sugar Creek, four miles east.

Then soon followed harvest, when men worked together, all the work being done by hand. Hand reapers, cradles and binders marched in phalanx across the field, followed in the latter part of the day by one or two men and boys who carefully shocked up the bundles of grain and capped each shock with two bundles spread and broken in shape to turn the rain.

When the winter evenings came the corn shucking parties of young men and women chaperoned by older people, came on for a season. Thus sitting side by side in the edge of the pile of unhusked corn with jest and frolic the work went merrily on. When a young man found a red ear it was his privilege to kiss his girl. Every one was eagerly looking for red ears. And sometimes red ears were found so frequently that a suspicion arose that the finder had gathered and

hidden them in advance. After the corn was finished, followed a supper, games, dancing and frolic until the wee small hours.

In those days there were few books to read and fewer newspapers. No telegraphic news and no dailies. The women of the neighborhood would often join in an afternoon quilting party, and sitting around a four square quilting frame, inspired by the flying needles and each other's presence, talk the roof off the house in happy intercourse. These quilting parties closed with a supper to which the men were invited and a happy evening was spent together, the babies laid around on the floor or on the beds.

My father was the first permanent settler in his part of the county, settling there in 1825. His industry, thrift and steady habits gave him a leading and substantial place in the community as it grew in population. So that in 1838 when a new township was organized, it was named for him and the latest maps show it as Clark township. As time passed and homes increased and children grew up, the necessity for schools became urgent. In 1838 my father got a few of the neighbors together and built a schoolhouse in the woods on Leatherwood Creek just east of our land, the ground being donated by Charles Dungan, the owner. It was known as Leatherwood Schoolhouse and was the first one built in that part of Johnson County. Children came through the woods for miles around.

The first school was taught by a Mr. Fifield, a minister of the Christian Church, who was by courtesy called "Doctor." In this little log schoolhouse my elder brothers and sisters and many others of the settlement received all the school education they ever had.

This building was eighteen by sixteen feet, a regular log cabin built of round logs from the ground up. A huge fireplace occupied most of the east end. Into this fire-place in winter, large logs of wood were rolled and a great fire made to warm the room.

For seats, benches made of split logs, resting on wooden pegs cut long or short to suit the legs of the pupils. A place to write was provided for the older students by driving long wooden pins in the north wall with an upward slant, and placing boards on them. Light was provided for this long desk by cutting out a log immediately over it, and covering the opening with oiled paper. Goose quills were used for pens and home made ink served for writing fluid.

The teacher was employed by subscription and the rudiments of education were taught to a generation that proved not to be unworthy sons and daughters of worthy fathers and mothers. The memory of this old Leatherwood schoolhouse is as distinct and vivid as the happenings of a few days ago. There for many long hours I sat on that puncheon bench with my feet hanging until my legs were numb and dead. And oh! the shout of freedom that went up as we rushed out to the play ground when the noon hour came. None of the modern athletic games were known then. The popular game for school boys in those times was "Bull Pen." Two boys would be selected to head the opposing sides, choose their teams and start the game. For this game a space about the size of a foot-ball ground would be laid off. One side would go into the center of this square and the other side would take positions on the line. At a given signal the fellows on the line would begin throwing balls at those in the pen. When one was hit he was put out, and so on until all had been put out, when sides were changed and the other fellows took the hitting. The players became expert throwers and artful dodgers. The exercise was fine and the sport very exciting.

There was a ball game used in the towns which we country boys called town ball. It was a crude form of what later developed into the popular game of base-ball.

In the Leatherwood school there came into vogue, at Christmas time, a custom of requiring the teacher to treat the pupils to candy, apples and sometimes other things. And woe betide the teacher who refused to respond! A council of war was held by the big boys. I was selected, being a very small and active boy, to go to the schoolhouse early on the morning following such a refusal, and go in and close the door and brace a seat against it so that it could not be opened from the

The Spinning Wheel of Pioneer Days.—Photo by James and Merrihew

outside and then to climb out through the narrow window. When the teacher came he could not get in. He was asked if he was going to treat the school. He sharply replied that he would not and demanded that the door be opened. My oldest brothers, William and George and some of the other large boys seized the teacher, carried and dragged him to Leatherwood Creek, chopped a hole in the ice and asked the teacher again if he was going to treat. He again refused. They then chucked him in the icy water and held him there until he surrendered, and then promised to furnish the customary Christmas treat.

The Prospector

By John Burnett Rice

There is frost on the grass in the clearing
Encircled by dead lodge pole pine.
Now the ghostly gray dawn is appearing
And the air is as tonic as wine.
Not a sound breaks the primitive quiet
Not a sound save the stream's ceaseless flow
Repetition unending sung by it
On its way to the levels below.

Near at hand a small burro is grazing
And he stops 'tween each leisurely bite
As he looks up the meadow appraising
Some possible danger in sight.
With his blankets rolled snugly about him
And slumbering ever so sound
Oh the hills would feel lonesome without him
The prospector rests on the ground.

The day grows apace in the making
From a distance a turtle dove cooes
In the forest the birds are awaking
And with twit'rings exchanging bird news.
In the east a chromatic invasion
Is tinting the mountain rimmed skies
And subconsciousness joins in persuasion
And the prospector opens his eyes.

It is time to arise and be moving
And he thinks with a bit of grim joy
Of a prospect that's surely improving
Hope whispers "You've struck it my boy,"
Past three score but with vigor unfailing
Keen visioned—true heart and strong lung
Long breaths of pure nectar inhaling
He declares he feels sixty years young.

Then the coffee pot set on the fire
A bannock, fried bacon and trout
When the sun gets a little bit higher
T'will be time to get up and pull out.
So he puts out the fire that smoulders
For he plans to be gone the whole day
And his pick and his shovel he shoulders
Lights his pipe and is up and away.

When the shadows of evening are falling
He is back to his camp by the stream
And he sets by the camp-fire recalling
The shattering of many a dream.
His prospect has failed to his sorrow
But his real disappointment is small
For his partner, Hope, whispers "tomorrow,"
It's a pretty good world after all.

Now the fire has burned down to live embers
And he makes his bed down with a sigh
Above, he each star group remembers
And their names and their place in the sky.
Old time friends they will never be losing
Their charm of majestic repose
Of his innermost thoughts and his musing
He himself and his God only knows

From far off comes a cougar's sad wailing
And the crickets chirp many and fast
But the hush of the night is prevailing
And the wild things are silent at last.
Not a sound breaks the primitive quiet
Not a sound save the stream's ceaseless flow
Repetition unending sung by it
On its way to the levels below.

A Touch Of Nature

By
Owen Clarke Treleaven

FOR five minutes John Michael Flynn, leading real estate man and a power behind metropolitan politics, had been moodily staring out of his office window. Wrath slow and lumbering was mounting in his grey set face. It aroused vivid apprehension in the ever-panicky breasts of his clerks.

The real estate operator wheeled sharply in his chair and the stenographer emitted a faint squeal. He barked something in the general direction of a clerk and two of them collided on their way to his desk.

"Perrin, where's that letter from the Gray Ad people? No I don't want that one, gimme the one on the Livermore Land Campaign. Miss Davis give me the Gray Advertisin' and Publicity Company.

"H'lo, h'lo, this's Flynn speakin', wanta talk t'your Mr. Watkins. H'lo Watkins. Flynn talkin'. Say what's matter with that ranch land job, huh? Well, why don't yuh wanta handle the scheme? Won't sell uh. . . . 'cause Japs been leasin' all 'round there for years. . . . well what of it. . . . can't we find some suckers left in this hull country? Farmers slow to buy land that's been leased to Japs. . . . huh. . . . ? Alright. If that's the way yuh feel about it, alright, goo' bye!"

Again was the real estate man's brow wrinkled in thought. He repaired to his private office and fell to pacing.

The story of John Michael Flynn's ascendancy in business and politics by dint of a life time of fierce battling to authority, has no place in these columns.

With cunning and skill had he built up for his use a powerful machine. He had wreaked his will on those who dared opposition. He had done many things. Now something was happening to his cherished schemes, including his masterful land deal. What would happen next?

He would start something, he would! He'd show 'em they couldn't buck John Michael Flynn and get away with it, damn 'em!

He leaped into the outer office, again the gladiator, again himself, a fight looming ahead was smelling sweet in his nostrils.

"M'ss Davis get me long distance, Sacramento, want Senator Ilkins, tell 'em t' come t' life now! H'lo, this Ilkins? Flynn speakin'. . . . yep, Flynn. . . . say I wanta see yuh, how soon c'n yuh get down here. . . . huh? Yep, yuh betcha life it's important. . . . aw too slow, too slow. Hire a machine and tell 'em t' charge it t' me, goo' bye."

Two hours later the Senator entered that apprehensive atmosphere and straightway felt uneasy. He had allowed himself considerable speculation on the reason for the imperial summons. A man who is trying to go straight in politics isn't peremptorily haled into the august presence; that is, after his election, unless—except—by Jove! Flynn had ferreted that out! But then it had all been

fixed up long ago. He was conducted into the little private office by the strangely solemn office boy.

"H'lo, Ilkins, how are yuh, huh? Sit down, make 'self comf'able, have a cigar. Is 't hot 'nuff for yuh?"

"Not as hot as it is up the valley, Mr. Flynn, it certainly is a fright there this year!"

"Hotter up there than here, huh, how does the Misses and the kid stand it?"

"We-ell it is hard on them, rather hard. The worst of it is we can't afford a vacation.

"My next campaign next year is going to cost money. Oh, well, if I can go to Washington then we can all take a rest. The change of climate will do us all good, the malaria up the valley is bad just now, too. I'm pulling hard for Congress, Mr. Flynn, and I think I'll make it if everything goes right—"

"Guess yuh mean if yuh don't kick over the traces, Ilkins! Now see here, if yuh see things in the right way and do a little good work for me up there before the session closes, why, I can't see anythin' to prevent everythin' turnin' out all right. But mind now, I say, if yuh see things right! Now tell me, just what do yuh think of this anti-Jap immigration bill I hear so much about, eh?" He blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward and his keen eyes took his man's measure as Senator Ilkins after one quick suspicious glance, dropped his eyes and thought before he spoke.

"I am very much opposed to it, Mr. Flynn. Under our constitution and by all the sacred traditions of our land, such ruthless discrimination as that bill invokes is lawless! The bill as it stands is doomed to go down to defeat—"

"The bill as it stands will not go down to de— hold on, let me see now, hm-m-m," and he pressed a button. "Perrin bring me the Anti-Jap Immigration bill." Senator Ilkins noted with a perceptible start the assemblage of data that was handed in.

"As it stands, eh, hm-m-m, let me see, let me see, yes I think, I think Ilkins, we'll let it go down to defeat as it stands. But," and his great hairy fist came down on the desk with disrupting force, and the venom smoldering in his thoughts suddenly flamed, while his tones came malevolent and metallic. "But we're a goin' to draw up another'n that won't go down to defeat!"

"Now, Mr. Flynn, don't let your passions get the better of you in this matter, don't be carried away—"

"Eh, why, why, damn man, before I'm through with the Japs in this country they'll wish they'd never heard of—of 'intensive cultivation' and 'psychological trainin' ' and all the rest of that 'resource and skill' rot!"

"Now look here, Mr. Flynn, a man of your position can ill afford to be carried away on a thing like this. Public sentiment on the matter is being molded along charitable lines. My fight in the Senate has had much to do with downing the Anti——"

"Public sentiment, eh, huh, why man I make public sentiment! Before I finish with this I'll have 'em clamorin' for the bill, my bill! They'll all be a yappin' fer it like wolves, yeh, a pack o' wolves in full cry!"

"But I, I can't understand Mr. Flynn, I don't see, surely there is something more, some great motive in all this. What has happened? Why are you so,—so bitter, so terribly set on this thing?"

"Ilkins I don't generally tell my whys and wherefores, I don't hafta, see! But these Japs, I hate 'em, oh, Lord, how I hate 'em!" And he spat out the words as though they were caustic.

"I've been watching this thing grow, from the first time a bunch of 'em came over here to study trade, until now, when a white man can't begin to compete with 'em. Their cheap labor, their clannish ways and their system, why say, do yuh know they've got all the shippin' on the Coast now? D'yuh know I lost until I was scared, when the bottom fell out of our shippin'?

"Do yuh know I had a combine all lined up t' control the vegetable trade on the hull Coast, and they kicked the stuffin' outa that? Do you know they've bought and schemed and hung together until they've got a finger in every pie? Do yuh? Do yuh know they ruin every acre o' land they work 'n' they work it night 'n' day? Do yuh know I had the biggest land deal ever doped out all hook-

ed up and ready to swing, and now it's fell flatter'n a pancake 'cause no one wants land the damn Japs leave? Yuh do, eh? Yuh know? Well then yuh'll know before I yell quits that I'm a goin' t' finish 'em this time, see!"

"But how, are you going to do all this? Surely you can not carry out this monstrous plan!"

"Oh, I can't, eh, I can't? Right here's where yuh're a goin' t' get your education, young man! I'm a goin' to form the biggest combine yuh ever thought of! I'll show 'em who's who in this neck o' the woods! I'll find faulty deeds, I'll make faulty deeds, I'll disfranchise! I'll pinch and squeeze their hearts out! I'll ruin every business they've got! I'll show 'em! I'll railroad through a bill that'll not only stop immigration, but'll start the wolf pack a howlin', and that's where you come in! You are goin' to put through the bill in the Senate here."

"Mr. Flynn, you are contemplating a brutal and malicious act of oppression. Because you personally have been touched in your tender spot, because your pocketbook has been levied upon, you propose doing this thing. I positively refuse to have any part in it!"

John Michael Flynn quietly settled back in his chair. A feline smile played on his grim face. He spoke softly, much too politely, and his tones were not to be misunderstood.

"Oh, I see, I see; I thought you wanted to go to Washington, young man?"

"And how does that enter into this controversy? What difference will that make?"

"What difference will that make? Ha, ha, that's rich, I wish Calkins could hear yuh say that! What diff— oh, Lord, say, don't yuh know who put yuh in the Legislature o' this State? Don't yuh know who—why dammit, man, I c'n break yuh so hard yuh never will get anywhere! Oh, yes, I know what yuh 're a goin' to say, yuh've gone straight, so yuh have, exceptin' one little slip up! D'yuh think fer a minute I haven't the goods on yuh in that little phoney deal? Forgot that little business have yuh? Well I haven't; one kick over the traces, young feller, and your official name will be Mud!"

Senator Ilkins' face was chalky. He was breathing hard with his man's attempt at self control. He quietly reached for his hat and arose. And as quietly sat himself down.

A picture had flashed before his vision. A vivid burning thought picture of a brave, proud little woman in Sacramento. Brave and uncomplaining in their poverty, proudly sure her husband would gain recognition in his chosen field. And a picture of a wee heat-tired baby who needed a change, and so many things!

He turned a helpless, baffled look on his dictator, and John Michael Flynn, shrewdly watching through half-closed lids, knew and smiled.

"And now le's you and I get down t' business, and terms. I'm a goin' home early t'day, it's the kid's birthday and I promised him a present. I'll go home and look up some data, agricultural records and so on, that I filed in the safe. And some tests before and after the Japs worked certain lands. I'll draw up a rough workin' plan for the bill and bring it here in the mornin'. Calkins 'll look after the legal end of it. He's the one lawyer who c'n frame it. And as for terms, well, yuh see this thing through and yuh go t' Washington, you'll also get a block o' preferred stock that'll be worth somethin' some day. And you and the family goes to Tahoe fer a month, on me, see?"

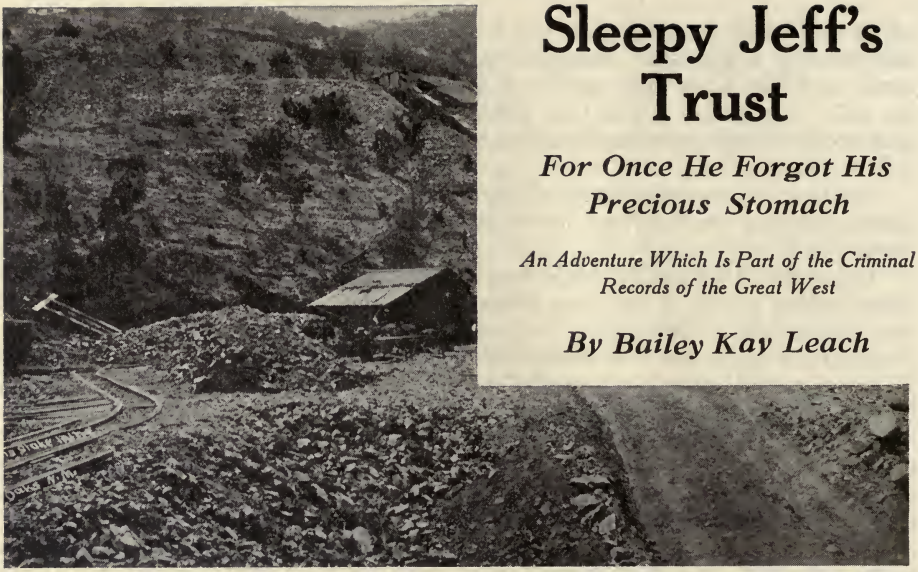
The machine had stirred. It had required but the breath of a hate to instill life into the mechanism of men and money. This spokesman of the people was the man whose might would soon turn the wheels. And the money for him and his hirelings would be forthcoming. The machine was indeed in motion.

With the closing of his desk, all rancor left the soul of John Michael Flynn. His was the inner control that makes men big. All thoughts of business, all the ugliness of the Japanese question fled. For was he not going to enter by his own virtue into a paradise of his making?

All that day, interposed in his grim purposes, had come thoughts of his boy and this day. For they were going to celebrate, this pair, the fifth anniversary of the sunshine in the life of John Michael Flynn.

Surprised in his home-softness this man

(Continued on Page 455.)



Sleepy Jeff's Trust

For Once He Forgot His Precious Stomach

An Adventure Which Is Part of the Criminal Records of the Great West

By Bailey Kay Leach

The Featherhill Mine

SUPERINTENDENT HANK HEFFNER had taken an inventory of the working force and decided that there wasn't a grown man available in the camp; and a man was sorely needed to be sent across the mountains on an errand of the utmost importance.

All the miners — or near miners — or two-handed men within a radius of a hundred miles of Featherhill were already engaged with other mining concerns. So Hank found himself with a force of but nine men and "Sleepy Jeff." That individual was regarded as neither a man nor a boy. He was in fact about half way between. But he acknowledged to the venerable age of sixteen summers, with a like number of winters and springs thrown in.

Sleepy Jeff wasn't much to look at. He was picturesquely decorated with a bewildering collection of reddish-brown freckles which concentrated around his buttonlike nose, until that organ resembled a nugget of old copper. He had a pair of sleepy eyes of a peculiar greenish-blue shade. His mouth was almost alarmingly large for the size of his face, while his ears suggested at first glance a pair of elementary wings.

There was one characteristic that Sleepy Jeff was possessed of, however, that distinguished him in the camp. He was decidely averse to any unusual physical activity. His constitution was constructed to endure an amazing stretch of quietude. Sleep was his principal employment.

Next to Jeff's gift as a sleeper was his matchless appetite. When he wasn't sleeping he was usually eating. On the contrary, when he wasn't eating he was nearly always sleeping. Nobody wanted to board Jeff after they saw him eat.

No sooner was he ejected from one boarding place than he straightway adopted another miner and abiding place—only to be again turned out of doors after a short period. Thus it was that when he had about exhausted the boarding possibilities of Featherhill and appeared to be doomed to an existence of loneliness and hunger, Superintendent Hank Heffner had discovered him asleep on the front steps of the company's office.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Sleepy Jeff rubbed his eyes and looked up sluggishly until his small greenish-blue orbs of vision rested on the face of the disturber.

"I ain't doin' nothin'. What's you doin'?"

"Where did you come from?"

"Ev'ry place. That's why I'm here; —can't go no place else."

"Who are your folks?"

"Ain't got none. I don't need 'em. But I'd like a job so I kin git somethin' to eat. I ain't had nothin' to eat since yestady." And Jeff rose and stretched himself.

Big Hank Heffner engaged Sleepy Jeff as office and errand boy for the Featherhill Company. Shortly thereafter he was introduced to Hi You, the Oriental culinary mentor of the company's mess house and instructions were given to that astute dignitary to feed the youth on demand. It was not long thereafter that Hi You discovered that the demand of Sleepy Jeff for grub was frequent and fulsome.

At the point where this narrative opens the need of a man to dispatch on a special and important mission was urgent. For three weeks past very rich pockets of pure gold had been found in the main shaft of the Consolidated. Some way must be provided to transport it,—or, at least, the major portion of it,—to Sacramento at once. The company's freighter, consisting of two huge wagons hauled by ten mules, had met with an accident and was unavailable.

"By the holy prophets! — I'll send Jeff!" exclaimed Hank, bringing his right fist down like a sledge hammer.

He dashed into the outer office, seized the sleeping boy by the collar and shook him into a state of consciousness.

"Jeff," said Hank, "I must send someone across the mountains with about four hundred pounds of gold."

"How far is it?"

"To Sacramento, — about thirty miles from here. Do you think you could take it?"

"Well, I kin lift a hundred pounds; but I never tried four hundred."

"I won't ask you to carry it, Jeff," grinned Hank. "But if I give you a horse to ride and a pack-horse to lead, could you do it?"

"Only Indian Women Picking Berries"

"Sure as apple pie."

"When d'ya want me to go?" asked Jeff.

"To-morrow morning, by sunrise."

At the same instant that the Superintendent turned to leave the office to begin preparations for Jeff's trip across the mountains, a crouching figure darted into

the adjacent brush from the direction of the open window. In the seclusion of the brush, the skulking figure mounted a waiting horse and rode away, a grin of satisfaction on his dark face.

Next morning, immediately after Sleepy Jeff had consumed a prodigious quantity of hot cakes and molasses, followed by half an apple pie, he found himself atop of a large bay horse. A rope was placed in his right hand, and this was attached to the halter of a second horse, carrying a packsaddle. He was armed with two huge Colt revolvers,—one in a holster suspended from his saddle and convenient to his right hand, and the other pendant from a belt at his waist.

"Now you're all ready, my boy," said Hank, scanning the outfit. "I don't think there will be any danger; for nobody but you and I know you're going, or where you're going. Still, I want you to keep your eyes and ears open. Don't go to sleep between here and Sacramento. And if anybody tries to take that gold away from you, don't hesitate to shoot."

"Aw, I'll shoot fast enough if anybuddy tries t' git gay. Have I got lots uv grub —an' pie—an' ev'rything?"

"Yes; Hi You has supplied you with plenty to eat—pie and all;—it's in the saddle bags. By the way, you can read, can't you, Jeff? Yes—Good! Then you can deliver this letter at the street address written here. Let's see if you can read it."

Jeff spelled it out: "Mr.-Charles-Bradshaw-421-K-Street-Sacramento, Cal."

"Alright," said Hank, deciding that Jeff's achievement was satisfactory. "Deliver this letter to Mr. Bradshaw; but to no one else. You understand, don't you?"

"Just like a whack on th' noodle."

"Mr. Bradshaw will take care of the gold and will give you an important paper to bring back to me. Now you understand things. Good-bye,—and be on your guard—every minute."

The sun was just peeping in roseate glory above the eastern hilltops as Sleepy Jeff began his important trip across the mountains,—a trip that sorely tried him for a brief spell and made him forget for once in his life to be hungry when it was time to eat.

After striking the Sacramento trail, he fastened the rope of the horse he lead to the horn of his saddle, leaving both his hands free for action in any emergency. He had been fully impressed with the responsibility of his trust. He sat straight in the saddle, his ample ears trained to catch every suspicious sound, and his eyes,—now keen with intelligence and cunning,—alert to every object within the range of his vision. He was no longer sleepy. He felt sure that great things depended upon him and he was conscious of being ready for anything that might come.

As he rode along his mind reverted to a wonderful book he had recently read. He had discovered this marvelous volume in the mess house one day and curiosity had tempted him to delve into its mysteries. It was entitled: "Headstrong Harry; or How a Yankee Boy Subdued a Band of Redskins." It was a story that appealed to Jeff's mind. It was the only thing in the line of literature that he had not slept over during the process of reading. It exercised his imagination to the highest bounds. Never in his short, eventful life had he ever encountered a book like that one. And once he began its perusal he never put it down until he had read it all. The day following he had even begun at the beginning and read the book through a second time with great enjoyment.

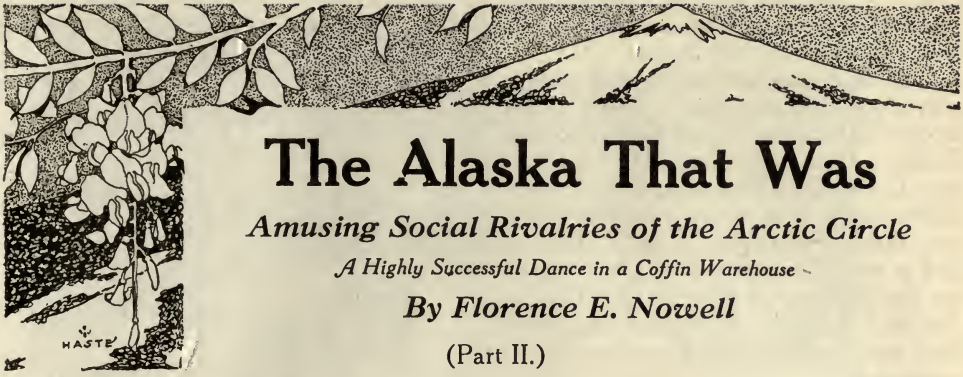
As Sleepy Jeff rode along the mountain trail with the gold entrusted to him, he felt himself the equal of any emergency paralleling that of the wonderful Yankee boy of the book. But not an Indian appeared, only Indian women going out to pick berries. There wasn't a hostile Indian within two hundred miles.

At the time these thoughts were occupying Jeff's mind he had already crossed the divide and was going down grade. Occasional glimpses of the great Sacramento Valley in the hazy distance, cheered him and stimulated his courage. He approached a sharp turn in the trail, his youthful spirits keen in the enjoyment of this adventure and his mind unclouded by so much as a trace of doubt.

"Halt!—an' han's up!"

He heard a voice, gruff and imperative, give that order. Simultaneously his gaze

(Continued on Page 451.)



The Alaska That Was

Amusing Social Rivalries of the Arctic Circle

A Highly Successful Dance in a Coffin Warehouse

By Florence E. Nowell

(Part II.)

SOCIAL life during the early days formed one of the most interesting phases of the life of the north. When we first went to Alaska, there were about six or eight congenial women; the rest were beyond the pale. A man once remarked, very ungallantly, of these women that he was "sick and tired of seeing those same old chromos at every party."

This speech came to the ears of the women and they taxed him with it. He laughingly admitted that he had said it and tried to make matters better by saying that if they would pardon him this time he would never call them "chromos" again, but would refer to them as "real old masters."

Up to the time I mention these women had never dared to entertain, except in a very wholesale manner, because to draw the line seemed impossible. After a consultation, it was decided that the time had arrived. A series of card parties was planned and it was arranged that each woman should provide the amusement in turn. It happened that one of the officials' wives offered her house for the first meeting of the club. The affair proved a great success. Everyone enjoyed the cards, music, and above all, the conversa-

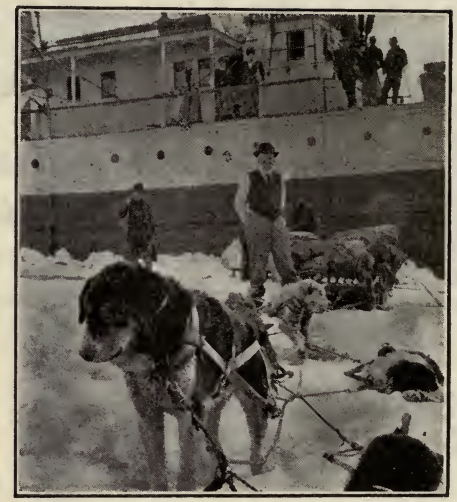
One of the Alaskan Reindeer's Many Uses

tion, which included mining and politics and the news from the States.

Just as the hostess had finished serving refreshments, there came a knock at the door. She opened it and there stood an Indian with a gunny sack over his shoulder. It was no unusual thing to have these visitors with their curios, so she told him to "chook," meaning "to go." This he did at once but only to return with a card on the sack bearing these words, "From a Friend." Upon investigation it was found that some one had sent a rare treat—two watermelons.

For a few moments the hostess seriously considered serving the melon, but the hour was late and the dishes would have to be washed, so she decided not. The following day, as the hostess was sitting down to her luncheon, a woman friend rushed in and said, "Don't touch that melon! There is something wrong with it." Then she went for the doctor. The analysis showed that there was enough croton oil in one slice of melon to do serious damage. Upon investigation it was found that a druggist's wife was so enraged at not being asked to the card party that she decided to have revenge. At first she went to a Chinaman to see if he would bake a cake in which to place the oil; but he was too busy. She then introduced the croton oil by means of a hypodermic sponge. No one supposed for a moment that she really meant to kill, but to make everyone deathly ill.

Enjoying Life in Alaska



Four Miles from Shore on the Ice at Nome

Shortly after the troubled launching of Juneau's social life, there came an event which stirred society to its depths. This was a wedding which was "solemnized" in the Log Cabin Church. The decorations were chiefly Chinese umbrellas and fans. Some one at the eleventh hour suggested that a bridal arch would be most effective; so a "work of art" was constructed out of a tulle veil, a few yards of ribbon and some artificial orange blossoms all wound on cotton batting over a wire frame. At one side of the church was a large table, covered with a red tablecloth and bearing the wedding presents among which were a dozen fresh eggs, then the greatest luxury. A miner was heard to say, as he gazed at them, "that for his part he never could see why anyone liked fresh eggs, they didn't have enough flavor for him."

Contrary to precedent, the bride and groom walked down the isle together and stood under the cotton batting arch. In a moment of excitement, the groom came in too close proximity to the arch and carried the greater part of the cotton away on his suit.

Many amusing incidents occurred on this "grand occasion," such as the remarks of one of the guests who was heard to say, "Jim, what does this layout remind you of?" To which his friend replied, "Why a beer garden, of course." The ceremony proceeded to a happy close.

Cheerless Start of a Mining Boom Town in Alaska

After the wedding guests adjourned to the hotel where refreshments were served, all crowded into the small parlor, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other. For some time silence reigned, until the groom's father rose and told how the "grooms now-a-days" had nothing to pay for. Then he added:

"In my day, us fellers didn't git off so easy—why, just one of the things I had to do was buy my whole wife's family ten-dollar gold brooches. My son, Sam, sure is a lucky boy to git off so cheap."

This eloquent speech concluded, he seated himself. The bride's mother now took the floor and remarked that she guessed that she could have broken up this match if she had pleased. This was more than the bride could stand, and she, in much agitation, denied the charge. The mother, nothing daunted, turned to her eldest daughter and said:

"Yes, and I could have broken up Katie's engagement, too."

Kate, somewhat ruffled, announced to the assembled multitude that she would like to see her mother break her engagement. The mother again vehemently reiterated her remark and took her seat. After this slight family altercation, silence once more fell upon the guests, till all sang "Pull for the Shore!" which seemed to have been most appropriate, as this matrimonial venture proved to be a most stormy voyage.

The winter before I graduated from school I stayed at home. There were also three of my friends in Juneau that year. It was decided that things were much too quiet and that a Thanksgiving Dance should be given. After certain matters, such as patronesses, hall and refreshments, had been settled, we all agreed not to ask Mrs. S——, a woman who always played for the dances, to play for us. She was a woman of whom we disapproved. How she found out our intentions is still a mystery. She was so angry that she went at once and hired secretly the only good hall in town, as well as all the available musicians, to give an opposition dance.

When we learned this, we still determined to give the dance by hook or by crook. Musicians, after desperate hunting, were found, but the hall was another question. Upon inquiry we were told that the hardware store had a warehouse above it. We went to see it and it and it seemed to have a good floor. The greatest difficulty was in heating the place. To be sure there was a small stove in a room partitioned off in one corner of the warehouse. It was decided to keep the stove red-hot, so that between dances the guests might gather around it and keep warm.

On the day of the dance several of us visited the room unexpectedly to see what could be done in the way of decorations. Imagine our horror to find several coffins standing against the walls! Above the room in the corner of the warehouse we noticed for the first time the same offending objects. It was too late to recall the invitations. We vainly hoped that no one would discover our gruesome secret; but alas! all too soon we saw guests gazing up. In spite of all this the dance went on. All the young people voted the occasion the greatest social success of the season.

When we first went to Alaska the older natives were willing to trade furs and baskets for clothing and other articles. One day an Indian came to the door with a young girl. Their curios proved to be very choice, especially their baskets. I suddenly had an inspiration to trade an old coat of mine, which was heavy and very attractive except for the sleeves, which were large and therefore out of style at that time. The old woman was quite pleased and was on the verge of making the trade, when the granddaughter said, in the most scornful tone, "Cultus! Cultus!" meaning "No good!" She then turned to me and said, "Sleeves big, old-fashioned." So the trade was not made.

Speaking of Indians reminds me of an incident that once took place. An elderly man came to Juneau and became interested in mines. He was very much disfigured and was almost a cripple. Near the mine was an Indian village where a young girl, "Klahash," lived. For an Indian girl she had more than average intelligence and was really very good looking. After thinking it over for some time, the man went to the girl's parents and asked for her in marriage. Of course they were highly honored, but there was one difficulty — Klahash had a lover.

Native Town Council of Kivalina, Alaska. Mayor on Left

The wedding-day came, and just as the ceremony was being performed, Klahash began to cry loudly in Indian fashion, so that the ceremony could not be continued. Later, however, she said she would try again; but there was the same result. Her future husband remonstrated and told her that she must make up her mind, that the minister and everyone were thoroughly exasperated. At first she said:

"I won't marry you, but I will marry my Indian sweetheart!" After more persuasion by the parents, she said:

"I'll tell you what I will do; if I can get through the ceremony tomorrow without crying, I, of course, will be married to you; but if I cry I will never try again to marry you."

The next day she did not shed a tear. The Indian lover was so broken-hearted that he went to bed and would not eat or speak to anyone for five days. After that he recovered and shortly afterwards he found someone to console him. The white bridegroom sent his Indian wife to school for several years and she became very much civilized, dressed in good taste, and demanded every attention.

No community exists without queer, as well as interesting, characters, and Juneau was no exception to the rule. One eccentric character, who still lingers in my memory, is the town's washerwoman. She was a very strong woman, and possessed a vocabulary not fit for publication. She smoked a pipe, and smoked it openly.

Her system of keeping the washing of the various families, was most unique. Every Saturday, when the washing was returned, we knew that two-thirds of it would be entire strangers to our wardrobe. No amount of tears or threats availed. She would look you calmly in the eye and declare that she had returned every article; hence, every Saturday there was a general scurrying about town to reclaim lost property. During the Klondyke rush, she promised to "grub-stake" a young man many years her junior on condition that he would marry her. This he promptly did and, in the parlance of the North "struck it rich." When we last heard of Juneau's one-time famous washerwoman, she was enjoying life in San Francisco. To show the public that she was not ashamed of her former means of livelihood, she had a gold brooch made in the shape of a washboard, with a bar of soap represented in ivory.

Out of The Frying Pan

An Operatic Tragedy

By Farnsworth Wright

FORTUNIO DUO was an operatic tenor. That does not explain how he happened to be owing a thousand dollars to his hotel, for he received that much every night he sang, according to the newspapers, and he therefore ought to have found it easy to pay his bills. But the tenor was all but broke, and the hotel was guarding his trunks until he should pay up.

He was promised two thousand dollars for a two weeks' engagement as guest artist in a neighboring city, where he was to make his first appearance in opera the next day. This was twice as much money as was needed to pay his bill at the hotel. But the hotel managers, who were pigs without appreciation of art, would not release his trunks. So Signor Duo, he of the musical name, laid his head to his pillow and wept. He wailed aloud in his anguish of soul, and called down curses on the pigs who treated him so shamefully.

How came the tenor to be penniless when he received one thousand dollars a night? He had sung fifteen times during the operatic season just ended, and simple arithmetic shows that he should have been paid fifteen thousand dollars.

Unfortunately, the rules of arithmetic did not apply. The newspapers simply were misinformed about Signor Duo's salary, for they had accepted the statements of the opera company's publicity man at their face value. Signor Duo's contract called for fifteen performances, but three of these were to be sung gratis, and for the other twelve he was to be paid two hundred and fifty dollars each, or one-fourth what the newspapers declared he received. Out of this he had to pay his manager ten per cent.

And he gave Mr. Doppler fifty dollars a week to furnish paid applauders. Of course he did not **need** a claque! It was an insult to suggest that he, the great Italian tenor, could not get applause without buying it! But—suppose the claquers should hiss him if he refused to pay? That was different, and Signor Duo was very grateful to Mr. Doppler, who knew the ways of these Americans, for saving his singing from being ruined by a wicked and unprincipled claque. He also gave Mr. Doppler fifty dollars a week to bribe the newspaper critics into saying pleasant things about him. In his simple soul he supposed there would be not the slightest difficulty in buying favorable notices. But Mr. Doppler knew better, and put the money into the Doppler bank account, and the newspapers saw not a cent of it all.

Mr. Doppler was secretary and assistant to Signor Parmese Pescatore, the

great Italian maestro and operatic director. The maestro was of course too exalted a personage to stoop to graft, but —he hired Mr. Doppler as his secretary.

Of the three thousand dollars allowed to Signor Duo in his contract, the tenor received in actual cash only seventeen hundred dollars. He had to advertize in several musical journals, as all important singers do. He had to buy many high-priced costumes. He had been mulcted by a fellow patriot who wanted funds to back a benefit for Italian war orphans, and ran away with his collections. But why enumerate all the ways in which a tenor spends money? Suffice it to say that he still owed the money due to the musical papers that carried his advertising, that he owed money to his tailor, his hotel, his music teacher, and everybody else who had dealings with him. The only people that had collected from him were his manager and Mr. Doppler. The manager was paid only through the courtesy of Mr. Doppler, who deducted the manager's commission from Signor Duo's salary and sent it to this gentleman after he (Doppler) had first taken one-fourth of it as a collection fee. Alas that there are so many Dopplers in this vale of tears!

One might well ask why the tenor did not leave his trunks and his troubles, board the train, sing his two weeks as guest tenor, and then get his baggage back by paying his hotel bill. The reason he could not do so is because his costumes were in those trunks, and without costumes an operatic tenor is of no more use than a drum major in overalls.

Many schemes went through his perplexed brain, but one after another he had to abandon them all. He wiped his perspiring forehead on a richly perfumed handkerchief, sprayed perfumery on his clothes, sat down on his bed, and wept.

Then a dread assailed him — what if this superfluity of sobs were affecting his voice? So he opened his mouth and began to shake forth Canio's lament from "I. Pagliacci," the opera in which he was billed to open the next night. He stopped, dismally, as the import of the words was borne in on him: "Tu sei pagliaccio!" (You are a clown!)

"No, pagliaccio non son!" he sang, and resumed his interrupted flow of tears. There came a knock at his door, and he hastily powdered his face to conceal the stains of weeping, sprayed perfume on his hair, and quavered, "Come in."

It was his friend, Carter, a newspaper reporter who sometimes breezed around the opera house in search of stories and features about the "nuts," as he called them. He blew into the tenor's room at this dismal minute like a breath of fresh air.

"Ah, Meester Carter," exclaimed the tenor, in his inimitable French-Italian accent; "I am in trooble, Meester Carter, mooch trooble, and I wish you should help-a me. Ah, you will aid me! Now I can be happy once more, for I have leaved it to you! You will find-a ze way! Tra-la-la!"

"What's up?" Carter queried.

"Ah, Meester Carter, I must to sing in 'Pagliacci' tomorrow night. But I cannot to take ze trunks from zis hotel. And all my costumes, zay are in ze trunks, and I must not leave ze city wizzout ze costumes. I owe it to ziss hotel mooch money, and zay hold ze trunks until zay have ze money. But now I leave it all to you, and you will make it arrange. Oh tra-la-la," he sang merrily.

Carter thought the tenor was giving him a pretty stiff assignment, but he tackled it with spirit.

"You be here in your room tonight at 10 o'clock, without fail, and I'll fix it for you," he promised after a minute of reflection, which was punctuated by the tenor's warblings.

Carter reserved a room, as he went out, for Miss Cecily Jones of Milwaukee, and about 10 that evening he came into the hotel with a young woman of the operatic chorus, who registered under the name he had chosen for her. She ordered her trunk and two suit-cases taken up to her room. Carter smuggled the key to the tenor. Then he accompanied the young woman to the nearest elevated station, and escorted her to her home.

Signor Duo worked hard that night. Packing trunks and suit-cases is a tedious job for a tenor who has no valet to assist him. In the morning he came down to the hotel desk.

"I eat here no more where nobody not

trust me," he snapped to the hotel clerk. "I go eat-a my breakfast outside in ze restaurant. Some time, I make you mooch trooble—mooch trooble!"

In the morning Carter's friend of the chorus also made her appearance at the hotel, and paid her bill—out of the little money yet remaining to the tenor. She ordered her trunk and suit-cases sent to the railroad station, and Signor Duo took charge of them there. A happy smile lighted his face.

"Ah, zoze hotel peegs!" he exploded. "Now zay will wait wan long time for ze money! You will see."

The tenor's soul was at peace. He sat in the parlor car and enjoyed the beauties of the landscape. Joy had returned to his world. And he would get his revenge on those grasping hotelkeepers, for they would wait, wait, wait, a m-ee-leon year, before they got any money from him.

Signor Duo arrived in good time at his destination. He sent his trunk to the theater and his suit-cases to the hotel, and notified the opera company by telephone of his arrival. Then he went to his hotel and washed for dinner.

Never had life seemed so rosy. He was about to conquer a new city, to bring new hundreds of music lovers under the potent spell of his voice. He pictured to himself the many curtain calls he would receive, the salvos of applause, the cries of "bravo," the adoration of the women, the handclaps of the orchestra. He glanced at the pictures of himself as Canio and Don Jose, in the evening newspapers, and read the exaggerated reports, prepared by the press agent of the local opera company, which seemed to him truthfully accurate, of his successes in New York and other cities. He ate his dinner with more than usual relish, tipped the waiter bountifully, and set out on foot for the theater where he was to sing, stopping several times to admire the announcements on the billboards heralding him as "Italy's Golden-voiced Tenor." It was indeed a happy day for Signor Fortunio Duo.

As he neared the theater, the crowds increased.

"They come early to the opera here," thought the proud tenor. "The press agent his work well done."

He quickened his pace. There were more people in the streets, and still more, hundreds of them, thousands, and all hurrying in the same direction.

'Where stands the opera house?" he asked an excited urchin who came rushing by him.

"Just around the corner," shouted the boy, "before it took fire. The front wall is just fell in."

Signor Duo, staggered under the blow and almost fell between the wheels of a fire-engine rushing up to answer a general alarm.

He wiped his damp brow with his perfumed handkerchief and reflected that it was indeed a most merciful dispensation of a kind Providence which made him a waiter before he took to the grand opera stage.

THE MAGIC OF THE DUNES

By Burton Jackson Wyman

By day, the dunes of shifting sands,
Sun-seared and by the sea-wind whipped,
In desolation rise—
By night, beneath the mellow moon,
While lovers kiss and whisper low,
They bloom, a Paradise.

The Strike-Breaker

By Charles Horace Meiers

THE soldiers had been returning home to San Francisco so rapidly that when the telephone strike, which seriously crippled service on the Pacific Coast, came, many of them were back on their old jobs.

This situation rendered it more difficult for women to secure lucrative employment than it had been during the months when the war was at its height in the engagement of man-power.

Virginia White realized this, and, in view of the fact that for certain reasons she needed all of the money that she could get within a short time, she decided to take a position as telephone operator; or, in the generally applied sense, to become a strike-breaker.

The telephone company was offering certain special inducements in treatment and pay to operators who remained upon the job and to those who came in to work while the strike was on.

Although protected as much as was reasonably possible from being molested by the strikers, operators working during that time were hooted and called scabs—and in some instances worse names—by the more radical individuals among the strikers, who hovered about the entrances to the offices hoping to embarrass the others to the extent that they would quit rather than face the remarks that were fired at them as they passed in and out of the offices. All entrances were guarded, and operators were taken to and from their work in automobiles, in each of which a special officer rode for their protection.

Despite these precautions the strikers managed to make many of the workers uncomfortable with their ominous shouts of: "Scab! She's a scab!" and similar remarks whenever one of them appeared. On some occasions they were followed as they undertook to shop, and were subjected to the same embarrassment, much to their chagrin. This, presumably, by individuals whose conduct had no sanction of those in charge of proceedings.

Among those who were most zealous in this line was Mary Munster, who from the first time that she saw Virginia, modest, neat and pretty, enter the office, seemed to single her out as a mark for her most sarcastic remarks. Every time that she caught sight of Virginia she would hurl some particularly galling insinuation at her. "The scab! She ought to be ashamed of herself! Maybe she's supporting a husband!" These are fair examples of the remarks to which she subjected Virginia, in the hope that the dainty and modest little woman would quit rather than continue to be thus humiliated.

Two weeks passed, during which time the strikers became a little more sarcastic, and Mary became more and more relentless in her determination to "get Virginia's goat," if possible. She inquired, and, having learned where Virginia lived, decided to go there and suggestively threaten the little woman, in the hope that

fear might prove more effective than had her campaign of harrassing, which had failed.

Accordingly, Virginia responded to a ring of the door-bell one evening shortly after returning from work, and found herself face to face with Mary.

There was an embarrassment of a moment and an impulse to close the door; but Virginia overcame the impulse. Assuming, as well as possible, an attitude of composure, she smiled sweetly, as varied experience had taught her was a good thing to do in any situation, and said:

"Good evening, Miss Munster."

"Good evening," replied Mary sarcastically. "I want you to listen to me for just about one minute. I'm going to hand you the straight dope, too. The girls are getting about ready to stop talking and to start acting. I don't know how long we calmer ones can hold them in restraint; and we can't guarantee that strike-breakers will be safe if they should break loose from our control. Do you get me?"

Virginia stepped outside and with her sweetest smile put her arm around Mary as she pulled her gently toward the door, saying:

"Come in. I want to talk this over with you."

Mary was surprised, and she hesitated; but somehow Virginia's personality was commanding and she could but obey.

Virginia ushered her into the modest living room and graciously seated her in a comfortable chair. She seemed to have gained the upper hand in affairs, and Mary began to feel somewhat ill at ease.

"Now, let us consider the situation calmly," began Virginia. "Don't you think that you girls take an extreme view of your rights when you undertake to tell a person in a free country that that person may not work unless paid what you or somebody else thinks should be paid? Have I not a right to work when I receive what is satisfactory to me, regardless of what others think? Or, do I have to let others tell me when I may work and when I may not?"

"For the good of all, one should forego personal benefits sometimes," replied Mary sagely.

Both realized the futility of prolonging an argument which has innumerable points on each side; and for a moment they sat in silence. Then Virginia stepped to the door of an adjoining room and, opening it said:

"Mary, I want you to meet my mother."

Mary entered the room, where Virginia's mother lay, a frail little bundle of humanity tucked into a dainty white bed.

"Mother, meet Miss Munster, one of the girls from the office," she said.

Mary came close to the little woman, who smiled sweetly despite her condition, and for a moment there was silence. Virginia was the first to speak.

"Mother has been ill for a long time," she said. "She is to have an operation soon. Then she will recover rapidly," I feel certain.

The next day when Virginia appeared at the telephone office there were no jibes for her. The girls watched her enter, with sympathy in their glances. That evening when she came out, Mary pushed past the guards and held out a small package to her saying:

"Here's something from the girls, for your mother."

The package contained a hundred dollars, which Mary had collected at a mass meeting of the strikers.

LOVE AND WISDOM.

By Annis Knowles.

All Truth is great to bless mankind,
But Love, which covers every difference of faith,
Surmounts and crowns the purpose of our obligation to our God and Brother.

The Black Opal

A Shot in the Dark, and a Basket of Champagne, in Dry Days, Cause Complications

By Caroline Katherine Franklin

(Part IV)

All Fools Night in June.

CHARLOTTE, with a headache as an excuse, had just put on her petunia kimono, and was taking down her hair.

She paused with a shell hairpin in her hand and looked at her engagement finger, on which a white diamond winked. Dr. Gordon—she supposed she must call him "Hoffman," now—had said that he needed her, that he wanted her! He had set forth in nicely polished language, that he was thirty-eight, physically sound; and that he was amply able to keep her in the style to which she was accustomed. Would she be his wife?

There had been none of the humility of Jack's wooing— But she mustn't even think of Jack! No doubt Fatima had him safely in her clutches by now.

She wished the folks down there on the veranda would get sleepy, and betake themselves to bed. She could hear Auntie's voice, and Mrs. Farrel's; and now and again, her mother's. The rest of the crowd was singing to a lively tune which one of the college boys flailed from the long-suffering piano— What was that?

She leaned from the open window and peered into the soft darkness.

A shot! Another!

A hubbub of voice rose. The gay tune stopped with a crash; and by the commotion, it was plain that everybody had rushed out on the veranda.

In the clear, still night sounds carry far. Someone was coming on a run down the road, which was bordered with the tall geranium hedge. The sound of pounding feet drew nearer, nearer. Silence had succeeded tumult in the crowd down there; they seemed to be waiting—for what?

Charlotte thought of escaped lunatics, of the Bolsheviki, of exploding bombs; and—her litle mother was down there!

She rushed to the door, wrenched it open and fled down the dimly lighted hall. Her French heels clattered on the bare polished stairs as she raced downward. Breathless, panting, she stood in the doorway, looking out at the group that had gathered about—What? Whom?

It was Collins, Aunt Fiske's man, who, staggering, stumbling, sprawled on the floor of the porch.

"Collins, what's the meaning of this?" cried Mrs. Fiske, sharply.

It was a burly figure of a man that cowered at Aunt Fiske's feet.

"I—killed a man," he said, thickly. "Back there, he was. I—didn't know 'twas loaded. I—killed—a man!"

"How do you know that you killed him?"

"He—he fell down."

"What did you kill him with?"

"Th' rifle you give me to scare away fruit thieves. All blanks they was, I'd a-swore! But—he fell down. I didn't know 'twas loaded."

The weapon the man carried slipped from his shaking hand and lay buried among coiling nasturtium vines at the side of the step. Collins did not raise his head. It was as if he could not bear to face those who were gazing at him, some with pity, others with curiosity.

Dr. Gordon now took a hand in the cross-examination:

"Where is the man? He may be wounded—not dead. We are wasting time, here, that might perhaps save a life. Two men with a blanket can carry him. May I trouble you, Mrs. Fiske? Come with me, Collins. You, too, if you please, Mr. Lee."

Doctor Gordon was everywhere at once, efficient, alert. No one beside the two men named had been asked to go with the doctor—and no one went. The three men tramped off into the night, Collins volubly explaining as they tramped along.

"Yes, sir! I shot him. That Mr. Jack and th' young lady— What's 'er name?"

"Miss Mallory," Lee supplied.

"Yes, sir. That's it. Miss Mal'ry, she said we'd better watch out and see if we couldn't trap th' thief what stole Mrs. Fiske's jools—"

"Oh!" Doctor Gordon interrupted. "It wasn't a fruit thief that you fired at, then?"

"No, sir! I was a-watchin', with my gun handy; and I seen him sneak out th' basement door. I thinks mebbe if I follers, I'll see where he's got his plunder stowed. But I trips over a root or somethin', and th' blamed gun goes off by ac'dent. Th' man starts to run, and I fires ag'in, to stop him. And down he goes! 'Twas right over there — Gosh! W-who's that?"

"Hello!" hailed a voice that rang familiar.

Dr. Gordon switched his medicine case to his left hand, pulled an electric torch from his coat pocket and focussed the light on — Gretchen Mallory and Jack Benton!

"What in—" began the doctor; but remembering the presence of a lady, he stopped.

"Did you bag the thief?" Mr. Lee wanted to know. And: "Is h-he plumb dead?" Collins begged to be told, through chattering teeth.

"You'll never be hanged for what you did tonight," Jack assured him. "What in blazes did you run for? The gun wasn't loaded— I saw to that. I told you it wasn't loaded—"

"B-but he f-f-fell down," Collins insisted.

"No, he dropped and lay still, hoping to escape notice. The minute you started to run for the house, he got up and ran the other way."

Miss Mallory was quite proud of her adventure.

"At least, we gave him an awful scare." She dimpled prettily at the disgruntled doctor, who always preferred the center of the limelight for himself. "I don't believe he'll come back."

"We'll look the ground over," said the doctor, "and see if there are footprints, or anything by which we can trace him."

He advanced, swinging the light in half circles on the ground. Fifty paces forward, he stopped and stared incredulously. The three men and Miss Mallory joined them.

"Well, of all the—" Lee exploded.

"Looks like a basket," commented Jack. "A basket of—champagne! It is a basket of champagne!"

"Champagne!" parroted Miss Mallory. "Is that what the thief stole from Mrs. Fiske's basement? From Mrs. Fiske's basement! Why, she's — she's rabidly prohibition! She'd have hydrophobia if she saw this."

"We'll take it with us as — er — evidence," the doctor declared, pompously. "I notice that its 'Vintage 1908'—"

"By all means, let's hold onto the 'evidence!'" laughed Mr. Lee. "In these times of drought, a little 'evidence' is a precious thing."

Mr. Lee took the blanket Collins had

(Continued on Page 457.)

Stories From The Files

Famous Writers Who Contributed to the Overland Monthly Fifty Years Ago

Comparisons of French and American Politeness, By Mark Twain

By E. Clarence O'Day

Twain Statue at Hannibal, Mo.

IN the April number of the Overland Monthly we reviewed some of Mark Twain's French anecdotes that were printed in the Overland Monthly, August, 1868, when Bret Harte was editor. The first number had made its appearance in July, and to that Twain had also contributed a short paper, in which he made comparisons of French and American officialdom, with some disadvantage to the latter. Twain had reached Europe fresh from the Great West, and what he saw in the Old World impressed him almost as much as if he had flown from Omaha to Mars. The characteristic politeness of the French, and the national antipathy to needless haste, were pleasant revelations to the Western humorist. His satisfaction finds expression in the subjoined excerpts.

"In France all is clock-work, all is order. They make no mistakes. Every third man wears a uniform, and whether he be a marshal of the Empire or a brakeman, he is ready and perfectly willing to answer all your questions with tireless politeness, ready to tell you which car to take, yes and ready to go and put you in it to make sure that you shall not go astray.

"You cannot pass into the waiting-room of the depot till you have secured your ticket, and you cannot pass from its only exit till the train is at its threshold to receive you. Once on board, the train will not start till your ticket has been examined—till every passengers' ticket has been inspected. This is chiefly for your own good. If by any possibility you have managed to take the wrong train, you will be handed over to a polite official who will take you whither you belong, and bestow you with many an affable bow.

"Your ticket will be inspected every now and then along the route, and when it is time to change cars you will know it. You are in the hands of officials who zealously study your welfare and your interest, instead of turning their talents to the invention of new methods of discommoding and snubbing you, as is very often the main employment of that exceedingly self-satisfied monarch, the railway conductor of America.

"At the depots no frantic crowding and jostling, no shouting and swearing, and no swaggering intrusion of services by rowdy hackmen. These latter gentry stand outside—stand quietly by their long line of vehicles, and say never a word. A kind hackman-general seems to have the whole matter of transportation in his hands. He politely receives the passengers and ushers them to the kind of conveyance they want, and tells the driver where to deliver them. There is no talking back and no discussion about overcharging, no grumbling about anything.

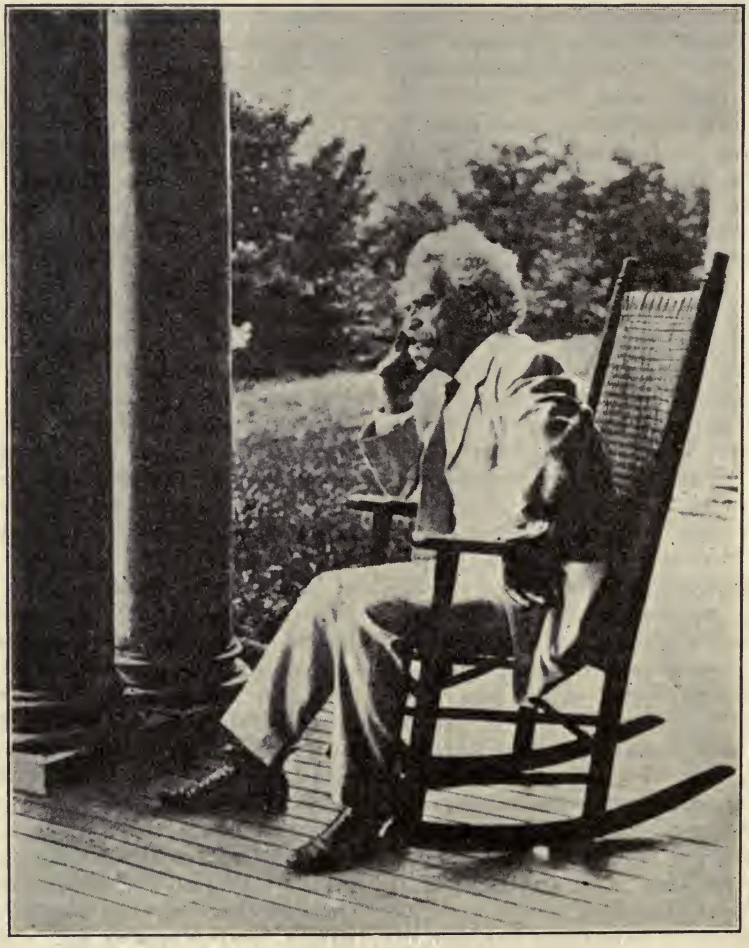
"But the happiest regulation in French railway government is—twenty minutes to dinner! No five-minute bolting of flabby rolls, muddy coffee, questionable eggs, gutta-percha beef, and pies whose conception and execution are a dark and bloody mystery to all save the cook that created them. No; we sat calmly down—

it was in old Dijon, which is so easy to spell and so impossible to pronounce — and poured our rich Burgundian wines, and munched calmly through a long table d'hote bill of fare; then paid the trifle it cost and stepped happily aboard the train again, without once cursing the railroad company! A rare experience and one to be treasured!

"They say they have no railroad accidents in France. But why? Because when one occurs somebody has to hang for it. Not hang maybe, but be punished with such vigor of emphasis as to make negligence a thing to be shuddered at by railroad officials for many a day thereafter. 'No blame attached to the officers' — that lying and disaster-breeding verdict, so common to our soft-hearted juries —is seldom rendered in France."

The leisurely ceremoniousness of French dinner tables appealed to Twain, who left a reputation on the Pacific Coast of having been the owner of an appetite out of all proportion to his height and weight. He alludes several times in his Overland Monthly papers to the French table d'hote.

"We have learned to go through the lingering routine with patience, with serenity, with satisfaction," he wrote. "We take soup; then wait a few minutes for the fish; a few minutes more and the plates are changed and the roast beef



Mark Twain on the Veranda of His Home at Hartford, Connecticut

Office of the Hannibal Union, Where Mark Twain Learned the Printing Trade, as a Boy

comes; another change and we take peas; change again and take lentils; change and take snail-patties (I prefer grasshoppers); change and take roast chicken and salad; then strawberry pie and ice cream; then green figs, pears, oranges, green almonds, etc.; finally coffee. Wine with every course, of course,

One of the best stories of official politeness related by Twain in his contributions to the Overland Monthly, had for its hero a Nevada citizen, who grew tired of sitting outside the railings at the Champ de Mars, when a grand review of troops was taking place, and walked inside to an open space which commanded a fine view.

"He was the only person there. By and by there was a grand flourish of trumpets and a great cortege came towards the enclosure. At the head rode the Emperor of the French accompanied by the Emperor of Austria with an escort of the famous Cent Gardes. The royal party entered the enclosure and the Nevadan held his ground. Directly in response to a sign from the commander of the Guards a young lieutenant with a file of soldiers following rode towards the civilian intruder, checked his horse, raised his hand and saluted, and then said in a low voice he was sorry to disturb a stranger and a gentleman, but the place was reserved for royalty. The Reese River phantom rose up and bowed and begged pardon. The officer rode beside him, the file of soldiers marched behind him, and thus with every mark of respect he was escorted to his carriage by the Imperial Cent Gardes. The officer saluted again and fell back. The Reese River sprite bowed in return and had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had simply called on a matter of private business with those two emperors, and so waved them adieu and drove from the field.

"Imagine a poor Frenchman ignorantly intruding upon a public rostrum, sacred to some six-penny dignitary in America. The police would scare him to death first with a storm of their elegant blashphemy, and then pull him to pieces getting him away from there."

(Stories from the Files will be continued in the June number.)

Methods At Dr. Bonregard's

Some Tense Moments For An Unsuspecting Visitor

By Roger Salardenne

SOME years ago I had occasion to visit the asylum for lunatics situated on the seashore, near the village of La Flotte, in the Isle de Re.

"You wish to see some one Monsieur?" questioned a little brown-haired man.

"I am one of the internes of this asylum," he continued, and in the conversation which ensued he explained that he knew all the methods of Dr. Bonregard, who at the moment was not accessible.

The interne pointed out to me a man seated on a bench.

"That man is one of the most dangerous lunatics in the asylum," he remarked.

"Truly I should never think so, to look at him," I replied.

"No, Monsieur, but appearances are deceitful in persons affected by insanity. For instance, we have here a young woman whose sweetness and docility made her one of the privileged patients. Eh bien! One day she managed to procure herself a knife and cut the throats of two of her companions."

We entered a pavilion of three floors, with a roof which formed a large terrace. We proceeded together up the stairs and reached the top, and having closed the door behind us advanced to the side of the terrace.

"Delightful view," I said to my companion.

"Yes, but the other side is better. Let us go there. Do you wish it?"

We directed our steps towards the other extremity of the terrace. All at once the interne stopped and turning towards me demanded, close up:

"Are you married?"

I regarded him with astonishment — then answered, while laughing.

"Yes, since one year. But why that question?"

"Do not laugh Monsieur! I speak seriously; Do you love your wife?"

"What an idea?" I replied, believing it was a pleasantry. "Surely I do."

"Ah—you love her; then you have a heart."

"Naturally."

"I pray you do not laugh," repeated my interlocutor. "Would you please to tell me sincerely, what are the dimensions of your heart?"

He regarded me face to face, and his dark eyes fixed upon mine were strangely brilliant. The horrible reality flashed upon me. I was confronted by a madman.

I am not a poltroon, but the critical situation unnerved me for a moment. I managed, however, to collect my senses and recover my sang-froid.

"My dear friend," I said, "no person has ever seen my heart; no person is therefore able to tell the exact dimensions. I know that it is very small and would be of no use to you. . . It will be better for us to descend the stairs, for the Doctor will become impatient."

"I am sure on the contrary that you will be very useful for my project. Listen! I have never loved any person. Then I have not a heart, and you understand well, that it is absolutely necessary to have a heart to live. It is evident that I am dead. That is logic, is it not? And you must comprehend, Monsieur, that I have no desire to remain dead for ever. It is therefore my intention to appropriate your heart."

I remembered of a sudden, that in the pocket of my vest was a phial of chloroform, bought at Rochelle the previous day and intended for one of my friends, a dentist, at Saint-Martin-de-Re, whom I intended to visit later.

(Continued on Page 453.)

Schwab on Money-Making

The Famous Iron-Master Gives Princeton Students Advice

Some Interesting Remarks on a Young Man's Million Dollar Salary

By Frederick L. Douglas

THE address which the celebrated iron-master, Charles M. Schwab, delivered recently at Princeton University had for its thesis, "Success"—what must a young man do for its attainment?

Of course Mr. Schwab spoke of business success—for he is essentially a man of affairs—a captain of industry, engaged in the greatest of mechanical pursuits, out of which enormous fortunes have been made, by virtue of American energy and by grace of a high protective tariff.

The view-point of any successful man, according to the world's standards is always highly interesting, and Mr. Schwab proved himself in his Princeton speech a man of reflection. With the confidence of a victor in life's struggle, he told the students how material victory might be won. He cited cases of remarkable business success, and he impressed on his young listeners that there is more in life than the splendors which money can give—the consciousness of honest accomplishment—the pride in doing things as had been planned.

There were some ethical deficiencies in Mr. Schwab's highly interesting address to the young men of Princeton. No doubt some of the radical Socialists who have criticized him for paying one of his lieutenants an annual salary of a million dollars will again pick flaws in his philosophy, though he took pains to impress it on his audience that the immense financial reward is not given as salary but as a partner's share in the profits.

One suspects in reading Mr. Schwab's Princeton speech that his precise statements about this million-dollar "bonus" was in the nature of an answer to the radical criticisms. To quote from Mr. Schwab's speech:

> In our works at Bethlehem and San Francisco and all over the United States I adopted this system: I pay the managers of our works practically no salary. I make them partners in the business, only I don't let them share in the efforts of any other men. For example, if a man is manager of a blast furnace department he makes profit out of the successful conduct of his department, but I don't allow him to share in the prosperity of some other able man in some other department of the establishment. I give him a percentage of what he saves or makes in the department immediately under his own control and management. For example, if it takes a dollar a ton to make pig iron, and it takes him a dollar a ton to make pig iron, I say to him:
>
> "Well, you are no better than the average manager over the country. Therefore you are entitled to only the usual wages. But if you can make pig iron at 90 cents a ton you are entitled to share with me in a large part of the profits. And if you make it for 40 or 50 cents a ton you share a very large degree."
>
> Therefore, I don't care how much a man earns. The more he earns the better I like him. And I pay in what I call bonuses to the various superintendents and managers of the different establishments more money for their successful management than I pay the stockholders of the concern in dividends. And it will surprise you to know the great sums of money that some of these men make. I would be afraid to tell you for fear of discouraging you in your start in life. But I don't mind saying that forty, fifty, sixty, a hundred thousand dollars a year for these men is not infrequent. And in the case of men like Mr. Grace, well, many, many times that.
>
> It is a matter of common knowledge and it is a matter that has been published. And I am glad to tell you that in the carying out of this principle Mr. Grace has earned considerably more than $1,000,000 a year.
>
> It would run into several millions.

The receiver of this immense bonus

from Mr. Schwab is Eugene Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Company. He was educated at Lehigh University and when Mr. Schwab first knew him he was a shoveler of coal at an electric crane. Mr. Schwab found Grace absolutely dependable in whatever position he was placed, "and today," said the iron-master, "Mr. Grace stands among the great business men of New York and this country, with the reputation of being a man of absolute integrity, and a man upon whom everybody can place the greatest possible confidence."

Mr. Schwab extends the principle of bonuses to his workmen as well as his managers, he said in his Princeton speech. His words are worth quoting:

> Now, I do the same with the working people. I say that a good workman is entitled to more pay than a poor workman. And, therefore, wherever it is possible we have our workmen paid for the amount of work they do. I know that is contrary to the general rules of trade unionism, etc., but it is the proper economic basis that a man shall be paid for the work he does and proportionately to the work that he does. And so I carry this principle through every establishment that I have. The Bethlehem business is now the second largest business in the United States. It was exceeded only by the Steel Corporation last year. Other than that, it was the largest business in the United States, and I give it no more thought or no more attention and not as much as I have to my coming to be a guest of you boys here this evening.
>
> In writing the organization for our establishment I say the President shall have no duties, and shall keep his mind free to survey and direct the whole affair, so as to have it go in harmony. I let younger men run the great establishments, notwithstanding the fact that I own the greater part of them. After all, there is nothing so scarce in the world as competent and successful men in the management of a business. There is nothing we are so constantly looking for as that.

Having told the Princeton boys how they could attain success, the great iron-master indulged in some moralizing. He had that very day received an object lesson on the advantages of the simple life which he admitted set him to thinking. He had visited Miss Carnegie in Princeton and found her living by preference in the simplest of cottages and in the most unostentatious manner, yet one of the happiest young women he had ever met. She is only twenty-two and Mr. Schwab had known her all those years as an intimate family friend.

Anything that wealth could buy was hers but she chose simplicity to the ostentation. Mr. Schwab might have added that her famous father, Andrew Carnegie, gave up his Scotch castle at Skibo and in the closing years of his life sought quietude and simplicity. Another exceedingly rich man—the late William Waldorf Astor left his magnificent residences in England and closed his existence in a modest cottage in the seaside town of Brighton.

Schwab, himself, did not conceal from his student audience that he was losing some of the illusions of life with regard to the magnificences that wealth can provide. He said:

> Now, boys, there is an object lesson for all of us (the Miss Carnegie incident). I have a great house in New York. I have a great country estate. About the only pleasure I get out of it is the fact that I have to pay its taxes and have enough money in bank to do it with. I don't own the estate and I don't own the house. They own me. My secretary made up one day a list of my assets and liabilities. I am not going to tell you what they were. But he had this great estate and house on the side of my personal assets. I said: "You are wrong; they are not an asset, they are a liability. Put them on the other side." So it is, boys. As I grow older I find I want to have simpler things about me, the truest of old friends. And, boys, if you could know the joy of the long association and companionship with men such as I have known you would realize that you yet are to have such a compensation for old age as you have no idea of and you are to enjoy the truest thrills that come to the life of any man.

Mr. Schwab's address might interest older people more, if he had elaborated his remarks on the preference of enormously rich persons like Miss Carnegie, for the simple life. The acquisition of millions by Andrew Carnegie, was finer in the anticipation of vast fortune than the realization. His daughter, born to wealth, is attracted by modest simplicity. Is not the advice which American students most need, how to live sanely, get something good out of life and leave sons and daughters to respect their memory and imitate their ways. Is it possible to earn an annual salary of a million dollars and be true to yourself and your country? Is it worth the struggle. A witty Frenchman has said: "Americans have no time to live—only time to die."

Hymen's Path Made Clear

Strange Objection of a Marriageable Maid

Perhaps She Had True Vision But Maybe She Judged Wisely and Well

By Knowles Entrikin

"YOU are satisfied?"

"Absolutely," I answered and looked at Douglas defiantly. I can bear talk about marriage with good grace usually but with such an old friend as he is, I always defend my marriage with the shame-faced heat given to a cause one does not quite believe in. Then, too, SHE was not there. When SHE is I never need to grow hot and serious; they see me looking at her. I mean all pre-matrimonial friends.

"You look cheerful enough, anyway," Douglas said, grinning broadly at me. I grinned back. It was four years since I had last seen him in the East. Now we had met in the West. He was astraddle his chair puffing away, his face red in the firelight as I had seen it so many times in the old days at the club-house. Back of him in the dusk of his cabin living-room his old books filled big, rough shelves. But Douglas looked more capable and broader-beamed mentally and physically than when we were in college together. He had forsaken medical ambitions and gone to the soil by the best of the technical schools.

"I've been lucky," I said after a pause, "she is ideally—"

"I came near marrying six months ago myself," said he, not heeding my speech.

I sat up sharply. "That so?" I ventured casually. I had seen so many girls look at him in his school day as he passed by unscathed. I remember how old Mrs. Watts, the housekeeper had always kissed him shamelessly at his vacation comings and goings. The rest of us had had decorous handshakes. "Why didn't you marry?" I asked as he showed no signs of going on.

"She wouldn't have me," he said, swinging up to stand with his back to the fire. "Funny thing," he added, "I can't understand it."

I looked at him gravely, smiling inside. Douglas had a simplicity that suited him for his life of grubbing and planting. He was quite right. It was queer and looking at him, appraisingly, I decided that there was a foolish woman somewhere about.

"I might as well tell you about it," he said, and I agreed with him. I always

agree when people say they had better tell me something.

"This place hasn't been bad," he commenced, "though it is lonely. I like the hills and the soil needs careful study and coaxing, and all that sort of stuff keeps your mind fairly busy. I've known very few chaps since I came West. As to women — well I haven't bothered about them very much ever."

"Out here lately," he went on, "I've seen practically no women. The chink keeps my shack and gets the meals. The men on the place don't stand knowing very well. About the only acquaintance has been an old miner, still hangs onto an old place in a canyon down below. He's got a daughter—"

"Dark or light?"

"Blonde," he said, "about like me."

I looked him over. His skin is very white where the sun has not burned it.

He resumed his tale of woe.

"I went fishing with the old man, took him in the launch that belongs to the corporation. About the third time he asked if the girl could go along. I'd never thought to ask her. After that Clementina — that was her name — went along as a matter of course. Her luck is always good. We used to come back to their shack and she would get supper, and the old man would tell the darndest yarns."

Mentally I conjured up the picture. I could see Douglas stretching his long legs to the fire, smoking silently while the old man told his yarns and the girl—no, I could not see the girl.

"One day the old gentleman had some business, or thought he had, and couldn't go fishing, so I asked the young lady—" Douglas has a simple and inoffensive way of calling women ladies, "if she wanted to go anyway. Well, we went. I don't know whether I fell in love with her then, or if I just came to realize it. We fished all day and had supper alone in their shack. Nothing wrong about that, you know," he said rather abruptly, then fell silent. "It was great," he added after a moment's silence.

"Well?" I urged.

"We got along first rate. She liked me a lot, I think."

"Don't you know?"

"We kissed each other good-night."

"Yes?"

"That's all."

"The devil. But after that what did you do?"

"They came up here to my shack for dinner the next night—first time she had been here. She turned me down flat then."

"Do you think you offended her?"

"She says not. She just keeps saying, 'No' and nothing else. Ready for bed?" he concluded abruptly.

I slept in Douglas' bed; he on a cot, the chink had put up. As I lay in the bed I wondered about Clementina. Why wouldn't she marry a technically trained gentleman? I presumed that she was not oppressed by over-education herself? The father appeared to be an ordinary person, judging by Douglas' remarks. I must see the pair of them and—no I had long ago given up meddling. But I should like to see them.

Next day we had time for a fishing trip. On our way to the launch we trailed above the miner's hut.

"Yoicks," shouted Douglas, and a man's head was shoved from a window. "Come on fishing!"

"Can't," the old man shouted back, "but you come back for supper."

It was dusk when we pushed their cabin door open and went in. Douglas took our catch to the girl under the hanging lamp, a great, beautiful creature, strong and quiet but not placid. She thanked him with a monosyllable and he came back directly to the fire, introducing me. She nodded but the old man came across to shake my hand.

"Glad ye came," he welcomed me. Instantly I absolved him from intention in the romance of these two youngsters. I was not surprised to find his stories far from irresistible. We talked much and ate an excellent meal, the girl rising from time to time to serve us. Hers was unaffected and careless beauty. She and Douglas must marry. I could see their children, husky cubs, rolling about them in my frantic imagination. Douglas was determined to live out of doors always, away from cities and men, he needed no woman who knew the indoor technique of his kind. He did not ask life for small talk.

To the girl's astonishment I insisted on helping with the dishes. The other men sprawled in orthodox male fashion by the fire. In the pantry we raised a protective clattering.

"Why don't you marry him, Miss Clementina?" I ventured to open the conversation. She looked at me and shook her head slowly. "You like the boy of course."

"Yes," she said and looked down, scrubbing a tin.

"Love him."

She paid no attention to the impertinence.

"You made him kiss you," I accused her.

"No," she protested, "he did it of his own accord."

I looked at her. "By Heaven, I believe he did. But you let him do it."

"I didn't know then," she insisted in a low tone.

"About what?"

"His books. I never saw into his house until after—that night."

"I know," I said, "but what about them?"

"I don't like books," she said finally as though it explained everything.

"Neither do I," I confessed, "but then, I write them."

"I never caught on," she said in explanation, "as long as we stayed out doors he seemed all right."

"He is," I persisted.

"I know," she said, "but I couldn't stand them books. I can't live with 'em."

"He wouldn't mind your not knowing about them," I assured her. She looked at me without comprehending. I whispered; "He very seldom reads them. Marry him and get rid of them some day when he has gone to town." For the moment there was a glow of hope but then it died out. "You might tell him that—" I stuttered, "that mountain lions broke in and carried them away to their lair." She rebuked me with silence.

Douglas and I walked the miles to his cabin silently. I had meddled quite enough I thought, but as the days went by I saw that the boy was actually suffering acutely. Finally SHE summoned me out of the hills to meet her at San Francisco. The morning I left we stood silently by the fire, Douglas and I. Again I meddled. "You want the girl—don't you, Douglas?"

"Yes," he growled and then dropped helplessly. I gripped his shoulder.

"Chuck out this mental pabulum," I said. With his eyes on me I crossed to his book shelves, took down the "Stones of Venice," and an armful of best sellers, went over to the fire and threw them into the middle of the blaze. "Obstacles to bliss," I said briefly, then went out and climbed into the stage.

SHE always opens my telegrams for me. On Wednesday in the city she called out to me, "What on earth does this mean, dear?" Then she read the message; "Clementina thought we ought to save the Bible. Hurray, anyhow!" I snatched the sheet from her.

"It means," I said, "that Douglas has found Eden but that Clementina hasn't the heart to cast out all temptation. Let's hope it doesn't corrupt her."

"What?" SHE interposed.

"Never mind," I said hurriedly, I had meddled again. "What ought we to send Douglas for a start-off wedding present?"

SHE pondered. "Why not a copy of your new book?" SHE asked.

FLOWERS OF LOVE

By May Milain

When in my dear one's arms I lie,
With eyes closed, breathless from his kiss,
I sometimes see the fairest flowers,
Wood violets, and white clematis.

I never see the passion flowers,
Red rose or poppies' crimson glow—
But a cool, green lake and tranquil,
Where flags and water-lilies grow.

The Ghosts

Sir Oliver Lodge Was A Disappointment

More Scientific Objection to Spiritism.

By Janet Henderson

SINCE the publication of my article on "Spooks," in the April Overland Monthly, Sir Oliver Lodge, has lectured in San Francisco, and assured his audience of his firm belief in the phenomenon of spirit communications with the living. It is thirty years since he "had his first communication with the dead." It had been proved to his satisfaction life continues on the "other side," much as on this.

Sir Oliver's revelations were on a par with what is usually offered by spiritists —assertion, narrative, testimony, belief, but nothing that the Science would accept as proven fact, beyond question.

I knew a journalist some years ago, who cultivated the habit of talking with the dead. He made himself a monomaniac. He believed that he could call up the ghost of any celebrity, from Plato to Napoleon and hold long conversations with them. This was one of the forms of dementia.

Several founders of religious cults, have believed themselves endowed with powers to speak with God. Emanuel Swedenborg had visions. He declared that the Almighty came into his apartment and held converse with him. Before that, he had an acute attack of dementia, took off his clothing in a London street, and rolled himself in the gutter on a wet day.

The Rev. Cotton Mather, who preached in Boston in the Puritan days, and persecuted witches, professed to be able to hear the Devil raging around his study, when the reverend gentleman was preparing his sermons, wherein he belabored the Evil One unmercifully.

The Rev. Mather, a good enough man in his own way, no doubt, was as sure of a physico-spiritual Devil as Sir Oliver Lodge is of spirits communicating from the "other side."

The Boston arch-enemy of witches, put it down in his autobiography, which one can find in any good library, that he feared the Devil would deal him a dangerous blow, so angered was Beelzebub when that unworthy raged around the Puritan preacher's study.

Most people smile nowadays at Rev. Mather's belief in a Devil who could deal him a physical buffet on the jaw, but the good preacher was just as serious and sincere in his misconception, as the British physicist from London is in his theories.

* * *

The belief in witchcraft. which threw Rev. Mather off his mental balance was akin to the faith in spiritism. which is unsettling many persons' minds in our day. Witches could defy the laws of Nature, it was thought. They could ride through the air on broomsticks. By an evil glance they could doom children to be cripples.

Cattle became sick and died, when a malicious witch worked her wicked spell against some farmer, who had incurred her enmity.

Nobody has drawn a more vivid picture of witches consorting with the Devil than that poetic genius, Bobby Burns, in his masterpiece of humor and naive philosophy, "Tam O'Shanter's Ride." But what furnished Burns' material for amusing literature, was taken very seriously by learned men a century before him.

Unfortunate women, suffering from nervous ailments, that made them abnormal, were marked out as workers of witchcraft. When they should have been given medical aid and sympathy they were hanged or burned. In the words of no less an authority than John Tyndall, "Lacking the rock-barrier of natural knowledge, keen jurists and cultivated men were hurried on to deeds, the bare recital of which, makes the blood run cold. Skilled in all the rules of human evidence, and versed in all the arts of cross-examination these men, nevertheless, went systematically astray and committed the deadliest wrongs against humanity."

Because Sir Oliver Lodge has a title of knighthood and a reputation as a physicist, it does not follow that he is infallible in his conclusions on metaphysics.

Sir Matthew Hale, one of the famous English jurists, sanctioned the hanging of two women in 1664, for witchcraft, and delivered an opinion that dealings with the Devil was practicable. He was the Lord Chief Justice of England, and had risen to that exalted position by his talents and legal learning. He wrote a history of the common law of England, as well as other serious books, including, "Contemplations, Moral and Divine." Yet he believed that poor demented women, because of their eccentric actions, were possessed of supernatural powers, and should be hanged for conspiring with the Powers of Darkness. In his decision this greatly learned jurist argued that sorcery existed:

> For first of all the Scriptures had affirmed so much: and secondly, the wisdom of all nations had provided law against witches, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime.

It astonishes any intelligent person in this twentieth century that a chief justice of England, should have uttered such sophistry as Sir Matthew Hale on witchcraft. No doubt in the twenty-first century students of science will read the spiritist expositions of Sir Oliver Lodge with similar astonishment.

* * *

In a measure we humans are as blind fish in a subterranean stream. Without eyes the imprisoned fish have motion and sensations. They perform physical functions and may be supposed to have no conception of their narrow limitations.

The inability of man to sense the dark rays of the sun has caused so great a thinker as Tyndall to say in an essay on Scientific Materialism:

> From this region of darkness and mystery which surrounds us, rays may now be darting which require but the development of the proper intellectual organs to translate them into knowledge as far surpassing ours as that of the wallowing reptiles which once held possession of the planet.

It is assumed by some of the leaders of present-day spiritism that man is psychologically advancing to the stage where he can see dark rays of the sun and other phenomena, that humanity has not hitherto possessed. The logic of the argument is that evolution has not halted at this stage of physical and moral imperfection. Millions of years have passed since man was a protoplasmic speck. From the possession of an intelligence less than that of a sponge or piece of seaweed he has become the possessor of a brain which enables him to unlock the secrets of Nature —to chain electricity and construct great engines of peace and war, to run railroads and ocean liners and submarines. Why also should he not invade the region of the metaphysical and the mystic and bring himself into communion with the souls of dead relatives?

Modern scientific materialism replies to those mystical speculations that man's egotism causes him to over-estimate the importance of his accomplishments. He is but a speck in cosmos. The great cities that he builds are almost as ephemeral as himself. Where be the palace of Ninevah

and Babylon? Our little planet itself is but a grain of sand in the universe with its millions of worlds in various stages of continuous change. Birth, development, decay and extinction appear to be the natural order of the universe as far as science has penetrated the veil of mystery. How unimportant is the part played by humanity in the great drama of which the universe is the limitless stage! Its littleness may be conjectured from the sublime picture presented to the mind's eyes by modern astrophysics, as described by Haeckel:

While many of the stars in the heavens are probably in a similar state of biogenetic development to that of our earth (for the last one hundred million years at least) others have advanced far beyond this stage, and in their planetary old age are hastening towards their ends—the same end that inevitably awaits our own globe. The radiation of heat into space gradually lowers the temperature, until all the water is turned into ice and organic life on the planet is terminated. The substance of the rotating mass contracts more and more and the rapidity of its motion falls off. The orbits of the planets and of their moons grow narrower. At length the moons fall upon the planets, and the latter drawn into the sun that gave them birth. The collision produces an enormous quantity of heat and the pulverized mass of the colliding bodies is distributed through infinite space. The eternal drama of sun-birth begins afresh.

While the embryo of a new world is being formed from a nebula in one corner of the illimitable universe, another globe has already been condensed into a rotating sphere of liquid fire in some far distant spot. A third has cast off rings at its equator which round themselves into planets. A fourth has become a vast sun, and between them are floating about in space myriads of smaller bodies, which cross and recross the planets like lawless wanderers and fall on the planets in great numbers every day in the form of meteorites or shooting stars.

Yet in this perpetual motion the infinite substance of the universe, the sun total of its matter and energy remains for ever unchanged, and we have an eternal repetition in infinite time of the periodic dance of the worlds — the metamorphosis of the cosmos that ever returns to its starting point.

(The third and last article on the illusions of Spiritism, as viewed by scientists, will appear in the June number of this magazine. It will deal with the embryology of the soul and the fantastic superstitions relating to its immortality as an etherialized continuity of human life.)

MARCH (In California)

By V. M. Kinnaman

A peasant rude and rollicking am I.
Sly pranks I play, and shout my loud halloa!
Shrill sound my skirling pipes, my high-pitched fifes,
My flageolets, my oboes, my bassoons,
And thro' my hours I urge my prancing steeds
Driv'n to wild fury by the whip I lash
About their flanks. The herald of the Spring
Am I: hot wine of youth flames in my veins.

May Day Motorists

Pleasant Adventures of Two Unchaperoned Girls

By Helen M. Mann

THERE is a general belief that it is not safe for two girls to take a motoring trip alone. I do it frequently Once only did I have a disagreeable experience, and that was with a "Road Hog," who grazed his own car, nearly sent us into the ditch, and blamed the whole thing on us.

Of course that is liable to happen to anyone, anywhere.

It would be difficult to find a more fascinating motor trip than from San Francisco to Carmel-by-the-Sea. Much of this fine trip is through the mountains, but the grade is not too steep, and the valley views are unsurpassingly lovely. It is truly a trip worth taking.

Wilma and I made the journey last May—on May Day, itself.

From San Francisco we hurried down the smooth Highway to San Mateo—the Blossom bedecked Garden of Eden. The fruit trees were no longer in their full bloom, but what they lost in blossoms was more than made up by the wealth of red and green foliage. The wild flowers were just as abundant as ever, and just as beautiful. Much more beautiful were the Cecil Bruner Roses, Gold and Ophir Roses, and the exquisite Wisteria, which covered every little bungalow and fence that we passed.

We stopped to have a lunch put up for us at San Jose—a town which will always stand out in my memory as possessing the two most artistic bungalows I have ever seen, for they were covered with great falling masses of lavender wis-

Ancient Mission at Carmel

teria, with dainty pink Cecil Bruners peeping through.

Having had a lunch put up for us at a restaurant, it did not matter where we chanced to be at dinner time. That was a fortunate precaution, as six o'clock found us away up in the hills, far from the Camino Real.

Close by babbled merrily one of those many springs on the hillsides that burst into noisy existence after the winter's rains, and then gradually subside into mere murmuring rivulets as the summer air absorbs their vitality.

The rolling hills covered with the live-oak trees were very beautiful. Stopping each other and back at the tire.

"Let's sit down!" I said, and we did.

Soon a large touring car was seen approaching.

"I don't like that man's face," said Wilma as she eyed the driver.

"I don't either," I confessed.

So when the driver stopped and politely asked; "Are you in trouble?" we both untruthfully answered, "No!"

The stranger went on his way, and we looked at each other and would have laughed, but the thought of the task ahead sobered us.

"What an awfully flat tire this is!" exclaimed Wilma, attacking the task.

The Ostrich Tree

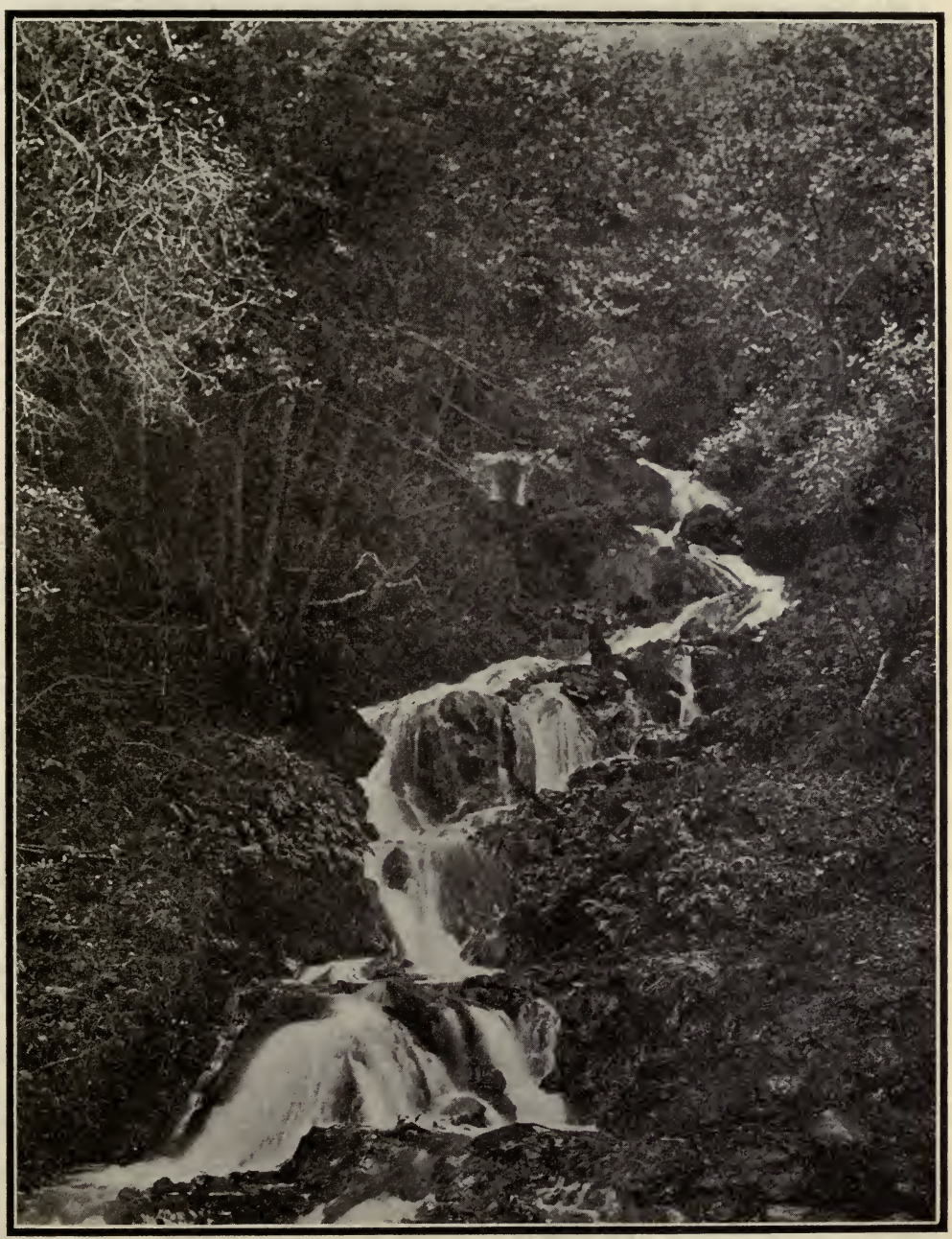
the car beneath a gnarled giant, which was covered with long streamers of Spanish moss, we sat lazily in the grass and had "dinner." Chirping birds were our orchestra, and man and his soul were content.

The day was very warm but it did not intrude itself upon our consciousness, while we were in motion. We made a forced stop once during the afternoon, for a tire, resenting the heat, burst with a disheartening report. We got out, looked at the damaged rubber, then at

"Flattest I ever saw, and such a hot day, too," I assented.

A minute later, while we were still eyeing the tire dubiously, a most disreputable looking car emerged from a cloud of dust. Closer inspection showed that the vagabond had an excellent engine, but the body hiding it was covered with camping paraphernalia, which concealed its worth, as a ragged coat often hides a good heart.

Two men stepped from the car and touched their caps. The older came for-



Springtime Cascades on the Shaded Hillsides

ward to inspect and soon they were both hard at work. Not one thing would they let us do, but even insisted on putting the tools away for us. That being done, the younger man (evidently the son) turned to us and said in the most gallant voice, "I love to help ladies in distress."

About eight o'clock we approached San Juan, and as the dusk was settling down we decided it would be well for us to do likewise.

San Juan's main interest centers about its Mission, which is still in fairly good state of preservation, though not as artistic as some of the more Southern Missions. It was surrounded by a carpet of poppies and lupins, and the neighboring yards were a joy of roses.

Across from the Mission was an inn which bore the date 1792. We made sure of a garage for the car, then returned to the inn and knocked timidly on the door of 1792. It did not crumble at our touch, but was opened by a German in a long white apron, over which he stumbled with every step of his tennis-shod feet.

"Ach, yah!" he had a room — the bridal suit. So we were ushered there, up narrow stairs and along an out-door balcony.

Next morning we were awakened by a tapping on the shattered door, and when I opened it, there stood Herr Von Fritz still in his long apron and tennis shoes, to announce breakfast, which he later served.

We were highly entertained by three women at the table near us, who tried to make an impression by using lorgnettes and talking Europe and their present motor trip. Knowing full well that they would examine the register, Wilma changed the spelling of her name and signed from Naples, Italy, and I, from London.

Under The Spreading Oaks

But the morning sun and the highway called, so we paid our host, picked some roses and departed. That noon we arrived at Carmel, after making a slight detour to go through the grounds at Hotel Del Monte.

We registered at the Pine Tree Inn, Carmel, and five minutes later our three friends from Herr Von Fritz's arrived. How the world pursues one!

We did not have much time to be bothered by the world or his wife, for

Homeward After The Happy Outing

we were at Carmel. I do not think that any sea is bluer than what one sees from the Seventeen Mile Drive. Those quaint wind-swept cypress trees along the coast are ever a fascination and a joy. They are so wonderfully picturesque. Two trees grew together at the edge of the world, the inter-twining of branches and the position of the trunks, making them appear like a great ostrich hurrying up the hill. One of the trees has been burned and it is a great pity, for now he will never reach the top of the hill, and he did try so hard.

The world knows that at Carmel is an art colony. It is a place of brown houses, hiding inconspicuously beneath the tall cypress pine trees peering out between gnarled branches at the opalescent sea. Some one dared to build a short sidewalk along the main street, but the sand rushed up in a fury and hid it from sight.

"The Heights," five miles from Carmel, boasts a new hotel and a view which is not excelled in the world. Carmel Mission, is on the road to "The Heights." Lovely gray plants grow on the dunes at Carmel and the woods are full of light blue wild lilac. Artists roam happily about, always ready to offer the welcoming hand to strangers. It is a place in which one can rest or work and be happy.

We left Carmel soon after breakfast on a glorious morning and arrived in San Francisco that evening, tired but happy. The big city did not look a bit tempting after the open road, and we resolved to take it again as soon as we could.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN POLITICS

CONSIDERING the few years that the automobile has been in use, it has figured to a large extent in politics, but Texas has been the first State to see a candidate opposed because of his expressed opposition to motor cars. The candidate is no less a personage than former United States Senator Joseph W. B. Bailey, who cut quite a figure as a national legislator, and was considered a Presidential possibility. Since he left the Senate he has not been heard of outside Texas, and it was generally supposed in other States that he had given up politics.

He is back to his old love and would like to fill the Governor's chair.

He is said to be opposed to motor vehicles, except for commercial and industrial purposes, and his political opponents are laying stress on the fact that for many years the former Senator has been operating a large horse-breeding farm in Kentucky. His record as an opponent of the automobile has been revived, and proves him to have been at least a consistent reactionary, if not a very wise one.

When all the rest of the world, pretty nearly, was hailing the advent of the automobile, the Texas Senator was condemning it in terms that live in the pages of the Congressional Record at Washington. These expressions are being circulated in Texas to make votes against Mr. Bailey, for Texas is as much interested in road building for motor cars as many other places.

It was in the last days of the Taft administration, that Senator Bailey used the arguments against the automobile, that now make political capital against him and show how short was his foresight.

"If I had my way," said the Texas Senator, "I would make it a crime to use these automobiles on the public highways, because no man has a right to use a vehicle on a public highway that is dangerous to the safety and lives of other people, and an automobile is dangerous.

"The horse has an ancient and a prescriptive right to the highway, and I do not think he ought to be driven from it by these machines. I know more than one man who has been compelled to sell his horses and carriages because their wives were afraid to use them on the highways where these machines are used.

"I have read one of the articles in one of the magazines which seems to be devoted to advertising automobiles that they are going to emancipate the horse from the drudgery of the great cities. It may be that they will, but when they do it will increase the drudgery of the farmer in the country. When the farmer has no market for the horse which he has raised, and has no market for his corn and his oats and his hay to feed him, the horse may be emancipated from drudgery, but what is to become of the American farmer?"

The Way Tis Done In Little Old New York

By B. E. Barnett

AS this is a tale of woe I may as well begin at the beginning, which was several months ago, when I gave up our two-room apartment, on Washington Heights, New York, because I would not stand for profiteering. I was about to quit anyhow. When the real estate agent told me they intended to jack up my rent from $55 a month to $85 per, I registered patriotic indignation and determination to walk the streets the rest of my life in defense of American liberty. I begin to hope I won't have to live up to my threat.

When I gave the real estate agent the bluff over the phone, I wasn't so sure I'd got away with it, for I heard him haw-haw and remark to the stenographer:

"That guy's goin' to get the surprise of his life—findin' an apartment, eh? He'll need a new pair o' shoes before he gets through."

"I'll sure say he will," assented the stenographer.

As I hung up the phone I told my wife that if everybody would give those profiteers a battle, like I was going to, they would soon be hunting rat holes to hide themselves.

"Perhaps!" was the most encouragement I could get out of friend wife. She said she would hate to give up the apartment we had, and maybe have to sleep in a drygoods box, with our little Fauntleroy. He might get his death of cold.

"What's $30—or $50 extra," she added, woman-like.

"Gee—you talk of thirty or fifty bucks, like you was a silent partner in the Standard Oil," I answered. But what's the use. What can you do with a woman?

Well!—say!—we couldn't find a place to rent before we had to give up our apartment. We had to move to a hotel—me and the wife and young Fauntleroy—an' you know what hotels are. They charge you for breathing—and as for eating!— oh, mommer. I began to lose weight at the rate of five pounds a day—and I never had none to spare nohow.

"This thing has got to stop!" I says to the wife, when we get our first half-week's hotel bill. "Tomorrow I'll hunt around some of them real estate offices, and get an apartment—three or four or five rooms with a kitchenette and a bath—I won't stand for no dark rooms neither."

"I wouldn't be too particular, Leonidas," says my wife— You know my name is Leonidas Mugg.

"I'm paying for it—and I'll get what I want," I said.

Well, I'll own up, I didn't get it the first day—nor the second neither—an' in fact, I ain't got it yet—after three months on the search, myself and wife, with little Fauntleroy a close third in the hunt.

Some of the real estate agents around "Washington Heights" thought I was trying to spoof them, when I asked for three, or four or five rooms with a kitchenette for about $75 a month.

"I couldn't get it for you for $7500 a month," said one agent who was seated at a rosewood desk, toying with a bronze

paper-weight. "In fact I don't think we have any two-room place on our lists as low as $75 a month—but you might ask our Mr. Marcel Wave at the renting counter."

With that the agent turned to his rosewood desk and resumed his task of placing thousand dollar checks under his bronze paper-weight to keep them from being blown away by the fresh afternoon breezes from the Hudson.

I thought 'twas the Prince of Wales in the realty game, when I approached Mr. Marcel Wave at the renting desk. Such class I ain't seen outside the movies. If he hasn't been in them, believe me his face will be on the fences soon. I looked like a lot less than thirty cents, when I told him I could only stand for $75 a month.

"Oh, you better inquire over at some of the small places on the East Side," he said, and called out after me, "Please don't slam the door!"

Something would a been slammed hard, I'm thinking, if the four-flusher had come outside.

The second week of the search, when I was beginning to get kind of discouraged, a friend suggested that I might find a place in Brooklyn, but both my sisters live in Brooklyn and 'twould be asking too much of my wife to live in the same town with her people-in-law. The murder record in the United States is already 10,000 a year.

When I'd searched through all the New York real estate offices without finding any place to put our bunch of imitation Circassian Walnut furniture, and double-imitation Khiva rug, and packages of canned kitchen stuff, I began to realize my only hope was to find housekeeping rooms in a private family. The delivery boy at the delicatessen put the idea in my wife's head, and she told me.

We had to migrate to New Jersey to find what we were looking for. Mrs. Flivver took us in. She had a balance to pay on her used-but-not-abused tin Lizzie, and was willing to let us have the use of her hall bedroom and the run of the kitchen, provided Fauntleroy could be kept, from doing his writing lessons on the walls, and striking matches on the white-enameled doors. Naturally he couldn't, so we had to move again—this time without furniture. We weren't able to get it into Mrs. Flivver's hall-room and sold it for 20 cents on the dollar. Mrs. Flivver wanted us to pay for Fauntleroy's crayon and lead pencil frescoes on the walls, but when we argued that the decorations were an artistic embellishment, and we could set up a counter claim, she said she'd think it over before she ordered her lawyer to go ahead and sue for damages.

The girl at the soda counter across the street—that used to be a saloon—told me that we might get a couple of housekeeping rooms at Mrs. Dippy's one of the neighbors, so we didn't have to sleep in the park.

It was the psychological moment to do business with Mrs. Dippy, as she had two rooms close under the shingles for $30 a week. They had been occupied by the President and Treasurer of the Home Comfort Association, who had just been arrested for using wood alcohol instead of sheep-dip for the right kick in his nerve tonics.

Unfortunately he left the landlady well stocked up, for she got so bad that Mrs. Doubledippy would be the right name for her. When she got to going around the house, looking for snakes with a cleaver in her hand, we thought 'twas time to take to the road again.

The girl at the soda fountain told my wife about an apartment house being put up on Simoleon Avenue, by two Russians, named Czhxizskzoxrzixtzofsky and Kzixlzbxnazrlofotzisky. One of their prospective tenants signed a lease for a year, but on thinking it over had died suddenly of weak heart. We might grab off the vacant apartment before the news got to the reporters at the coroner's office.

My wife ankled over to Simoleon Avenue and found C. and K. on the sidewalk discussing whether they hadn't better ring up for extra police reserves to check the expected riot over the empty apartment. It was a three-room place. If we took it on the jump 'twould only be $125 a month, and easy terms.

"What you call easy?" asked my wife. It only meant to take a lease for ninety-

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Profiteers In Rent

New York Permits 25 Per Cent Increase

Restriction of Municipal Suffrage Necessary

By Harvey Brougham

A MONTH has elapsed since I wrote about "Rent Profiteers" in the April Overland Monthly. I then thought that the rent question was very serious. I have no reason to change my views of a month ago. On the contrary the complaint of insufficient housing is louder than ever. The cries of tenants against profiteers are more bitter. This is calculated to engender additional class strife. Unfortunately few newspapers have the courage, to state the matter honestly to the public.

As there are more tenants than landlords, it seems to many newspapers and politicians, more popular and profitable to inflame the persons injured by high rents that point out the causes of the evil and the remedy. These are so plain that it seems a waste of time to enumerate them. They can be epitomized, in the one word, misgovernment.

If taxes were lower, real estate investments would be more popular. Plenty of houses would be erected.

The burden of municipal taxation has been thrown on real estate. There has been an orgy of official extravagance. When the taxes became insufficient to meet the wastefulness of the municipalities, bond issues were floated. So many issues have been authorized that most of the American municipalities have passed their bonded limit.

The manner in which bond elections have been conducted, has demonstrated a woeful lack of public spirit. In few cases have 50 per cent of the registered voters taken the trouble to go to the polls. At 18 important elections in San Francisco, not over 40 per cent of the voters cast their ballots.

In that 40 per cent were represented a considerable percentage of who were not on the tax-rolls of the city. Transients, sojourning in the community just long enough to obtain registration could vote. A voter may be a tramp or jailbird but he has a legal right to impose enormous debts upon the municipality. The ballots of such undesirables count for just as much in the bond election returns as those of the reputable and industrious citizens. No one will argue that such election methods are calculated to promote the prosperity of a city, yet they rule in the United States. The dominant doctrine is that all men being born free and equal—which they are not—the man of integrity and thrift and the veriest loafer are on equal footing on questions of incurring public debt and increasing the taxes.

Excessive taxation destroys the initiative and strength of the middle classes, and thus saps the vitality of a commonwealth. It must be remembered, that in the United States, taxpayers labor under

the disadvantage of supporting three governments—Federal, State and Municipal. We are therefore the most taxed people in civilization, but so great has been our national prosperity that we have not suffered from the infliction. Now we are suffering. The rise in rents is one of the new evils.

* * *

It will not help us to denounce the landlord as a profiteer. Who is not a profiteer at present? The rent profiteer appears to us one of the most objectionable, because we cannot escape him. The grocer, and the butcher, and the tailor and the vegetable dealer, we can baffle to some extent by lessening our purchases, but we need a roof over us every night. And as long as the supply of houses is below the demand, we are at the mercy of the rent profiteer, much as we are in other daily needs.

In New York, the outcry of tenants against rent profiteers has been greater than in large Western cities, because the former have a larger proportion of poor renters. The alien population is also greater than in the West. The New York municipality established courts to hear tenants and landlords, and both sides were fully represented. The outcome of the agitation is that the New York landlords have been permitted to raise rents 25 per cent. In other words it has been found that landlords were not receiving fair interest on their investment. The same thing is true of San Francisco.

Prominent real estate owners and agents, argued that unless real estate investments returned fair interest, buildings would not be erected. Tenants denied that conclusion, but their argument was foolish. People will not invest in any form of property which will not bring satisfactory interest. Real estate, for some years, has not been as good an investment as bonds and stocks. Both in the large Eastern cities, as well as in the West, house property has been unprofitable. Consequently capital has avoided it and the erection of buildings has been curtailed.

* * *

All sorts of expedients to improve the situation but the correct remedy has been suggested. In New York the politicians at first, ingratiated themselves with the tenants by threatening to boycott the landlords, through the various commissions. The Board of Health, the Fire Department, and other municipal units, were to be invoked to punish the rent profiteers. All that, of course, would be revolutionary, for municipal commissions have not power to go outside the established laws. It was suggested that the municipality could go into the house building business. But where was the money to come from? Municipal house building has been tried in other places and has always been a failure — like most municipal activities.

Now that New York has legislated to permit landlords to raise rents 25 per cent more, we shall hear less of political methods to boycott landlords. Tenants may begin to understand that one potent remedy for reducing rents is to cut millions off the annual expenses of large municipalities. A few years ago in San Francisco the city was run for about $7,000,000, under an extravagant administration. Now it requires more than twice as much to carry on the municipal machine.

The consumer is the victim, in the last analysis. The property owners having paid in the taxes, try to shift the load to the consumers. The tenant is a consumer. If the landlord can add his taxes to the tenant's rent he will do so. He can do it when the scarcity of houses gives him the upper hand in the transaction. There is now a great scarcity and one which is likely to continue for a long time. The tenant is therefore the greatest sufferer from misgovernment. Unfortunately tenants do not understand that fact, as clearly as they should, for their own good.

The basis of this taxation evil, from which tenants are now suffering, is the class strife which demagogues have been fostering in the United States for many years. It has been preached incessantly that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer," therefore the rich should be taxed mercilessly. But now we find that if the rich are made to disgorge, the

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Trails and Roads

An Essay of the Tendencies of the Present Generation

By W. T. Clarke

Professor Agricultural Extension, University of California

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Proverbs.

AS human beings we are inclined at times to be boastful and overproud of ourselves and our achievements. We, either consciously or unconsciously, hold ourselves haughtily and present the impression of being superexcellent. Our boast, either expressed or implied, is that our day and generation, in its science, art and achievement is immensely superior to the ages that precede it. Our air is as though one had said of us "No doubt but ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you." Study modern expositions of most of the learned professions and the conclusion will be that members of these professions in the past were a sadly benighted crew and we will wonder perhaps at their impudence in calling themselves members of the profession under study. The artist, especially the young artist, of today can hardly find words sufficiently strong to describe the failings of the great majority of artists who have preceded him. The finish to their work was too smooth; their knowledge of line and perspective was faulty; their work was little better than that of the photographer; it was too exact in its attention to detail and left little or nothing to the imagination; it did not take into consideration the matter, highly important, of impression and so on until we wonder how the work of any of the old masters survives save perhaps in museums where examples of the curious and odd are preserved to amuse the onlooker.

The physician of today wonders, deep down in his soul, how the doctor of yesterday ever managed to pull a patient through any illness and finally concludes that the success was due in part to sheer luck and in part to the strength of constitution of the patient. In theology the spirit is much the same and we believe our conceptions of the messages from the Omnipotent are far saner and more to be relied on than the conceptions our predecessors held to with an abiding faith.

The locomotive, dragging its string of freight cars or passenger coaches, is infinitely superior to the locomotive of a few years ago; the freight cars are better; the passenger coaches are dreams of luxury when compared with those of an earlier era.

In the field of the sciences, if we are to give credence to the spirit of the age, we are more exactly scientific than those who have gone before and our achievements in bringing to light the hidden truths of nature are truly stupendous.

And so it is in all fields. The spirit of the age is one in which thoughtless self-complacency is strongly marked and one that does not in full measure appreciate service done by those who now are but a memory.

Human knowledge, human achievement of today, is built upon the foundation laid by enthusiastic, though perhaps obscure, workers and investigators who were in the field long before us. We have used the point attained to by them as a starting point for our own work. The field has been cleared for us and we have the easier task because of this clearing. Man is the "heir of all the ages" that precede him. To be worthy of this inheritance man should not only conserve what has come to him but he should add to, in kind, what in the first place has become his through small or no effort on his part for which is the greater achievement, to fall heir to a fortune or to build up or add to one by the exercise of sagacity, prudence, forsightedness?

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Dr. Dick's Worst Enemy

A Story of an Idol With Feet of Clay

By Blanche Daugherty Simes

THE ponies stopped of their own accord; they knew, better than their riders how long and steep was the trail they had climbed. Marian Wentworth laid a quieting hand on her pony's quivering shoulders. "So this is the end of the trail!"

She looked at the iridescent river that plashed its wilful way through the Spring-green valley. Her eyes rested in the hazy violet shadows that sheltered the hills from the glare of the sun. On the peak where they were standing, the sun was warm and bright; over the historic old village at their feet, the street lights were beginning to flicker.

Graham Drake's smile was like one of the deeper shadows—there was in it a hint of light that had been. "This is the end of the trail. From this point we must either make our own path or go back. Which shall it be?"

Marian looked at her watch. When she answered, she was again the schoolteacher. "Why, we must go back—it's almost supper time, and I have all my monthly examinations to mark tonight."

They turned their ponies homeward and, as they went down the hill, neither of them spoke, except to the restless little beasts they were riding. As they came to the last turn in the trail, they passed an abandoned log cabin.

"That cabin is another 'Without Benefit of Clergy,'" said Drake.

"It looks like a story—tell me," Marian answered.

"Oh, it's common enough out here — Hope, Love, Booze, Death. — Jake was a prospector — had a first-rate claim, too; married the prettiest girl and the sweetest that ever came to this county— He gambled, got drunk—went to the devil. She died, and the baby, too—starvation and abuse. He tried to cut it all the night she died, but the doctor found him in time—too soon, perhaps."

The girl shuddered. "Such dreadful things happen in this new country. Who was the doctor?"

"The one they call 'Doctor Dick.' He's a good-for-nothing sort himself—got his name 'cause he's always carousin' around with Tom and Harry—folks thought Dick was needed to complete the set. But he does know a little about medicine — handles a knife to advantage sometimes, too. But he's not worth much."

"Why, Mr. Drake, how can you talk so? I don't know this Doctor Dick, but the pines are full of tales of his courage. I never knew you to be so ungenerous!" Indignation and surprise were in the girl's voice.

The man answered almost roughly. "Perhaps if you knew 'Doctor Dick,' you'd not care much for him either. Why shouldn't he have tried to save the woman's life? He loved her once, himself."

"Well enough — why shouldn't he let the man die, then? I guess he didn't love him much. Why does he go through storms and forest fires wherever he is needed? He doesn't get much pay for it."

"He gets to be a popular idol, and he sort of likes that—most of us do. Fact is," he admitted, "I guess I'm Doctor Dick's worst enemy. Sometimes I think he's all right, and sometimes he thinks I am. But I suppose, if I were out of the way, he'd make a big thing of his life."

Marian frowned, wondering at the unexpected narrowness of her friend. "You're not fair to him!" she exclaimed, emphatically.

"No," he conceded, "I'm not fair to him — but I've done more for him than anybody else has — and I've almost decided that he was never worth it— Look at the afterglow behind Old Baldy!"

Marian nodded, looking silently at the sunlit sky.

Not much was said during the rest of the ride; Marian Wentworth and Graham Drake were both thinking. Had their thoughts sounded on the still evening air, they would have made a strange duet.

Seven months ago the girl had come to the mountains. She had met Graham Drake, a gentleman exiled from her heritage and by it.

From the first, she had known that he had been a drinker. But he had treated her as a gentleman would; and she had returned the courtesy.

She knew little of his history—little, for that matter, of his present life—but he talked of books and plays and music and of the life she had known.

He did not tell what his thoughts were, but his eyes, as they watched Marian, shone with a strange lustre that accorded illy with the sharp, straight line of his lips.

"So Doctor Dick is just a nick-name. What's his real name?" she asked, breaking the evening stillness.

"Nobody here knows his real name—he used to be a city surgeon. He calls himself—" He broke off to listen. A white-flecked horse came in sight.

"You're needed, Kid," the rider said, as soon as he was close enough to shout. "There's been another brawl at Gramp's—reached the limit this time. Pedro's kid tried to stop it and he's hurt—bad—the kid, I mean. The other ain't hurtin' much now, I reckon."

He turned to Miss Wentworth, as if conscious for the first time of her being there. "I guess they'd like a woman there—will you come, too, Ma'am?"

She shuddered and looked at Graham Drake; he seemed to be searching her, looking for something he was not sure of finding. She lifted her head. "Certainly I'll go. But we'd better get fresh horses if it's far."

"It's nine miles over the roughest road around here. I'll swap these here fer fresh ones," the messenger offered.

Drake nodded, as if in command, then to Miss Wentworth; "You'd better get a warm coat—it isn't likely we'll be back early, an' maybe you can drink a cup o' coffee while the horses are being changed."

While he was talking, they had ridden up in front of her boarding house and she dismounted. "Won't you have a cup, too? I can see they're eating supper."

He shook his head. "No, thanks. I'll just see to the horses—we'll need good ones—" And he was gone.

Soon they were on fresh mounts, the sure-footed kind that cow-punchers choose.

Darkness was deepening in the valley and even the highest peaks were left behind by the sun. And stars were hidden, most of them, by gray clouds. The rosy hues that had made the sunset so wonderful had faded and the clouds hung low and threatening.

"Are you too tired to ride fast?" he asked. Being reassured, "We'll have to trust the ponies when we come to the old pine trail, so all speed now." And he gave a low whistle that set both horses into a dead run.

The exhilaration of speed seemed to affect the girl only; the man on the other horse knew what the race must be when the stake is life. Marian scarcely knew little Beppino. The bedraggled, curly-headed boy had offered the immaculate Miss Wentworth some of the earliest "shooting stars." And she, in spite of her immaculateness, had taken the little fellow on her lap and told him a story. She had almost forgotten the incident; probably she did not realize that, to the child, it was a rare memory. And she did not know that he had called for her now.

She was frightened somewhat by the mad pace that never slacked, by the silence of the man with her, by the memory of the anxious face of the messenger. But she had never stood, a lone fighter against death, and she could not guess what it would mean. She had read of disasters by earthquake and shipwreck and battle and she had shuddered. But she had never known the personal touch of death.

The wind that had been drifting snow on the mountains suddenly reached them, a wild, ravenous wind that threatened to suck them up into the gloom. Then came one of the rare mountain thunder storms during which one can easily imagine the war of the Titans a plausible explanation. The ponies terrorized by the palpable light, stopped, trembling.

Drake cut a slim branch from a clump of alder bushes near and handed it to Marian. "It's a poor excuse for a whip, but I guess we'll have to use it."

She struck her horse sharply and he

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reared, plunging into the darkness ahead, still lighted, now and then, by a flash of lightning. The other horse plunged, too, and Marian saw the rider lurch forward so that his head touched the pony's mane. He was erect in a moment, but white to his taut lips. She looked at him curiously. A rider of his experience would not have fallen just because a horse jumped.

"Are you afraid?" he asked. The words came slowly and seemed difficult of articulation.

"No, I'm not afraid of anything—except a man when he's not sober." She watched his face in the blue light and saw it twitch as in pain.

"No," he said, "it's not that—just an old wound—nothing much." But still that hardness of speech. "The trail is better here—shall we go faster?"

Marian tightened the reins and frowned in silence.

When they reached the open road beyond the timber, Drake quickened the pace again. "We may be too late, even now." His voice seemed under control, but it was almost harsh.

"Perhaps so," she said, and there was bitterness in her tone.

When they reached the little settler's cabin, he dismounted slowly. She was off first, looking at him and wondering. The horses were turned loose—they would not go far tonight, with such close hobbles.

The rain had stopped. Marian looked impatiently at the man, fumbling in his saddle-bag for something. "I'll go in first," he said; and he closed the door behind him.

Even through that closed door came the vociferous welcome. "Oh, Doctor Dick!" But at the time, Marian scarcely noticed. She was fighting to stop the quivering of her lips.

As Drake came out, he looked for an instant at the moon, now glinting through the clouds. His lips moved before the girl heard him speak. "Are you sure you are strong enough? It's awful in there."

"Do you think I would fail now?" she demanded.

When she went in, she saw that his anxiety was justified. On a hastily improvised bier in the corner lay the corpse, covered with a ragged quilt. Men, only partially sobered by the presence of death, gabbled and laughed incoherently. A woman was sobbing over by the bunk on which lay a little bleeding boy.

Marian stepped to the lamp and stopped its smoking. Then she turned to the boy and spoke. "Beppino, Lad, my little hero!"

As the child looked at her, he smiled and the tense lines of pain relaxed for a moment. The frown came again, though, when Drake came, wiping some sharp instruments on absorbent cotton. "Can you hold him while I probe for the bullet?" he asked, tersely.

Marian looked at him dumbly for a full minute, then said, "So you are Doctor Dick!"

"I used to be Doctor Benjamin Walters," he said, and there was no smile on his face.

She merely turned to the boy silently and held him, waiting. She spoke to him reassuringly.

"He is too weak to recover from an anesthetic," he explained. "Tim will help if you need him."

"I don't think we will, shall we, little lad? You're my brave boy, and all you want is my hand, isn't it?" His smile seemed to be affirmative.

So while Doctor Benjamin Walters probed for the bullet, Marian held the boy's hands, held them tight, and he made no struggle, only once a sigh, and once a moan. As she watched the swift, sure, careful hands at work, Marian could easily believe that this was the eminent Chicago surgeon. She felt reassured—it was not too late. Had she seen the tense, haggard face that bent above the hands, she might have felt less secure.

The bullet, lodged against a rib, was taken out and the wound deftly stitched. As the last stitch was taken, the boy fluttered a sigh and went off into unconsciousness.

Walters turned to replace his instruments and fell.

For the first time, Marian looked away from the boy. The surgeon's face was whiter than that of the bloodless child. A man rushed forward with the mountaineer's universal panacea. Marian was there first. She took the bottle from him, shaking her head. "He wouldn't want it—get some cold water—quick!"

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She unbuttoned his collar and ran to open a window. One of the men was there before her. She turned back to Drake and bathed his head with the cold water. She felt for his pulse; it was very slight.

For two hours she sat there, more frightened by his silence than by any previous trial of the dreadful night. Finally, she took the whisky and forced it between his lips. "It's too late to matter now," she said, dully.

He moaned and turned his head, then opened his eyes and looked around him, not understanding. A sharp twinge of pain contorted his forehead. "Is the boy —all right?" he asked, weakly.

Marion nodded, impatiently. "Yes— but Graham, O, dear Graham, what has happened? Where are you hurt?"

Again he writhed, silent and suffering. He clamped his lips to keep back a groan. Once more a man offered whisky; Graham turned his head away.

"It's all right," he said, faintly. "That old wound broke internally— It's the last time, I guess."

He paused, breathless, and Marian leaned over him, sobbing. "Don't try to talk," she begged.

He smiled. "It's better now—it broke on the old pine trail—"

Marian turned a supplicating look on the curious men. Strangely enough, they understood and slowly they filed out of the shack, leaving only the unconscious boy and his mother in the room with the surgeon and the teacher.

"You know now—that I wasn't—" he went on, in relief.

"Oh, don't! I—I saw you once when —" She shuddered as at the memory of a leper. "And I've always been afraid the struggle would be too much for you and— Oh, can you forgive me?"

"You were right. You don't know — you can't know—what it has meant. My father and brother both—died that way. It's a good thing the struggle won't last much longer." He moaned and gasped for breath.

"Don't, Graham—Doctor Dick! I said you were not fair to him. Give him a chance to live. Your life is just beginning—and what a god you are!"

"I'm only a broken god, Marian."

The sobbing of the woman by the little boy relieved the awful stillness. The mother of Beppino was scarcely conscious of any presence but that of her living son.

"But I want you to live, Graham." She had forgotten Doctor Benjamin Walters. "You must live—for me!" she whispered. "If you are only a broken god, you're the only whole man I've ever known. You shall not die!"

Graham's eyes radiated his unspoken, wondering joy. Then he moved his head feebly in a negative. "It's no use. It's too late now— If I could have some water—" he begged.

Beppino's mother brought a tin-cup quickly. Marian raised his head and held the cup to his lips. He supped it and sank back, exhausted. "Thank you," he said, and rested.

"Oh, Graham, pity me. Forgive me! I must live—and remember."

"Marian, my lips have been clean — since I knew you— I'd know you took back—what you said—if you'd—"

And straightway, he knew it.

* * * *

There is yet a section of the West where a child would run screaming from a puff of harnessed steam. The Clearwater still plays a solitary tune to the ferns along its banks. If one travels in that region today, he may find an old evergreen monument. Deep in its heart is a carved bronze tablet, bearing this simple inscription:

* * * * * * *
* **Benjamin Walters** *
* **Born, 1871 Died, 1908** *
* **A Broken God** *
* * * * * * *

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Messages of Love

A Beautiful Sentiment Which Finds Universal Recognition

By Hamilton Mercer

THIS is the month when white and red carnations will mingle in a silent testimony to mother. In language as eloquent as the symphony, thought as mute as the voiceless distances into which many of them have passed, these simple flowers will bring a message of the love every one holds for the being who gave him birth.

There is no form of life lying nearer Divinity than mere protoplasmic animation, but in some manner is imbued with the sentiment of mother love. In the depths of the wilderness, or in the solitudes of the desert, or the lowest soundings of the sea — wherever life is, and wherever the life principle issues from its kind, there exists that affinity which we know and recognize as mother love.

The human heart knows no higher sentiment. Husbands may turn against wives, and wives may give up husbands; children may repudiate parents and fathers disown sons—but the mother love abides for ever.

In the lonely watches of the night, the keen mother sense is responsive to every restless stir in the nursery. The brain may rest from the fagging toil of the day, but the mother's heart reposes fondly on the infant breast in the crib.

Out in the restless, seething world, where interests clash in an unsympathetic contest for the morbid things of an evanescent present, there may be forgetfulness on our part, but mother remains true to the end, ever mindful of our smallest wish, as if we were but infants still, and ever whispering words of cheer and encouragement into our none too eager ears.

There are no heights, no depths, no breadths that will compass the mother love. It is boundless as time, enduring as eternity, deep and measureless as the fartherest reaches of space.

Who knows but that this love lives on and on, even when the calm, white face can speak to us only in the faint smile that survives the departure of the spirit? After all, what is there in that serene life that broods over our meditations and our dreams, and nourishes the memory which time and environment can not efface, if it be not the inscrutible, inexpressible love of mother?

Every man, every woman, even though they have grown old in the experiences of life and have become fathers and mothers themselves, will answer quickly that it is.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

By A. B. C. Knowles

The fog o'er ocean waves obscures the view—
Shuts out the broader vision's golden hue;
But they who sing the world's love songs, behold
The amber-rose tints of the AGE OF GOLD.

Tho skies still darken with the clouds of woe;
Yet hearts of men shall with new impulse glow;
A common bond of human love shall spring
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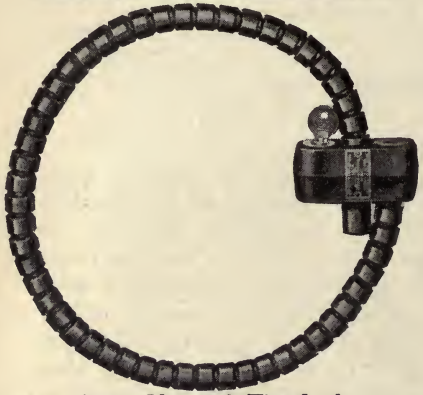

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State of California,
County of San Francisco.—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Benjamin G. Barnett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulation, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Benjamin G. Barnett, San Francisco. Editor, Thomas E. Flynn, San Francisco. Business Manager, Benjamin G. Barnett, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is Frederick Marriott, San Francisco. Benjamin G. Barnett, intended owner, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

BENJAMIN G. BARNETT

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1920.

ROBT. R. RUSS

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

My Commission expires July 18, 1922.

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Evils Of Paternalism

Governmental Efforts to Produce a Standardized Jelly-Fish

By Edward F. Millman

IN discussing with some Californians, the causes of the anti-Japanese agitation in California, I said that it was strange that nobody had made the point that American civilization must be a plant of feeble growth, if its existence be threatened by a handful of Japanese laborers. I was informed that the point had been made by a prominent Californian, Colonel John P. Irish. The information was correct. I find in a reprint of Colonel Irish's address to a convention of California fruit growers in November last, a reference to the matter. Colonel Irish's exact words were:

"But the cry is raised, that though only about one per cent of our population they (the Japanese), will outbreed, outwork and outdo the other 99 per cent of the white people. If this be true it proves a degeneracy of the whites which would be a just cause of alarm."

Of course it is not true. But it serves the purpose of certain classes to make it appear so, and at present anything can be forced on the minds of a large portion of the public by propaganda.

We are so much a newspaper-reading people, and place so much reliance on the utterances of our favorite journals, that unconsciously we can be swayed by demagogues to a dangerous extent. No nation is immune from such influences, but the United States seems to surpass all others in its susceptibility to propaganda. The fault is not in national ignorance or stupidity, but in the tendency of our government's national stake and municipal to paternalism. From being the most independent and individualistic of nationalities we are suffering from socialistic regulation, calculated to sap the courage, resourcefulness and mental strength of the people.

Everything is thought out for us at Washington, and largely by half-baked theorists. Bureaus multiply at the public expense, and each new one has a more insistent publicity department than any of its predecessors. The mails are kept loaded with governmental suggestions of how we should order our lives even to the proper method of using our tooth-brushes.

The State governments copy the paternalism of the national government and the municipalities try to outdo the State dry-nurses. The basic idea of making the world safe for democracy is to create the impression in every citizen's mind, that he has no more capacity for self-control than a turnip or cabbage. Official caretakers must regulate his existence in all particulars and in due process eat him up.

The natural result of such paternalism would be to rob the American citizen of all confidence in his own capacity to take care of himself. We are rapidly spreading that impression in the circles that respond to the hysterical propaganda against the comparatively few Japanese agriculturists in California. The propagandist would have us imitate the ancient Chinese policy of building a fence around the United States, for protection against all "barbarians."

Colonel Irish in his address to California fruit growers declared that the way to combat the Japanese in California "is not in lying about them, and depriving them of the common primitive rights of humanity, but excelling them in industry, in foresight and enterprise."

All right-thinking Americans will agree with Colonel Irish on that point. American civilization has shown that competion with aliens is not its greatest danger. Seeds of internal disunion, sown by demagogues are far more inimical. The tremendous influx from Europe was a crucial test of Americanism. Much of the immigration brought the United States face to face with grave sociological problems, but they were bravely met and successfully solved. In the great smelting pot

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There is hardly a big concern in the country where this "Y and E" system of filing is not in use. Everywhere some department manager or some individual, if not the concern itself, has found that this system gives

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The success of the system lies in the fact that it is easier to work with numbers than with alphabetical divisions. If a number 3 folder ever gets behind guide number 4, your eye catches the difference—one 3 among many 4's—the moment you reopen the file! What chance for mistakes does this leave?

Miscellaneous folders become the guides when you transfer, so the guides can be used over and over again.

The extent to which this "Y and E." system has crept into practically all well-established business concerns proves that it is a *better system.*

More department managers, *more* individuals, *more* concerns at large should plan now to install it during the next transfer season. *You* should do so.

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of Americanism, all the riff-raff which Europe dumped upon our shores, with millions of worthy immigrants, was fluxed. America grew stronger by the difficulties she had to encounter before the United States became a homogenious nationality, instead of a heterogenious collection of alien races and a comparatively small native population. Now that we have a great native population, we are asked to invite world-criticism by expelling a few Japanese agriculturists because they have shown industry, skill and courage. It is a monstrous propaganda!

"Wherever the Japanese in California, has put his hand to the agriculture, he has developed nobler uses of the soil," declared Colonel Irish when speaking before the fruit growers. To quote further from the Colonel's speech:

> The statement was recently published that when Japanese begin to settle in a farming district that district is ruined for the occupation of whites, who get out of it as soon as they can. Of course that is a falsehood. Its refutation is seen at Livingston, where Japanese were the pioneers and now are outnumbered eight to one by white settlers who have come there since Japanese enterprise proved the value of the land.
>
> In Sonoma County, near Santa Rosa, was a barren hillside so infertile that it hardly produced weeds. On its highest part was a spring. A Japanese secured a contract on it, dug out the spring, securing an increased flow, laboriously fertilized the sterile soil, and now gets $800 per acre from it in strawberries. In the same county is an area of sterile hardpan land called "Starvation Flat." A Japanese has taken it, sunk a deep well and is slowly and laboriously conquering the rebellious soil, and soon that area will be a picture of fertility and prosperity, and anti-Japanese agitators will point to it, as they do to the strawberry garden on the formerly repulsive hillside as proof that the Japanese are usurping the best land in the State. The fact is that from the reclamation of the tule swamps, promoted by Mr. Shima, to nearly every acre owned by the Japanese, they wrought upon the leanest and the poorest land in the State, which white men would not touch, and by toil and sacrifice made it as good as that which was naturally the best.
>
> Now it is proposed to expel them, not for their vices but for their virtues, and every Japanese oppressed by brutal legislation, and expelled, can hold his head erect in his own country and say: 'I was excluded from California for my virtues, my industry, my skill and the benefit I was to the land and its production.

HER SECRET CHAMBER.

By Belle Willey Gue.

Though outwardly so tranquil
There is an inner room
Where only are admitted
The ones made fit to come
Within the magic portal
Where flow'rs immortal bloom.

Though often on her features
There comes a slow, sweet smile,
Her soul's sad tears are flowing
Beneath it all the while
Because of human weakness,
Hypocrisy and guile.

But there is joy and gladness
And blessing for the few
Whose secret thoughts are worthy
And big and good and true,
For great love is eternal
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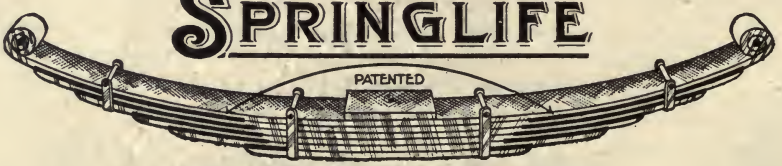

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The Way Tis Done In Little Old New York

(Continued from Page 426.)

nine years, and guarantee payment every month in advance, by putting up my life insurance policy, and binding our heirs to carry out the contract if I should drop dead or go bugs when 'twas submitted for my final signature.

The apartment house would be the swellest thing on Simoleon Avenue, C————————ofsky said. The danger would be tenants couldn't sleep, nights for thinking how much class they were getting, K————————isky averred.

"I can see you're doing things up in style," says my wife pointing to a pile of enamel ware, in crates on the sidewalk. "Every bedroom is going to have a foot-bath?"

"Footsbad!" exclaimed both partners. "Dot ain't no footsbads— Dots de newest und svellest things it vos"— The Paragon Portable Space saver, designed for use as a kitchenette sink, bath tub, wash boiler, home brewery and mush boiler. Only on Simoleon Avenue could apartment houses support such class.

We have not signed up on Simoleon Avenue, but hope to rent three rooms in a converted stable at Hoboken, as soon as the dipththeria signs are removed by the Health Officers.

Rent Profiteers

(Continued from Page 428.)

poor are not bettered thereby. The high costs of the poor man's living have become more burdensome, and the extravagance of government helps to reduce the prosperity of the nation.

Much better if no class had been selected for high taxation, but that all classes had united in obtaining honest intelligent and economical government.

The first step in correcting the evils of municipal government should be to restrict the voting on municipal matters of outlay and taxation to people who contribute something to the cost of government. The limit may be low, but only actual taxpayers should be qualified. Permitting all kinds of irresponsibles to vote at city elections is as foolish as the calling in of every stranger in the street, to take part in an annual meeting of stockholders of a mining or insurance company to select a board of directors.

Theoretically, universal franchise is a beautiful expression of liberty, but in the management of municipalities, it is a sure method of promoting extravagance and inefficiency.

It is claimed by landlords all over the United States that the laws fail to protect them in their investments. For that reason less houses are erected than the increase of population demands.

Trails and Roads

(Continued from Page 429.)

If we make intelligent use of the pioneer work that has been done, that in itself is a worthy achievement. If to this pioneer work we can add something; if we can make the structure fairer by the addition of some minaret or tower; if we can make it more enduring by placing a buttress here and there why we will have performed a service worthy of pride and can with clear conscience and light heart pass on to those who may follow us the completion of the structure. It is certainly a sustaining thought to know we have been, however, obscurely, among those who have worked, who have achieved.

PORTRAITS FROM CHICAGO BUSINESS LIFE

"The Settling Price," by William E. Hingston, author of "Forgeries and False Entries," "Little Clews," etc. The Cornhill Company, Boston.

A timely work is this exposition of the methods of unscrupulous financiers. Evidently the characters in "The Settling Price" are drawn from business life, in all its sinister complexities, in the tall office buildings and the seething stock exchange of Chicago. It is no simple literary feat to interweave a romance in the devious transactions of crooked financiers.

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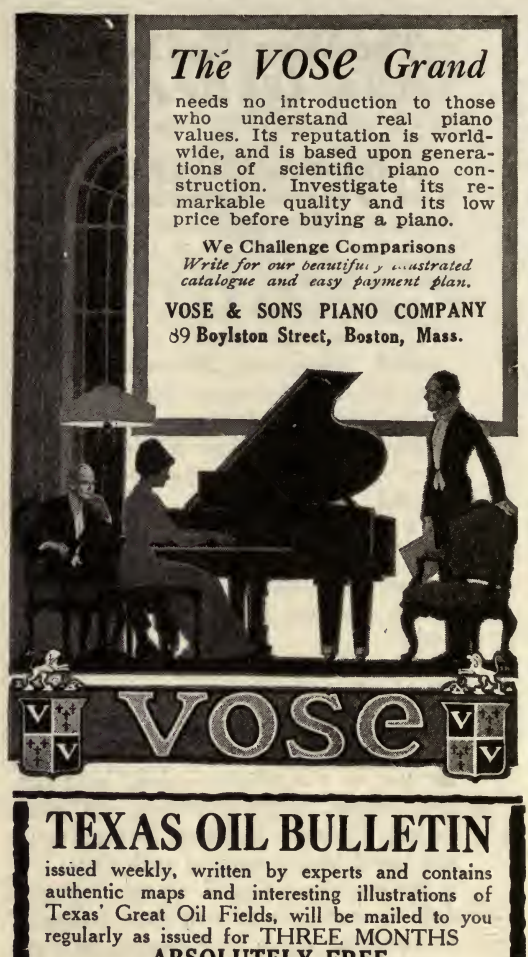
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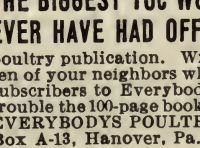

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In Realm of Bookland

MARK TWAIN CRITICISED

Gamaliel Bradford's inmate study of Mark Twain, in the April Atlantic Monthly, is at variance with William D. Howell's estimate of Twain, as one "to be remembered with the great humorists of all time, with Cervantes, with Swift, or with any others of his company." None of the great humorists was the equal of Twain in his humanity, declared Howells.

Bradford dissents, and claims that Twain should not be classed with the great humorists of the past, because "somehow in Mark the humor and the pathos are not perfectly blended. Serious matters, so-called serious matters, are taken too seriously, and under the laughter there is a haunting basis of wrath, and bitterness, and dispair."

Mr. Bradford also objects to the "superficiality" of Twain. He was in the habit of "discovering things which are perfectly well-known to trained thinkers."

Notwithstanding this New England critic's disparagement of the great Western humorist, who learned to look at humanity in the light of what the untrammeled West had taught him, Twain's place with the eminent laugh-makers of the past is safe. If old facts surprised him as new he gave expression to his belated discovery in terms that invested them with a fresh interest for all mankind.

The New York Times which has taken notice of the controversy, says sanely:

"If Mark Twain was not one of the greater humorists and a philosopher of the first class, he was undeniably and always a fun-maker and just as surely a moralist. But it can never be said that he was not a true painter of contemporary life and a lover of his kind. One has only to turn over again the leaves of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" to know this and always maintain it. His fame will rest upon these two books, and it will be permanent."

IS IT ALL THEORY?

The Century Publishing Company of New York, is putting out a book by William R. Basset, which advocates the cultivation of ideals in industrial enterprises. The author is an advocate of self-government in factories which is usually no government at all. It is a theory, usually advocated with the greatest fervency by people who never conducted an industrial enterprise of magnitude, and who rely on their own impressions and half-digested gleanings from text-books by impracticable theorists.

Mr. Basset's argument can be summarized as follows:

"A measure of self-government in a factory produces results that seem out of all proportion in the comparatively few changes which such government really brings. One man who has experimented with forms of self-government in factories through many years goes so far as to state these four propositions:

"(1) That wages alone are not enough to hold men and to induce them to do their best work.

"(2) That, in addition to wages sufficiently large to permit workers to live—comfortably, they must have some interest in the work apart from the money return—a pride of product, something akin to the old pride of craftsmanship. They must have ideals.

"(3) That these ideals and consequent interest may be created by giving to the workers a share in the government of the factory, in so far as it touches themselves, and ample political machinery managed by them to insure a universal 'square deal' that is, they must create for themselves, under supervision a kind of industrial democracy.

"(4) That work interest can not be

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had under mere quantity production, because that is of itself destructive of ideals. Quality must come first. Then quantity will care for itself."

Our own opinion is that looking for a panacea for all labor troubles is like trying to find the philosophers store which will turn any metal into gold. Every factory would not be a success, if a million books, to show the way were written every year. There would be failures and plenty of them.

It is high time that the American people got something better in the way of both books and government than interminable theory.

"BEST SELLERS"

The Century Company announces that it has sent to press for the thirteenth time, "The Century Handbook of Writing," by Garland Greever and Easley S. Jones. The edition consists of 50,000 copies, thus disproving the superstition of unluckiness in the number 13 and also showing that the best sellers are not confined to fiction.

Other Century "best sellers" are Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" and "Second Jungle Book." The former has just gone into a fifty-fifth edition, while the latter recently went to press for the thirty-ninth time. Close on the heels of the last comes the same author's "Captains Courageous," which is now in its thirty-third edition.

A BOOK TO LAUGH OVER

One of the indictments against modern fiction is on account of its solemnity; perhaps it would not be too much to say, its dreariness. Many authors seem as much afraid of provoking a laugh as if they were saying a solemn prayer at a camp meeting.

No such indictment can be laid against George Barr McCutcheon's "Anderson Crow Detective." Anderson is a scream from start to finish. He is the laughable old village constable of sacred memory, brought up to date and magnified into a Pooh-bah.

At seventy-five years young, Marshal Anderson Crow, detective, is still in his mind by far the most important man in the village. He is full of theories. Detective work is his specialty for making himself ridiculous and he never misses a chance.

Besides being Marshal of Tinkletown, this antiquated official, is Chief of the Fire Department, Street Commissioner, Truant Officer, Commander of the local G. A. R., member of three detective agencies, and turnkey at the local calaboose. His duties keep him none too busy to suit him. The village understands this official busybody better than he does himself, and delights in thwarting his plans. The reader laughs as much at "Old Man Crow's" pranks as Tinkletown does.

This highly amusing book is illustrated by John T. McCutcheon. The publishers are Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.

DAYS OF '49

"Forty-one Thieves," by Angelo Hall. The Cornhill Company, Boston. Price $1.50.

There are very few honest men as well as the forty-one thieves in this book, which is a straightforward narrative of the struggles of some California gold miners in the early days and the loss of the pot of gold at the end of their rainbow. The dreams they dreamed in their mountain cabins never came true, as might be said about nine-tenths or more of humanity.

The two ill-fated miners, around whom the action of the story revolves are well-drawn New England types. One is killed by a highwayman when leaving the mountains to return to his old home with his fortune. The other is betrayed by executors to whom he intrusted his hard-earned wealth to be divided after his death among his New England relatives.

Justice overtakes some of the rascals and poverty and remorse the others. The story holds the reader's interest and gives a remarkably clear impression of social conditions in the mining camps of '49. It repays the reading.

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TWAIN'S HOME THREATENED

The Hartford home which Mark Twain occupied, is threatened with destruction but the Society of Connecticut artists is endeavoring to save it. Letters of protest received at the headquarters of the society, 92 Pratt Street, indicate that the public will aid the worthy effort. America is too careless in the preservation of desirable landmarks, say some of the letter-writers. They might have added that such neglect is characteristic of all democracies. In all democracies there is little reverence for anything of the past.

REINCARNATION NOVEL.

Rider Haggard has written a new novel about his famous character, Allan Quatermain. Longmans, Green & Co., will issue it next month, under the title "The Ancient Allan." The book will be an innovation in stories of reincarnation, for it will deal with the life of Quatermain in a long-ago existence, in ancient Egypt, as a famous hunter and military chief. Lady Ragnall, the heroine of Haggard's romance, "The Ivory Child," appears in this reincarnation as a priestess of Isis and one of the chief figures in the novel.

RECRUDESCENCE OF THE DEVIL

His Majesty, the Devil, is treated in "Jean Rivard" as seriously as if the author, Joseph E. Lanouette, were writing for the sixteenth century, instead of the twentieth. In a poem of 93 pages and 10 parts, the reader learns how the paternal love of Jean Rivard, induced him to sell his soul to the suave gentleman with the horns and tail; so that Jean's youthful strength might be restored, and he could fight in the same great struggle for world freedom, in which his son, Phillip, was engaged. The fond father, like Faust, is changed from senility to vigorous manhood. He becomes a doughty soldier and wins the croix de guerre. This causes complications with his master, the Devil, who dislikes such insignia. Satan meets his finish by engaging in a duel with swords with young Phillip Rivard. Having craftily donned a suit of mail under his doublet, the Devil hopes to make short work of Phillip but the young swordsman sends him on the run back to Hades.

Novelists and poets will regret this hurried return of the Master of Evil to the sulphureous depths, as no first-class substitute for him has been found in modern literature. The Political Boss, and the typical Trust Magnate, while bad enough in their way, have never had the real devilish pep and punch. The public has grown weary of them. It snores while it meets them in literature or the movies. Some daring author, like the writer of "Jean Rivard," will have to coax Satan out of seclusion again.

"Jean Rivard" is published by the Cornhill Company, Boston. Price $1.25.

ART BOOK BY RED CROSS CANTEENER

"The Important Pictures of the Louvre," a recent book by Miss Florence Heywood, has been accepted as one of the best guides to the art treasures of France. Miss Heywood has just been created an officer of the Academy by the French Minister of Public Instruction, in recognition of her valuable writings and lectures on the art of the Louvre. Her book on the Louvre has given her the privilege of lecturing in the galleries on days closed to the public, a privilege granted to only one other person of foreign birth.

Miss Heywood is a daughter of the late James B. Heywood, of Indianapolis, Indiana, and a niece of Walter Shirlaw, one of the most celebrated American painters of the last generation. She was graduated from Leland Stanford University, and is an artist of ability. In the world war she did canteen work for the American Red Cross.

A BOOK OF DELIGHT TO WOMEN.

In her new book, "Bobbins of Belgium," Charlotte Kellogg deals with a subject which is dear to most feminine hearts — in fact all women's hearts — for was there ever a daughter of Eve, who did not love to look at fine lace and talk

(Continued on Page 453.)

(JUST PUBLISHED)

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SLEEPY JEFF

(Continued from Page 394.)

met a pair of small, dark eyes. Below the eyes was a thick, black handkerchief stretched across the face of the individual in front of him and tied at the back of the head. Jeff's vision traveled swiftly downward and he became aware that the burly robber meant to do him bodily harm unless he instantly complied with the demand made. In the man's right hand was an ugly revolver, and Jeff did not fail to observe that its muzzle was pointing directly at the center of his being. All this took place in a second of time. And since Jeff concluded there was nothing to do but obey the order given, he reluctantly put up his hands.

"You fellers are a brave bunch — holdin' up a lone boy," growled Jeff.

"Fellers? They ain't any fellers,—I'm all alone," gruffly retorted the robber, beginning to advance toward Jeff.

"Then who's them other fellers behind you?" demanded the boy, glancing beyond the bandit.

The robber turned quickly to look. When his face returned to a frontal position he stared into the barrel of a big Colt revolver in the steady right hand of Jeff.

"Drop your cannon!" commanded the boy; "damned quick, too."

The highwayman cursed in Spanish—and obeyed.

"Now turn yer back an' march up to that there oak tree yonder," ordered Jeff.

When the bandit had complied, Jeff slid from his saddle, disconnected his halter rope and tied the robber's hands behind his back. He tested the knot, decided it was secure and then remounted.

"Now you march!" ordered the boy, with a menacing ring in his voice; an' don't you try no funny bizness, er this here Colt's goin' to kick a hole clean through ya. Now go!"

* * * *

It was shortly after noon when a boy on horseback, followed by a horse with a pack, and preceded by a masked man on foot, whose hands were tied behind him, moved solemnly through the streets of the Capital city of California, to the utter astonishment of the visible population.

A few minutes after this queer procession had turned into the main business street of the town, a man wearing a big star darted out of the staring crowd and halted Jeff and his captive.

"What's this, Boy? — what does this mean?" asked the man with the star.

"This guy tried to rob me an' I wouldn't let him," replied the boy.

The crowd laughed and gathered close around.

"I'll take him," said the man with the star. "I'm the Sheriff."

The officer approached the prisoner and snatched the black handkerchief from that person's face.

"Jumping Jingo!—Jose Pinero! So it's you, is it? And it took a boy to get you."

The Sheriff leaped toward Jeff and grasping his hand, shook it enthusiastically.

"Say, Boy!" he shouted; "you're a brick! You've caught the most desperate outlaw on the Pacific Coast,—and we've been looking for him for three months. Every sheriff in the State has been trying to get him. He's wanted for robbery and murder, and the State has offered two thousand for him, dead or alive. Besides, the Express Company has offered the same sum. That makes four thousand dollars. It's all yours, Boy," and the big officer clapped his huge open palm on Jeff's shoulder, jarring his empty stomach, by which he was reminded that he had eaten nothing since daybreak. Then a grin overspread the freckled area he called his face.

He was escorted by the Sheriff and the crowd to Banker Bradshaw's place of business, where he delivered the letter Superintendent Heffner had entrusted to him. The gold was removed from the packhorse and taken into the bank building, thus relieving him of further responsibility.

Less than an hour later, the Sheriff accompanied him to the capitol building where, after a few preliminaries, he was presented with a check for two thousand dollars. And within an hour, after an exchange of telegrams between Sheriff Hale of Sacramento and the Well-Fargo Ex-

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press of San Francisco, that company ordered its local office to pay to Jefferson Radley the sum of two thousand dollars as a reward for the capture of Jose Pinero, the bandit.

Jeff was persuaded by Sheriff Hale to deposit his newly acquired wealth in the safe keeping of Charles Bradshaw's bank, after being instructed how he could draw it out by check as he needed it.

"Where's a good place to get apple pie," he asked the Sheriff as he pocketed his bank book.

Methods at Dr. Bonregard's

(Continued from Page 410.)

"Before you commence the operation on my heart," said I to the lunatic, "I have one favor to ask. I wish to write a short letter, and I pray you to have it forwarded to my address."

"Be it so," he responded, "but be quick."

Pretending to be writing on my knee I turned my back towards the madman, so that he would not perceive me emptying the flacon of chloroform on my handkerchief.

He advanced towards me, as if he wished to decipher my writing, and instantly I seized the hand in which he held a poinard and thrust the saturated handkerchief in his face. He fought with the strength of a madman, and I with that of desperation. The struggle was short. He sank upon the floor unconscious.

I was saved.

In Realm of Bookland

(Continued from Page 449.)

about it. What finer lace in the world than that made by the bobbins of Belgium?

There is little about the history of lace-making that is left unsaid in Mrs. Kellogg's book, though the historical feature occupies little space compared with the elaborate descriptions of the lace-making art, that have not omitted anything worth knowing.

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Not only does the author tell all about the different kinds of lace, but about the living conditions of the lace-workers. Never have we seen an industrial topic invested with more human interest, and made more readable. Mrs. Kellogg's is a book to read and preserve.

In addition to the 51 beautiful full-page illustrations of lace and lace-designs, there are 28 engravings of different stitches and meshes now in use.

The price of the work, $2.00, is low for it, with its 314 pages, and 79 illustrations. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York, are the publishers.

A REAL MYSTERY NOVEL

Well named is James Hay, Junior's, new book "The Melwood Mystery" for it is a most artistically constructed problem of crime which at once challenges the curiosity of the reader. It is literally a mystery, and the unexpected solution is accomplished by a series of swift surprises, crowded into the closing pages of the book. The action quickens with every chapter, and the ingenuity of the reader to guess the outcome is baffled until the author discloses the secret by the last incident.

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Dodd, Mead & Company of New York, are the publishers.

"Wind and Blue Water," by Laura Armistead Carter. The Cornhill Company, Boston. Price $1.25.

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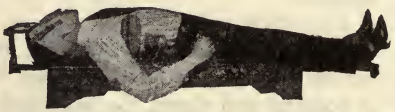

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A TOUCH OF NATURE

(Continued from Page 391.)

would prove a revelation to those who bore witness to the cold, hard iron of him in business. He was truly a dual personality. He always walked from the office at night, and each block on his way home was a new phase in his transition. He invariably quickened his steps in sight of the imposing dwelling, that housed his motherless boy. And his face would become good to look upon when the scurrying of swift feet, and glad, shrill voice welcomed "Daddy" home.

Today he had shopped, shopped well and with a boyish eagerness that brought smiles to the faces of bored clerks. On his way home he carried, proudly in both hands thrust before him, an elaborate toy yacht. It was the exacted reward as a birthday gift for divers and repeated promises regarding angelic behavior, made by John Michael Flynn, Jr.

The boy was so fond of boats and the water, too fond to suit his father. He worried each time the youngster went to that lake. He worried until he saw the tired figure manfully convoying the nurse up the graveled entrance.

He was nearing the house now. He chuckled softly, visioning a swift little figure coming pell-mell to meet him. And when the door did not slam, and no exuberant shout went up at sight of him and his burden, he felt a sudden uneasy moment. "What if something had happened to John, Jr.? Surely"—and he experienced something akin to panic. He quickened his steps, and then grinned foolishly, of course he would not be met today, he was early. He hurried on anticipating the pleasure of that eager surprise when he and his gift should be seen.

As he started up the steps his son came, whirling around the corner of the house on a velocipede. He retraced his steps, and an avalanche of boy, wheel and a torrent of breathless excitement descended upon him.

"Oh daddy, you did get it, you did, you— Sa-a-y that's the most swellest boat I ever saw! I guess that's the best lit'l' boat in the who-o-le world, I guess. Oh look, daddy, jes lookee even men on it an' everything! I'm going over to the lake, I'm going to the lake now. Can't I go now, daddy? Say yes, please say yes, huh daddy?"

There it was again, the lake. Well he'd go with him and see that everything was all right. He'd—but pshaw there was that bill to be attended to. Well, the nurse then. . . .

"All right, Johnny boy, yuh c'n go with nurse, but mind now yuh gotta promise t' be good and careful. Promise daddy yuh won't take any chances."

"O-o-oh yes, I will, I will daddy, I'll promise."

The nurse was summoned and after the most exacting instructions the pair started.

"Now mind, sonny boy, yuh promised."

"You bet daddy." He smiled up at his father out of youth's clear, happy eyes. It sent a warm surge to John Michael Flynn's heart. How much the boy was coming to resemble him!

He watched with jealous solicitude the sturdy trudging of the small figure. In these days of speed maniacs, no street was safe for his boy. His boy! How he loved to roll the words on his tongue! He stood there in pride and thought until the pair disappeared, then resolutely turned and went into the house.

Into the library he marched and with each step came a change. A change of heart and soul and features. Here was no indulgent parent, — the man became warrior. He set to work grimly, feverishly, as though in apology to the other self. He waded through lengthy documents and musty volumes. For two solid hours he thought and wrote his hate into a bill that would crush the Japanese on the Pacific Coast.

He had finished and the copy was pigeon-holed in the desk, when he looked at his watch. "Great guns! Two hours gone by; had John, Jr., come in yet?" His hand was half way to the bell when the harsh clanging of an ambulance gong brought him in a premonitory rush to his feet, and the window.

The ambulance was drawing swiftly to the curb, it was stopping at his home! Somehow his legs carried him through the

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door and down the walk. He was running now, awkwardly and it seemed without any speed. His breath would not come, he gasped as he ran. He flung his arms out, above his head in increasing impotent dispair. Physical endurance, however great, could not withstand such an awful strain very long.

The men lifted a stretcher from the ambulance and in that instant John Michael Flynn knew the awfulness of the black staring dread that comes just before the full mental acceptance of a death brought home to one.

He gathered the limp, wet, little figure of his boy in his great arms and a rasping sob welled and gurgled in his dry throat. The ambulance surgeon was hastening to assure him, when the blue eyes opened in a wee tired smile. A satisfied tremulous sigh sent the blood singing to his father's head. He was weak and trembling. He wanted to sit down. It was just a flash of a smile in just the flash of a second, but in that moment had the world been lost and regained to John Michael Flynn.

After his boy had been tucked into a warmed bed, and the surgeon had reassured him that everything was all right—no cause to worry, John Michael Flynn noticed with a start a Japanese boy who had been sitting, cap in hand, in the hall.

His face darkened at the sight. He pointed to the silent youth. "What's he doin' in here?" The surgeon looked at John Michael Flynn, and answered:

"That Jap! He's the one dived in and saved your boy when the nurse let him fall into the lake."

Alone in his library an hour later, the surgeon's words were still ringing in the ears of John Michael Flynn. If it were not for one Japanese boy life would have ended for his own lad and life's purposes for himself.

The phone startled him. "H'lo! who? . . . . oh yes, Ilkins. . . . the draft of the bill. Yes, yes that's finished. . . . say, er—Ilkins! Do nothing more about that matter until I notify you."

He replaced the receiver on the hook without a good-bye, walked to his desk, drew out the compactly rolled draft of the bill, and tore the sheets once, twice and across.

THE BLACK OPAL

(Continued from Page 406.)

been carrying, leaving the man to shoulder the basket.

"That rifle's mine, by the way," he said, turning to Benton. "I let Mrs. Fiske take it for the duration of the apricot season. I'll send over some cartridges for it, in the morning. The boys are going on a lion hunt—the mate of the beast we killed is still prowling 'round. You'll join us?"

"I had thought of leaving tomorrow," said Jack Benton, slowly. "But"—he spoke through his clenched teeth— "I'll see this thing through!"

The manner in which Jack expressed himself indicated that his mind was fully made up. It was evident that a crisis was very rapidly approaching.

"Oh, yes!" chirruped Gretchen Mallory. "We couldn't leave Mrs. Fiske now, with this mysterious burglar still un-Sherlocked. To say nothing of a lion running around loose!"

"I forgot to tell you"—Lee again addressed Jack—"that I brought over the pelt of the lion cub, and left it in the basement. You'd found it out soon enough, though. It's a smelly piece of luggage. Not quite dry yet."

"There's the reception committee on the veranda!" cried Gretchen Mallory, gaily. "What will they say? Do you suppose, Dr. Gordon, that they'll believe us when we tell them that we found this basket in the road?"

(To Be Continued.)

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VOL. LXXV JUNE, 1920 No 6.

Those Judicial Scandals

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen:
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—Alexander Pope.

HAVE we arrived at the embracing stage? Has the pernicious system of electing judges by popular vote —when the ballot of a tramp can offset that of the first citizen in the land— dulled the public conscience, as well as depraved the courts of justice?

What representative lawyer, twenty years ago, could have foreseen such a lowering of the standards of decency as the recent report of a San Francisco Grand Jury has disclosed. Wholesale dismissal of criminal cases, and collusion of police judges, bail-bond grafters and jury-fixers appear to have been the form of jurisprudence generally followed.

The besmirched officials instead of effacing themselves quietly, or humbly soliciting a much-needed coat of whitewash, remain in defiant possession of their graft-bonanza. Attempts to pry them loose from the public salary roll and perquisites, make but weary progress. The entire investigation is more significant of how not to do it than how to fasten the guilt where it belongs. In fact, to judge by the dwindling newspaper reports of the inquiry, the only person in danger of indictment is the President of the San Francisco Bar Association, who dared to say that crooks should be driven out of the legal profession, and from the judicial bench. Such violent declarations are tantamount to treason and revolution.

Not only in the arts pictorial and poetic, but in the noble art of grafting, the world has advanced. This is the age of Cubists and Futurists in all lines. Black is white and vice versa. Right is wrong. The burglar is a lovable character and the householder who would obstruct the dear fellow's operations, should be sent to jail for his eccentric interference with personal liberty.

The pioneer goldseekers would not have received a Grand-Jury disclosure of police court graft, with as much complacency as their San Francisco descendants, in this altruistic age of advanced moral standards.

With what convincing celerity the old generation of San Francisco Vigilantes would have dealt with judicial corruption, such as that intimated in the Grand Jury's recent denunciation. How quickly the call for mass meetings would have been issued. How hearty the response. The accused officials would have found it prudent to clear their skirts, or clear out of town. Lucky for them if nothing worse befell.

Those were what we call the "rough-and-ready days of '49". All were not saints in those days. There were murders and robberies. Desperate men did desperate deeds—as always they will— but a public cry for the punishment of criminals, did not waste itself on the ocean breezes.

Now cold-blooded murders and robberies most desperate, are mere incidents in

most of the larger American municipalities. Los Angeles, has made a hero of a champion bigamist and wife-murderer, for whom hanging by the heels would have been objectionable, only on the ground of its mild inadequacy. The newspapers featured the villain. The movies photographed him, when showing the police where he had buried a few of his slaughtered wives.

Nobody, of course, expected that the fiend would swing for his atrocities. It was a public surprise when he received even a life sentence, which will probably belie its title. Perhaps, already the inevitable petition for mitigation of the cowardly murderer's sentence is on its rounds. In a short time it will be forgotten that he outdid an amorous Turk in extending his harem, and got rid of his superfluous wives, with as little compunction as an industrious pork-butcher, at his honest but sanguinary day's work.

Released from prison, without loss of electoral franchise the returned "Bluebeard" can mingle in the busy walks of life, and utilize his vote in the election of judges, acceptable to his notions of the sort of supermen, best suited to the needs of upright wife-murderers. What a commentary on the judicial side of civilization!

When we marvel at the blunting of the public conscience, as revealed in the treatment of a murderous bigamist in Los Angeles, we should remember that the murder record of the United States is 11,000 cases a year—mostly unpunished.

Unless a red-handed slayer be poor and friendless, it is seldom that he finds himself decorating a gallows. The worst that can happen, is a sentence similar to that of the Los Angeles Bluebeard, and at that he must have murdered for the very lust of bloodshed, and shocked a community by the dynamic atrocity of his wickedness.

As Alexander Pope has so well said in poetic phrase, familiarity with Vice leads from hate to endurance and then to liking. It is not possible for a commonwealth with 11,000 murders a year, and crimes of violence the staple of its daily news and drama to retain an honest, sturdy aversion to lawlessness? The moral qualities of public opinion depend in a large measure on those of a community's judiciary. The courts of justice are the foundations of government and if they be rotten the entire edifice must totter.

Wherever the system of electing judges is in operation, the prestige of the judiciary is lessened and the disrespect for the laws increased.

We have seen what politics has done for the police courts of San Francisco, and we wonder that such things could be: but if we turn to New York at the other side of the continent, we find the judicial ermine trailed in the mire of partisanship, with equal disregard of decency. New York also elects judges. It will choose nine justices of the Supreme Court next fall. The New York World declares that Tammany has sold out the Democratic party, to insure the success of its judicial ticket. How insure it? The World explains. There is a large Sinn Fein vote in Manhattan and the Bronz. By gratifying Sinn Fein prejudice against President Wilson and the League of Nations, the votes of the faction could be secured for Tammany's Supreme Court nominees.

At the recent conference of New York Democratic delegates to the National Convention Wilson's pet measure was shelved, and he himself was refused the usual flattering approval of his administration, which National Delegations give outgoing Presidents of their own political faith. To make the insult plainer, Burke Cochran, a New York orator and lawyer, who has been prominent in the Sinn Fein organization, was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions which followed the political program of Tammany. Could better proof be furnished, that political barter and sale of the courts, is a bad thing for America and Americanism?

A strange thing about the New York World's condemnation of judicial debasement, is, that it selects as its target, the boss of Tammany instead of the wretched political system which makes Tammany's interference with justice, possible and profitable. Wherever opportunity lies, there will the vultures of politics be found gormandizing on graft. Placing the boss of Tammany in the journalistic pillory, is as futile as cutting a wart off a patient's nose, to cure him of cancer of the stomach.

That appointment of judges instead of election, makes for higher legal and judicial standards, is shown by the great superiority of the Federal courts, over the State tribunals. An ordinary State judge, becomes a better one on attaining a Federal judgeship, which gives him more security of office, and frees him from the whip of small-town politics. The United States District and Circuit Courts are remarkably efficient and free from scandal, and the United States Supreme court, enjoys the respect and admiration of the world.

The British judicial system, which represents the reforms of many years, recommends itself to all good lawyers. In Charles Dicken's day, its deficiencies furnished the great novelist material for some wonderful stories. No British judge is elected by popular vote. Lawyers of good standing are appointed and paid liberal salaries, and the courts are clean and respected. Obedience of law is spoken of as an English characteristic and disregard of it American. That difference is not racial. It is due to our manner of conducting American State Courts. We allow politics to level them down and everything is lowered with them.

When the political conditions are so inimical to judicial rectitude and dignity in the State that elect judges, it is surprising to find so many upright and patriotic men on the bench, endeavoring to preserve their self-respect and thereby endangering their positions: for, the judicial trickster who possesses a chameleon-like versatility, in adapting his colors to all shades of public hysteria, is most likely to enjoy a long term of office. Character is one of the things, least considered in the election of judges and knowledge of jurisprudence, not at all. A briefless young barrister, who never tried a case, might defeat a learned and experienced lawyer by glibness on the stump, and the exercise of talents that would qualify him better as a cafe entertainer, than as head of an august tribunal of law and justice.

Our elective judiciary system, is not only dishonest to the public, but cruel to the judges we place in power. If, by chance, we select a worthy man, our political system tempts him at once to become a time server, demagogue or grafter. If our choice be a judge inclined to hold the scales of justice unevenly, there is nothing to make him reform, and become a credit, instead of a disgrace to the bench.

What a cruelty is the ordeal of reelection, to a judge who has striven to be honest, and has thereby incurred the opposition of every tricky politician in his district! What a tragedy to an upright judge, after years upon the bench, to suffer defeat at the polls. Of course he would be poor. Judicial salaries are meagre, and professional men are too often improvident. Their family expenses make comfortable bank balances impossible.

To cast back into the professional scramble, a judge who has spent years in the public service is a tragedy. The very qualities that should make him an excellent judge, would operate to his disadvantage as an aggressive partisan advocate. Besides that, younger men would have forged ahead in the field of private practice. The fact that he had filled a judgeship would carry little weight, as the courts are discredited. Only by some rare stroke of good fortune, could the unlucky official save himself from the biting poverty more terrible than death to people who have enjoyed comfort and social prominence.

The only objection which can be made to appointment of judges for life is that it would be difficult to select excellent men, worthy of such confidence and responsibility. That argument carries no weight when our elective system, so often, furnishes the reverse of merit.

If all the elected judges, good, bad, and indifferent, were at once appointed for life, with the prospect of a pension on retirement, the morale of our State courts would at once be improved, beyond all expectation. We would create an aristocracy of education and respectability calculated to hearten and unite honest citizens.

Unless we abandon the elective system for judges, State and municipal governments, now inexpressible, inefficient and ruinously expensive, will become worse.

—*Thomas E. Flynn.*

Self Preservation First

Organized Labor In England Refuses Concessions To Soldiers

By Harvey Brougham

THE professions of the English trade unions, that their primary object is to protect and benefit the working classes, in general, is subject to considerable modification, if we can judge by an interesting debate which took place recently in the House of Commons on the exclusion of returned soldiers from employment.

It was shown to the House that there were 350,000 demobilized men who could get no work, on account of the refusal of the unions to grant permission. There was no scarcity of vacant places but the trade organizations insisted that they be filled by union members.

In the building trades there was a shortage of 200,000 men and the public was suffering from the scarcity of houses, declared several members of Parliament.

Viscount Curzon, whose name is familiar to American newspaper readers, called the attention of the House to the action of a Munitions Tribunal, which had fined an employer five pounds, for having given work to disabled soldiers, because certain unions protested.

Sir Robert Horne replying for the Government said that some of the unions had consented to train disabled soldiers, but others, including the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Sheet Metal Workers, had absolutely refused to have anything to do with the training scheme. They did not wish to have the disabled soldiers given work at the cost of increasing the membership of their organizations, and thus lessening the opportunities of the regular trade unionists. The humanity of the question, or rather the lack of it, had no appeal to them.

Captain Hambro, who is a member of some prominence in the English Parliament, asked why the unions could not suspend their rules and regulations at a time when increased production was the one panacea for the ills of the country. He mentioned three instances where unions prevented demobilized soldiers from infringing on the protected union field. In a gas engine factory a strike took place because of the employment of an officer, two non-commissioned officers and a private. In a ship-yard an ex-soldier was offered a good place, provided he joined the trade union, but his application for membership was refused by the union. Another ex-soldier who got employment in a wagon factory had to leave, because his retention would have caused a strike.

Beyond expressions of dissatisfaction at the unpatriotic and narrow policy of the unions, nothing was accomplished by the House of Commons to relieve the large army of unemployed ex-service men, who cannot go to work though industrial production needs their help. One member declared that trade unionism would not flourish, if it demonstrated that it had a heart of stone. Another member described the Labor Party as "a pathetic collection of contented hyprocrites and broken-hearted saints."

Organized labor's point of view, as expressed in the debate, was that the union members would have to protect themselves against the many thousands of disabled and discharged soldiers, who were looking for work. The principal union spokesman argued that if any sin had been committed, some of the responsibility should be laid on the shoulders of the employers, who failed to keep their promises when the war was over. He could not see any impropriety in the raising of the entrance fee by unions. so that the amount was practically prohibitive. In plain English it was a case of every man for himself. The unions, therefore, would be foolish to allow discharged soldiers to be dumped into industries, al-

ready congested.

The union principle of self-protection, which has been announced thus clearly in the House of Commons, is far reaching. If carried to the logical conclusion unionists would be the greatest sufferers, for they are a small minority both in England and the United States. In both countries they have been admirably organized and have possessed a political power, altogether disproportionate to their numbers. What the exact numbers are nobody outside the inner circle of organized labor in America knows. It is easy to exaggerate the number, for the general supposition is that the skilled tradesmen are many, whereas, they are comparatively few. In labor demonstration they have not been impressive, and a moment's reflection will show that they are not numerically formidable.

The aggregate of all the carpenters and millmen in the large city of San Francisco does not exceed 4,000 though those trades have the greatest union membership. So, too, with plumbers, bricklayers and painters. They represent only a few thousand men. The iron trades are now stronger than usual, owing to the recent war work and the activity in shipbuilding. Altogether the organized tradesmen of San Francisco could not cast more than 20,000 votes, though the full registration of the city at present is about 180,000.

It must be remembered, too, that labor organization, does not flourish outside of the large cities, or manufacturing centers. Unionism has no footing in the agricultural districts, yet there are over 10,000.000 persons employed in agriculture in the United States.

Prior to the great war the full membership of the American Federation of Labor did not exceed two millions. It was estimated that there was ten non-union wage-earners to one union member. Whatever the exact figures, there can be no doubt that the organized labor forces are a very small minority, that retain their position in politics and the labor market by admirable generalship. Their organization is far more effective than any which the capitalistic forces have managed to form. As long as the United States is prosperous, and the labor supply inadequate, the unions, are likely to remain intact.

Should hard times come about, the organized labor minority would find its position precarious. A struggle for existence usually proves disastrous for a minority, however clever its leadership. In hard times the unskilled workers fall away rapidly from the union forces. The pressure from outside is too great for them. With several men to fill every position, the holders cannot afford to take chances of being thrown out of work. If they remained loyal to union principles and lost their places those would at once be taken, perhaps at lower wages.

For that reason, union organizers do not place much reliance on organizations of unskilled workmen. The skilled workers are the backbone of labor organization. First of all they are as a rule superior mentally. They realize that it has taken many years to reach their position of vantage. It is therefore worth while to struggle to retain it and if need be to suffer in the contest. Moreover, the same pressure from outside is not exerted against them, as the supply of skilled labor has been cleverly curtailed for many years.

In spite of all that, a great danger always threatens the ranks of skilled labor. That danger is the open shop, and is what English trades-unions now fear. It leads them to oppose the employment of discharged soldiers in protected lines, even though the soldiers have patriotic claims. "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature"—and of trades-unions as well.

While the English unions are influenced by self-preservation, they are not wise to make such a bold and public stand against discharged soldiers to fields of employment where help is needed. That action advertises the unions as tyrannical and discredits them in the eyes of the great public. When the unions by unpatriotic selfishness or arbitrary and unjustifiable strikes, injure or antagonize the public, they increase the danger of their destruction by the open shop. The politicians are always ready to fly to the

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The Coming Vocation

Professional Reforming Is The One Big Chance

By Edith Eldred

NOW that Miss Lucy Gaston of Chicago has declared herself candidate for the presidency on the anti-cigarette ticket, and South Carolina has forbidden the smoking of cigarettes in all public dining-rooms, hotel lobbies, public parks, waterfronts, cathedrals, etc., we may look for a more enlightened public sentiment towards reforms of every nature—economic, sociologic and alcoholic, and, indeed, toward the reforming profession as a whole. (Or, if you prefer, as the sum of all its parts.) Prior to the great world war, a lamentably superficial, almost flippant attitude was discernable in reformer and reformee alike toward what is in reality a serious matter.

Only consider to what trifling ends reformers have struggled thru the centuries, squandering time, brains, even money on such insignificant issues as poverty, disease and crime! Meanwhile, such a basic evil as the puffing at a bit of white paper, wrapped about a scrap of dried tobacco leaf, has remained for our day and generation to take cognizance of, and to recognize as an evil so deeply rooted, so fundamental, so far reaching in its disastrous results that it must demand a foremost place in any modern program of reform. Surely it is a hopeful sign to see it thus transcending those older, less vital issues in the public conscience. After all, as Henry Van Dyke so quaintly puts it, la variete est l'espice de la vie, and the American people are ripe for The New Reform, just as it is ready for the New Religion, and a Newer, Better Rum.

Of all the myriad fresh impulses and revaluations which have come to us from out the great and bitter conflict, none is more cheering to the student of social pathology than this new emphasis, so bravely placed by Miss Gaston (Lucy) and the forward-looking legislature of the noble south.

Nor is there any dearth of material for those who would follow in their footsteps; those who see, in Professional Reforming, the One Big Chance. American life today is riddled (shot) with insidious, insinuating ills, not apparent on the surface, perhaps, to men of coarse perception, but patent to the eye of the observer of social phenomena. Take this matter of wrist watches, for example: the prevalence of the habit is becoming alarming. Born of military necessity, it has spread from the armed ranks of our valorous soldiery to every walk of civilian life, till now no wrist too wrinkled to disport its wrist watch. This is common knowledge. But the recent researches of science are known only to the few, revealing the appalling intelligence that forearms whose circulation is thus impeded may, in a few short years, wither away, becoming mere lifeless appendages to the human frame.

In brief, the American people faces the imminent loss of its left forearm!

Again, have we ever properly considered the Pekinese Spaniel, how he is invading every home, every hearth? Even the nursery is not sacred from his presence. The thing has got to stop somewhere.

Or again, the bath salt habit, its rapid spread in the slums of our big cities has become notorious. Statistics of retail drug stores are most illuminating in this connection: they tell us that if circulars taken (for one year) from packages in which bath salts are sold were opened out and placed end on end, they would girdle the Kongo Basin thirty-seven times and pave a road out to the city jail of Cairo.

Need we point to the crying need of reform in the public schools, where the all-day-sucker habit has fastened itself so insistently upon the young? In public parks, where nursemaids meet policemen and second girls talk with gardeners, open-

ly, frankly, without shame in the eyes of that youth they are paid to protect!

Such facts should give us pause. But for the Professional Reformer they augur a bright future; fat years, fat years—

But the thing has got to be handled right. The whole trouble with this reforming business in the past, from the point of view of the reformers of today, was that it fell into the hands of the inefficient, the inexpert. And nobody realized on it. In the simplicity of those earlier times reforming was, for the most part, just a hobby, harmless, and even amusing. Restless daughters of the bloated bourgeois found it a welcome span for that uneasy period between a debut and a divorce. Undergraduates who could not dance, the less popular professors, long-haired hangers-on at studio teas and academy pushes, all sought it as a congenial refuge from the inevitable tedium of a life spent in minding its own affairs. But its tremendous possibilities as a money maker have to our day been totally neglected and, as a business, it has hitherto been hopelessly disorganized.

Obviously, this old, carefree, joyous method of reform has got to go. We must scrap it, just as Miss Gaston (Lucy) and nature's noblemen down in old South Carolina are scrapping the frivolous aims of a giddier generation for the graver purposes of a chastened people.

Reformers, today, are not in better case. So far they function almost solely as an incoherent ideal, a nebulous vision, a yearning, an aching—but, alas, an aching void. They need organization, push, pep and jazz.

The most popular vogue just now in our more prosperous industrial and financial circles being the union, the first step of the Professional Reformer naturally will be to unionize. Indeed, such a safeguard will be the sine qua non of this new industrial order, for by its very nature, almost anybody can qualify. Practically no requirements of the usual character (such as ability, scholarship, mental capacity, and so on) are necessary to reach the highest pinnacle of fame in the reforming field. Just anybody, with nothing else to do, the peace-ship habit of mind, the Bryan risible equipment, and a flair for the cosmic belongs, per se. (Indeed, this vocation will have an especial appeal to our leisured classes: unsuccessful portrait painters, imported proletariats, Spanish playwrights, misunderstood mystics, amateur artistes, indigent Italians, hungry Hungarians—)

After the union comes the strike. No self-respecting industry gets far nowadays without its little strikes and the public is beginning to demand them.

After that the rest is easy; open offices on Broadway, install efficiency and advertising experts, put up the price and go to the Bahamas for the winter. The public will sign on the dotted line into five figures for that.

DAWN—AND DAWN.

By Helen Frazee-Bower.

Dawn—and a flush of crimson
Heralds the coming sun;
Somewhere a lark is chanting
His morning requiem.

. . . . . .

Dawn—and a mist of silver
Wraps every blade and leaf;
My lone heart keeps repeating
The burden of its grief.

California's Great Poet

He Wrote in Numbers for the Numbers Came

By Maynard Shipley

NEARLY a quarter of a century has passed since last I spoke with Joaquin Miller. He was then barely sixty, and many of his exploits, including his famous trip to Alaska, were still before him; but to my youthful eyes he was a venerable patriarch of literature, and my knees trembled as I climbed the Berkeley Hills to the appointment that a friend had secured for me.

Inside his little cottage, watched over by the faithful old mother from whom he inherited so much of intellect and wit, the Poet of the Sierras lay stretched on his couch like a huge fallen tree. He had been ill, he said, but he was glad of an opportunity to exchange ideas with the outside world while he was locked in his Berkeley hermitage. At the foot of the cowhide robe which covered him, two enormous boots stood sentinal; and at his head, like a fiery candle, reposed a substantial bottle of something which he would not be able to obtain today!

I had entered by the always-open door; he told me that the door was left ajar so that tired tramps who chanced to wander by at night might enter and sleep on the floor. "Aren't you afraid?" I asked. For answer he extended a brown hand on which glittered a large diamond. "A lady in England gave me that," he said, "and it's worth a lot of money, but not one of my friends has ever touched it. They know we're brothers."

His visit to England was in one way the great event of Miller's life; he never tired of commenting on his enthusiastic reception. "I was surprised at the recognition I received; I had had no idea that I was well known there." Modest words, to come from one whom the world regarded as a swashbuckler and a spoiled child of genius! And I may add here how much I was struck by the quiet dignity of his pleasing and melodious voice.

Poseur he certainly was, more or less. The famous boots, for instance, were part of his make-up, reminders of his romantic career. Yet when I mentioned them, he stated that he wore them because he could afford no others, which was some exaggeration.

Joaquin Miller loved to dwell on his days as an Indian Chief in Oregon. His execrable handwriting, worse even than Horace Greeley's or Horace Traubel's was due to an arrow shot through his right wrist, which prevented him from holding a pen normally. At the same time, he despised the typewriter, and sent out all his manuscripts in longhand. No wonder he remarked plaintively, "It is easier for me to dispose of prose than of verse, but I have never made money from either. But then I don't write for money, or for fame either; I write because I can't help it."

Perhaps from his years spent in the open, the poet loved the patter of rain, and wrote best under its inspiration. As rain is unobtainable in California for at least half the year, he had constructed an ingenious device to supplement it. Over the roof of his cottage extended a horizontal pipe peppered with little holes; when he felt like writing, he turned a faucet, and the shower besprinkled his roof as long as he desired it.

Miller was always easy to approach. To get an answer to a letter written to him was another matter. On the occasion of my visit, the table by his bed was piled high with unopened mail, some of it already turning yellow from age. Carelessly, he invited me to open any of the letters at random. I did so, and found an ardent effusion from a young writer in Germany, enclosing an original poem, which he wanted the poet to translate into English for him.

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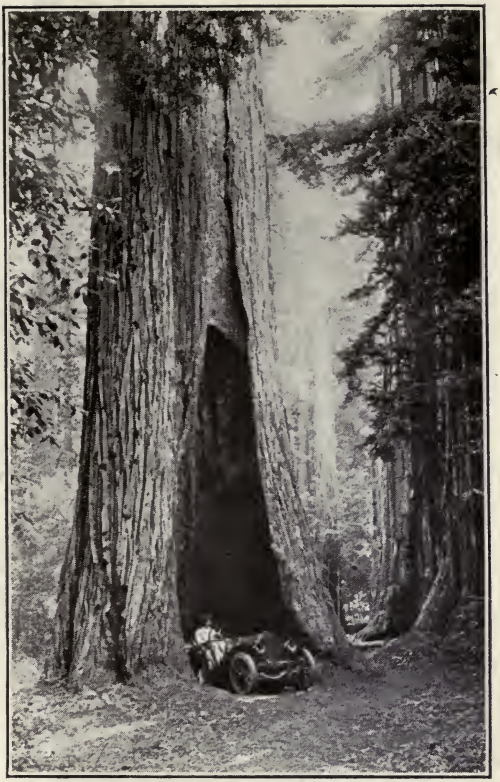
Yosemite The Incomparable

A Natural Wonder Which Wins the World's Awe and Admiration

Beautiful Always, But An Eden of Outdoor Deligths in the Good Old Summer Time.

By
Gladys Louise Ellsmere



The Tree of Trees.

OF ALL the natural wonders of the world, the Yosemite Valley is the most satisfying. No sightseer ever fails to experience the most profound admiration and awe, as he stands beneath its colossal walls of perpendicular rock, or from the elevation of one of its mountain trails overlooks vast stretches of snowland fading into the far distance, as if beyond the horizon lay the glacial solitudes of the Arctic.

In the Yosemite one finds displayed all the moods of Nature. We meet her in her gentle beauty and in her sublimity. Never does one tire of gazing on her infinite variety, for every step reveals a new phase of natural loveliness or grandeur.

Only in recent years has the Yosemite attained its true place in the list on natural wonders of the world. California, surfeited with incomparable climate and scenic delights, might never have realized what a glorious treasure Nature had given her, had not travellers from less-favored parts of the earth, carried back the story of Yosemite's sublimity, and made the fame of the beautiful valley world-wide. Thus the growing interest and pride of Californians in their preeminent world's wonder is a reaction. Having learned by proxy of their scenic treasure, none could become more appreciative. Where formerly Californians visited the lovely Valley in hundreds they now go in thousands. Soon they will be going in hundreds of thousands for the automobile has brought the scenic delight within reach of all. Last year 58,000 visitors were recorded in the Yosemite. Of those 70 per cent arrived in their own motor cars. It was an amazing record, thought many people, but in reality it was far from being astonishing. In the years that are quickly coming, the record of 1919 will appear very small, for every person who visits the valley sounds its praises so loudly that ten others are fired with curiosity to see the wonder for themselves.

Seeing the Yosemite has become a national habit.

It has often been asked, "When is the best time to come to Yosemite?" The

Mountain Mermaids in Yosemite Swimming Tank.

real answer to this is "anytime." Each season of the year has its own particular attraction, although of course by far the greater part of the season's business is done during the summer months.

Beginning with the last week or so in April, the summer tourists begin arriving. Their numbers constantly increase until the "peak" of the season arrives during the middle week of June. It continues until well after the fourth of July. Then the schools reopen, and families start home. By the first of October the Camps are dismantled for the winter, and the crowds are all memories of the summer.

During May, the waterfalls are usually at their best, although this condition continues well through June. The heavy mantle of snow that falls upon the upper Sierra, each winter, begins to melt under the influence of the warm spring days. The streams that were mere brooks during the frozen months come to life, and in a few days become torrents, roaring down through the mountains, and then taking their three-thousand-feet leap down to the floor of Yosemite Valley. During this part of the season the days are warm and balmy, but at night a warm wrap becomes a necessity, and electrically heated bungalows and tents are highly appreciated. Crowds gather about the cheerful campfire at Camp Curry, listen to an evenings entertainment, and then either go to bed, or keep up their circulation on the dance floor.

As the summer wears on the days become warmer, but the nights remain deliciously cool, and one will always want the warm blanket with which his bed is supplied. As a general rule there is no rain, but should one of the mountain thunder showers come up, it is always of short duration. The sun quickly dries things up again.

With the latter part of July comes Indian summer in Yosemite, and that is the time of year that some people stoutly maintain is the best. The long lazy days, the diminished crowds, the general air of contentment and satisfaction; all instill in the tourist the desire to remain in this wonderland for the rest of his days. Although the volume of water in the falls may be somewhat diminished, the gentle winds playing about the cliffs, blow the streams of water into filmly veils across the surface of the rocks. At the end of the day, as the last rays of the sinking sun shoot across the mountain tops and

Glorious Panorama of Yosemite from Inspiration Point.

King Albert of Belgium and Prince Leopold, on the Lofty Apex of Glacier Point.

leave their farewell caress upon the majestic brow of Half Dome, you may turn back towards camp and a comfortable bed, but it is more likely that you will want to wander alone, through the pine pillared aisles of nature's cathedral, and then as the full moon rises over Sentinel rock and bathes the valley in its silver flood, you will know why people come to Yosemite, not once or twice, but year after year, and each time find new wonders and greater joys.

Yosemite National Park is easy of access, as it is but a short day's travel by train or automobile from San Francisco, or Los Angeles, to Merced. The motorist may ship his car by Yosemite Valley Railroad from Merced to El Portal, the gateway of the valley for a nominal sum, thus saving himself a hard mountain drive of 78 miles.

It has only been during the past five years that the automobile has invaded the Yosemite, but not until the season of 1917 did people begin to have any idea of the ease with which a week-end trip could be made into the famous playground. Since then, the number of visitors has increased, steadily, until now the housing of the vast number of enthusiasts has become a great problem. All of the Yosemite concessionaires are bending their efforts towards providing ample accommodations for the hosts that are expected this year. The problem has been solved by energy and experience.

Last winter, Foster Curry, manager of the popular Camp Curry, made a special trip to Washington to take up with the Department of the Interior the question of future business in Yosemite. He returned with a nineteen year lease, which permits the erection of a large storage garage, increased dining room and kitchen facilities and a sufficiency of the bungalows which he first offered to the public two years ago. These delightful canvas-curtained wooden buildings have met with high favor. It is no easy task to fill the demand even though additions are constant.

Anticipating very heavy travel to Yosemite this year, Curry has councilled all prospective tourists to make early reservations, especially if they contemplate coming during June or July. Already the total accommodation of the Camp has been sold out for certain weeks in the season, and the offices are being deluged with requests for reservations.

Last season the heavy rush of travel

took all of the Yosemite Camps and Hotels by surprise, and as a result word quickly spread all through the state that Yosemite was full to over-flowing. Many people who had planned on spending one or two weeks there were disappointed. To guard against a recurrence of such a condition, a limit has already been put on Curry reservations, thus assuring those who do come that there will be no overcrowding or any of the attendant discomforts.

Routes to The Valley.

To motorists, entering the Yosemite Valley for the first time the question of routes is important. The concensus of opinion among motorists is that the Wawona route via the famous Wawona Hotel and Inspiration Point, is the best for entering Yosemite for the first time.

Motorists may start on this route from Fresno, via Coarse Gold to Wawona, from Madera, via Raymond and Miami Lodge, or from Merced to Mariposa, via the newly graded State highway and then to Wawona.

Leaving the State highway at Chinese Camp, Modesto, Merced, Madera or Fresno, one crosses the rolling foothill country of the San Joaquin and ascends gradually into mountains. These increase in size, beauty and verdure, until all about one is a magnificent forest of pine, fir, and cedar. At the 6000-foot level are found the groves of big trees (sequoia gigantea). Near the Mariposa grove are two pretty resorts, Miami Lodge and Wawona, where the air is pure and cool at night and full of the odor of the forest.

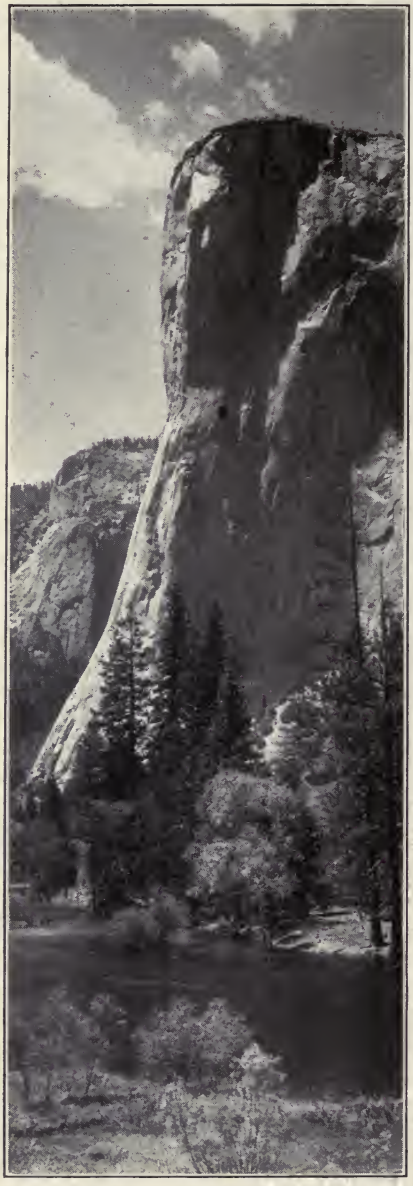
Leaving Wawona the road winds through the most magnificent sugar pine forest in the world, until swinging around a bend, Yosemite is seen in all its beauty from Inspiration Point, the logical and dramatic entrance to Yosemite. The sight is never forgotten.

Descending to the valley floor along a road overhung with towering cliffs, and moistened from the spray of waterfalls, a few miles more bring one to a beautiful grove of pine and cedar at the foot of Glacier Point, where is situated Camp Curry, famous for its comfort, good cheer and hospitality.

Motorists returning from the Yosemite have the choice of three routes—the Coulterville route, the Big Oak Flat Road and the Tioga route. Visitors can enter the Yosemite National Park by one road and leave by an entirely different route, thus giving a never-ending change of scenery, and intensifying the pleasures of the trip.

The Coulterville route for returning motorists takes them by the Merced, Big

Bridal Veil Falls, the Exquisite Pearl of Yosemite's Matchless Gems.



Gigantic El Capitan, Impassive in Storm and Sunshine.

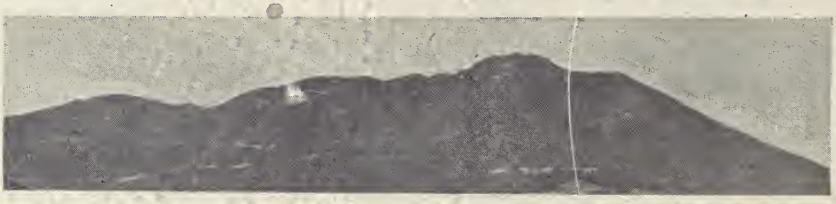
Tree Grove, Bower Cave which is well worth visiting, and the historic old town of Coulterville. Thence travellers can proceed by different roads to either Merced or Modesto.

The Big Oak Flat Road is the most direct for returning motorists going north. It runs by way of Carl Inn, Crocker's, Hamilton Station, Big Oak Flat, and Priest's Hotel to Chinese Camp and the State Highway.

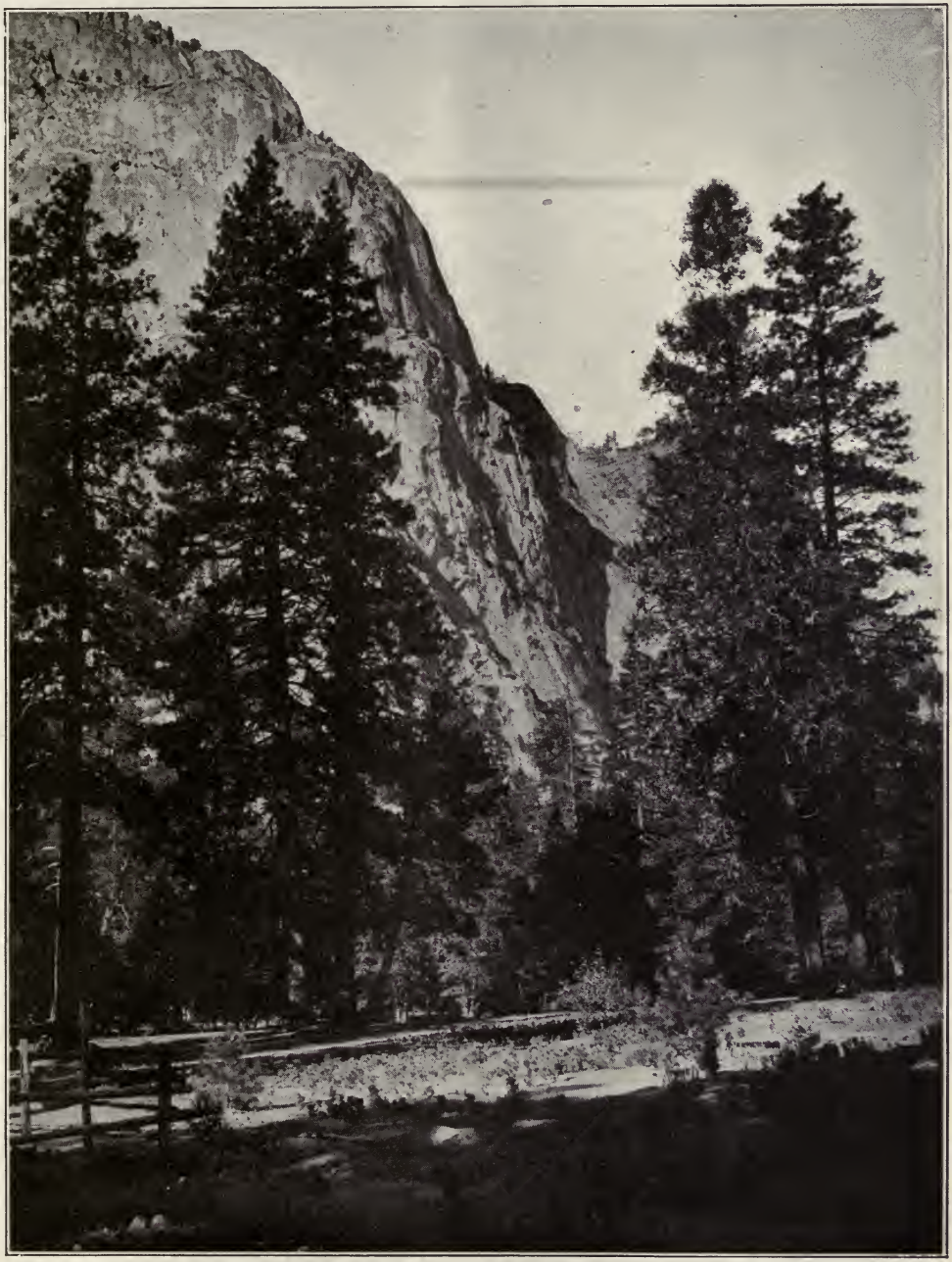
The Tioga route—the third available to returning motorists—runs through the highest section of the Yosemite National Park, which has been well described as the Switzerland of America. The road attains a height of 9941 feet. On all sides are seen great snow-clad peaks, many of which are more than 13000 feet in height. Below Tioga Pass is the newly rebuilt Leevining Canyon Grade at the foot of which is Mono Lake, the craters, Hammond's Resort and the roads leading north to Lake Tahoe and south to Los Angeles, through Owen's Valley and Mojave.

It would be impossible to devise a more delightful vacation trip than a motor visit to the Yosemite. The roads are good from almost any point in the State, and once in the National Park with its 1100 square miles of natural beauty every day is a delight. Many forms of amusement and sport await the visitor.

The Government regulations are liberal, and calculated to promote the pleasure of the visitors and insure the safety. Visitors have the freedom of the Valley and the only governmental charge is an entrance fee of $5, which entitles one to a season's permit for his automobile in the Park. There is no cause to regret that the United States Government has superseded the State Government in control.



A Skyline in Yosemite Valley.



The Half Dome, Silent Sentinel Beside the River.

Each Moment a Delight

Scenic Beauties Vie in Yosemite National Park

Splendid Roads and Ample Accommodation Make Motoring Ideal this Year.

By Edwin Gilbert Funston

IT IS pleasant to record that this year visitors to Yosemite National Park find their trip made more delightful by the forethought of those who cater to the public comfort, and by the constant improvement of the transportation service and the roads. Nobody can find cause for censure this season.

While the possession of a good automobile makes the trip to Yosemite all the better, the lack of a private machine does not cause any inconvenience. The rail service is admirable and there is not in the world a more enjoyable railroad journey than along the banks of the picturesque Merced River, once the Mecca of goldseekers, now the trout angler's paradise.

Before reaching Merced where the delightful railroad journey beside the river begins, one travels through the great valley of the San Joaquin and gains some idea of the vast scale of agricultural and horticultural progress in California. Generally the city tourist, unused to the warmer summer zones east of San Francisco and its bracing trade winds, arrives at Merced ready to enjoy a drop in temperature. All the better! At Merced he can take a train of the Y. V. R. R. for El Portal—the Gate of the Valley—or ride the 78 miles along the Merced River in one of the Yosemite National Park Company's automobiles. What can excel the pleasure of such a trip—the road a smooth Government boulevard, and every one of the thousand windings of the beautiful river a picture to fascinate an artist. The summer air is cooled by gentle breezes from the stream tumbling joyously over countless waterfalls, and is perfumed by the luxuriance of wildflowers on the hillsides and azaleas in the clustering forest. The constructors of a railroad and a highway, either of which affords visitors such means of rapid and pleasant access to the Yosemite National Park, deserve to rank as public benefactors.

Motorists who wish to break their automobile journey at Merced and thus avoid the task of guiding their cars to El Portal, can ship them by train for a nominal charge. In fact nothing has been overlooked in smoothing the way for visitors.

From El Portal to the floor of Yosemite Valley is a series of continuous surprises and delights. En route, the visitor passes El Capitan, the "Gibralter of America" ten times greater in size than the rock which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean. This gray granite monolith thrusts its weather-scarred face towards the clouds 4000 feet above the roadway, and can be seen from various points more than 60 miles away. By some curious freak of nature a huge, white pine, more than 100 feet high, grows out of this solid block of granite, there being apparently no soil, yet this lonely pine has stood there for generations.

Across the Valley, higher up, shimmers the irridescent Bridal Veil Falls—the narrow body of water which drops 940 feet to the crystal line depths below. The wind toying with this narrow ribbon of water, blows it back and forth across the face of the cliff, until there remains but a mist, resembling the tulle and lace of a bridal veil.

The Three Brother's Group lies beyond El Capitan, the highest of this group being Eagle Peak, 8,500 feet above sea level.

Sensational Rock facing this group, on the opposite side of the valley, is a gigantic splinter of granite rising perpen-

Winter Snows Make Yosemite an Enchanted Fairyland.

dicularly, 3,059 feet above the floor of the valley. This overlooks the village of Yosemite where is located the Sentinel Hotel which is open the year round. Yosemite Lodge, is a delightfully situated group of wooden lodges or cabins, under the fragrant pines, opposite Yosemite Falls, the greatest cataract in all the valley, nearly one-half mile in height.

Across the Valley, a little higher up, is Glacier Point. Here is located the beautiful Glacier Point Hotel, which was recently finished at a cost of $250,000.

From this point can be seen 35 peaks, ranging from 10,000 to 15,000 in height. This is indeed an inspiring sight. From here can be seen North Dome, Half Dome, Royal Arches and Cloud's Rest, the highest point of all.

The geological formation of this part of

the Valley is most peculiar. The perpendicular rocks of tremendous height were once the cradle of an enormous glacier which slowly moved down the valley. Half Dome has the appearance of having been cleft in two by a giant scimitar. Across the Valley are the Royal Arches. The geological formation is best seen here, as it lies in a series of layers, with giant recesses in the vertical wall. The culmination is North Dome.

Continuing on the south side of the valley we reach Illilouette, Vernal and Nevada Falls.

The head waters of the Merced River supply Nevada Falls. These waters merge with those of Tenaya Creek at Happy Isle, a most beautiful spot. Proceeding up Tenaya Canyon, on the north side of the Valley, we come to Mirror Lake, which is at its best, just before sunrise when Mt. Watkins and surrounding scenery is reflected as in a great mirror.

Many delightful motor trips can be taken from Yosemite, such as the trip to Tuolumne and Mariposa Big Trees, to Hetchy-Hetchy, which is the 65,000,000 dollar water project. Another beautiful trip is to Lake Tahoe over the Tioga road, which is open from the last of June until August. This is worth going many miles to see as it takes in the cloudland of the High Sierras.

In another year the government will have finished a new, easy grade highway from Yosemite, up the Merced Canyon, past Vernal and Nevada Falls, across the mountains to Tenaya Lake. Though only fourteen miles long, the road will make the High Sierra country easily accessible to visitors, reducing by 40 miles the journey to the heights, over Big Oak Flats and Tioga Roads. This will be a short cut to Mono Lake and Lake Tahoe, enabling tourists coming from the east to stop off at Tahoe and continue their journey through Yosemite.

The recently organized three-million dollar Yosemite National Park Co., the president of which is Mr. A. B. C. Dohrman, has taken over the holdings of the former Desmond Company and others, completing a chain of hotels, lodges, camps, stores, etc., of which visitors to the park have long felt the need.

Next year will be completed at the cost of $650,000 an ultra-modern resort to take the place of the Sentinel Hotel. This hotel will be augmented by hungalow units as occasion demands.

The center of social life is Yosemite Lodge, about which is grouped Convention Hall, reading room, dance pavilion, studios, tennis courts, and huge out-door swimming tank, fed by filtered water from mountain springs.

ROMANCE

By Oscar C. Williams

How beautiful you are, Romance,
How fraught with soul-felt tenderness,
The heart of twilight in your glance,
The glory of the stars, your dress!

You shield from us the form of fate,
You are the aureole 'round strife,
The light that shines to celebrate
Love's glamorous entrance into life!

Picturesque As Ever

The Pioneer Route, Modernized, Reveals all Yosemite's Wonders

Tourists Can See the Giant Redwoods and the Great Valley, in One Day.

By Arthur Griswold

FOR visitors to the Yosemite Valley who have no motor car, and wish to enjoy a comprehensive view in the shortest possible time the Horseshoe Route affords advantages. It is known as the "Thru In One Day" service, and was established forty years ago as the pioneer line for Yosemite Valley travel.

Though the motor-car has revolutionized the mode of travel, the old pioneer route to the Yosemite has lost none of the picturesqueness of scenery which recommended it to early-day tourists, when a visit to the Yosemite was almost an event of a lifetime. Then the sightseer made the journey in an old-fashioned stage-coach, which was considered a marvel of expedition with its spirited steeds and fearless driver. Now the patrons of the Horseshoe Route, ride luxuriously in splendid high-power, seven-passenger Pierce Arrow motor-cars, with Westinghouse air-springs that make them as safe on the mountain grades as in a garage. How slow and cumbrous the old stage-coach would appear, floundering along in the dust of one of those modern vehicles, that combine speed and comfort!

Starting from Merced, the Horseshoe Route follows the State Highway for forty miles, and then changes to a wonderful mountain road through the big timber to Miami Lodge, a mountain resort, 4500 feet above sea-level. The road then enters a splendidly timbered section of the Sierra Nevadas and the climax is attained when the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees is reached. This is the most famous grove of forest giants in the world. The giant redwoods are found only in California. Their scientific name is "Sequoia," given in honor of Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian, who invented an alphabet for his tribe.

The Mariposa Grove of Big Trees includes more than 600 specimens, including the "Grizzly Giant" and the "Wawona," through which the auto road passes. The lives of some of these giants of the forest have extended over thousands of years.

All the autos of the Horseshoe Route give passengers a complete trip through the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, and stop at the Guardian's Cabin to permit of a rest and luncheon.

Leaving the Big Trees the Horseshoe Route next embraces in its list of stoppages, Wawona Point which overlooks the entire region. It is a view-point of wonderful interest. Wawona, one of California's famous mountain resorts located on the south fork of the Merced River is the next halt.

Leaving Wawona, the road crosses the south fork of the Merced River and on up to Chinquapin, on the crest of the divide. From this point it is 13 miles down into the Yosemite, and on this portion of the road, stops are made at the celebrated Inspiration and Artist Points, where the finest of all general views can be obtained of the Yosemite Valley. Passengers should have their kodaks ready for pictures here. The entire trip of 26 miles between Wawona and Yosemite, is one beautiful panorama of mountain and forest scenery unsurpassed. After reaching the floor of the Valley, the auto road leads for five miles along the foaming Merced River to Yosemite Village, passing Bridal Veil Falls, El Capitan, Cathedral Spires, Sentinel Rock, Yosemite Falls and in full view of the great Half Dome at the southern end of the Valley.

In the Redwood Region.

At Chinquapin, a branch road leads south 13 miles to Glacier Point. This is probably the greatest motor trip of its kind in the world, and the views to be obtained along the way compare favorably with anything to be found in the Swiss Alps. At Glacier Point is the famous overhanging rock, jutting out into space and 3200 feet directly above Camp Curry on the floor of the Valley. Nearby and close to the auto road is Sentinel Dome, the "high spot" of the entire region and the grandeur of the scenery from this point cannot be described. Passengers on the Horseshoe Route should not miss the opportunity given them of making this fifteen minute trip on foot from the auto road. At Glacier Point will be found first class hotel accommodations and plenty of time is allowed Horseshoe Route passengers for sightseeing.

The schedules this season are so arranged that the Yosemite trip can be made in the manner best suited to individual requirements. The "THRU IN ONE DAY" service will appeal to those with only a day or two in which to see everything and for those with more time at their disposal, a leisurely trip can be made with stops at the famous places described above. The important thing to remember is that the Horseshoe Route caters to individuals who want service and to make the Yosemite trip in one of their Pierce Arrows is just like doing it in your own car. There is no crowding and no large excursion parties to disrupt the schedule. It is best to consult the Company's representatives before starting for Yosemite, and secure full and comprehensive itineraries covering the entire trip.

The Quest of Peter Ladd

By

Florence Dawson Hamilton

WHEN, by chance, old friends meet after many years, each invariably plays a part in the fascinating game of endeavoring to fathom the other's depth, of mentally marking the changes which are the fruitage of time and circumstance—a pleasant game, indeed, when one has nothing to hide. And though the players be unconscious of the playing, the zest and stimulus aroused, are not a little responsible for that warm, inward glow which is so closely related to the hearty handclasp of renewed friendship.

It was my good fortune to enjoy this experience on the morning at Casper's, when glancing up from my breakfast newspaper, I made the amazing discovery that the newcomer who had unwittingly usurped the place at the table, which I had reserved for my wife, was none other than Peter Ladd. It was truly unbelievable, yet closer scrutiny served only to strengthen my first conviction and convince me beyond all doubt that it was the same Peter—older, more worldly and different, of course—yet withal the same who, as a youngster, had been my pal in the feverish, gold-hunting years in the Nome district, where our youth had been spent.

There was no mistaking that general sense of bigness which had always characterized him, the bronzed finely chiselled features, the massive head with its great mop of soft hair, which leisurely waved back V-shaped from a broad forehead. It was at this point in my observation, that my senses received a most terrific jolt, as they absorbed the shock of the one astounding change which the years had wrought in him. It was incredible, monstrous, but—

My steady gaze had caused him to glance my way. Even then he was studying me, recognizing me.

"Well, Steve, of all people!" he thundered in a deep, curiously vibrant voice which I recalled from other days. "When did you get in? I heard you were out in Java in the export game. You're the last person in the world I'd expect to meet here in good old San Francisco."

And while he remarked the vagaries of chance, and marvelled at the law of coincidence, my growing amazement at the startling change which had come over him since our last meeting, swept me into a maze of revery and speculation. It is true that our paths had crossed for one short period since our boyhood days, but that, too, was long ago, and it was back to those still earlier first years of our friendship—those splendid, terrible, gold-mad years, so bittersweet with promise—that my fancy carried me.

We were pals in those days—Peter and I—and joint owners of the Open-Sesame Mine, over which we exulted and toiled, and despaired and slaved incessantly.

Peter was the most gold-thirty man I had ever known, and his youth had been a strange one. Shy and sensitive, and with a great love for solitude, one compelling passion seemed fairly to consume him with its intensity, the eternal lure of gold. Seething and burning within him like a great white-hot flame, it robbed him of all interest in other things, yet charitably filled the void which would otherwise have been created in his barren life by the wall of isolation with which he chose to surround himself. The intricately woven web of petty trivialities from which were patterned the lives of the other miners in the district, played no part in his scheme of things. He always seemed to avoid casual companionship, and rarely made a trip to town, unless to replenish our food supply.

As to romance, it was so non-essential to his happiness that it seemed doubtful if he were aware of its existence. It was said that no woman had ever come into his life. Certain it is, that he paid but little heed to the girls in town, and that he worried himself not at all over their wiles and methods. How could he know that the occasions on which he was the topic of feminine discussion, were by far more frequent than his visits to the supply store, and that more than once, this or that beauty, had foolishly and unavailingly gone so far as to scheme vaguely for his enmeshment?

Endowed with a richly colorful imagination, Peter chose to re-paint a gray existance with vivid hues of rose and gold from a palette of dreams, the splendor of which compensated, perhaps a little, for the lack of the precious gold which he so feverishly sought. His fanciful gilding of our drab surroundings with splendid tones of brilliance, seemed to arouse in him a strange sense of power, a capacity for accomplishment, an exhilarating sense of optimism, which would lead to several days of almost frenzied effort at the mine. There would be long, seemingly endless periods of the greatest drudgery, for he was a tireless worker and a hard master to himself when it came to letting up. It seemed as though he must wrest from the earth by sheer force, this elusive yellow god. And always his eyes were blind to this or that discouraging sign or ill omen, which would have driven men of less grit to other fields of fortune, or caused them to throw up the game with disgust.

"Perhaps it will be only one more day. We can't give up now, for we're sure to find it mighty soon," he would challenge. And then we would begin again.

Thus our days passed in monotonous succession, one scarcely distinguishable from another, save for the pall of sameness which enveloped each and all in a shroud of gloom. But if our days were conducive of only perspiration and despair, at least the hours of night were our own, and we made the most of them. It was then that Peter would assume his most dreamy and eloquent mood, which was quite in keeping with our custom of spending the evenings reading together some one of the oddly assorted books which he had gathered from here and there, and which were doubtless responsible for the strangely kaleidoscopic gleanings of worldly wisdom in which he frequently revelled. We were both insatiably readers, and hungrily devoured any and all printed matter which came our way.

"Just listen to this", he would begin, reading aloud some bit which caught his fancy.

Then we would lose ourselves in one of those splendid evenings of which we had so many—he, reading, as the case might be, by the elusive light of the sputtering yellow lamp which in winter adorned the rough table in our cabin, or by the soft glow which tarried on a long summer night, I making myself comfortable as best I could, no matter what the season. Now and then, as the mood seized us, we would abandon the roles of reader and listener, to enter into deep or heated discussion of the subject at hand—and subjects there were, many and varied. Little we cared how wide their range might be. Even erstwhile current events wrested from an old newspaper, which though new to us, held no promise of the timeliness of the subjects, were a source of genuine delight. They were like tiny links of an invisible chain which bridged the great silent spaces, the loneliness, and the heart-hunger of our rigorous life of privation, and lead triumphantly to that other life—which was life — Outside.

They acted as a soothing but powerful tonic, which strengthened our determination to ruthlessly brush all obstacles away to win the game against all odds, to force into realization the ambitions which had brought us to the Northland, and which would eventually take us from it.

However, it was not destined that all who sought millions in the gold-fields should reach the goal, and at last there came a day when it seemed that even Peter must realize the galling truth, the utter hopelessness and futileness of further endeavor in the Open-Sesame Mine. It was an acknowledged fact that the "boom" was practically over. All around the country, men were gathering together their findings, and making exultant or despairing preparations for—home. Adventurers, rich beyond their wildest dreams, others with the brand of failure and disappointment written tragically on their lined faces and hunched figures, were alike "cashing in" by the thousands. Of course, there were many who stayed to go on with the struggle, but with these we have no concern.

Whether or not Peter saw things in their true light is not a matter of record, but I do know, that he caused quite a little flurry of surprise on the occasion when he strided in among a little group of us who had gathered around the great fire at the supply-store, with an air which showed plainly that he had something unusual to tell us.

"I'm leaving for a visit home," he announced, after a bit. Haven't seen Mother and Dad for years." Then he abruptly changed the subject.

So it happened that when the last boat of the season left Nome, Peter Ladd left with it, homeward bound for a "visit". The Northland never saw him again, nor to my knowledge did any of those boys who saw him off that day, with the exception of myself.

. . . .

When next I heard of Peter Ladd, my sensibilities were not a little shocked, so incongruous did his method of earning a livelihood seem to me—who had known him in other days. I had married and settled down to nearly placid domesticity, having left the Yukon for good, shortly after Peter's departure. We, Rose and I, had drifted from one city to another, seldom remaining in one place long enough to make many friends, yet enjoying intensely the constant change which resulted from the nomadic life which we lead. In many cities we were able to pick up this or that strand of an old friendship, but in San Francisco we found ourselves total strangers, and a bit lonesome.

It was more to please Rose (who is interested in such things after the way of women) than for any other reason, that I agreed to attend with her, a series of widely advertised, so-called "Aesthetic Reveries," which, as a fervent and highly-colored press notice informed us, were being conducted by a silver-tongued orator of magnetic and idealistic charm, who, owing to a wide range of worldly experience, was well able to give these informal little talks on widely diverse subjects of general interest. I learned that this man had quite a following among those who prided themselves on being folk of much temperament and high thinking, who acclaimed him a connoisseur of the several arts, and listened with bated breath to his fluent discourse on a variety of high-sounding themes. However, just what his own particular accomplishment might be, I was unable to determine.

So it happened that on a certain evening Rose and I cautiously picked our way to the dingy little hall which nearly lost itself in one of obscure straggling by-ways of the Latin Quarter, though I must confess that I expected to be bored to the point of pain.

After climbing a dark and seemingly endless flight of creaking stairs, we came to the little room which was our destination, and were confronted with such a contrast to the general dingy squalor of the neighborhood, that it was some minutes before our blinking eyes could clearly discern the objects around us. The place was garishly illuminated with huge globes of orange and gold which seemed intensified by the great clusters of California poppies which were massed in each of the four corners, and on either side of the tiny platform at the front of the room. The walls were a nightmare of grotesque fancy, in which it seemed that a riot must have been in progress among a countless number of hydra-headed Chinese dragons,

pending the total destruction of all living objects within reach. The chairs were upholstered with heavy magenta plush, and altogether there was a semblance of surfeited luxury.

I found the pungent, hectic air of the place, with its suggestion of incense, a trifle oppressing. However, I tried to make the best of the situation, and to make myself at least appear to fit in with the oddly assorted audience, for I noticed that Rose had already adjusted herself to the queer surroundings, and was making pleasant response to the friendly effusiveness of a too stout, over-dressed, and too-much-powdered lady at her right. Still my discomfiture continued to increase, until to my relief, the babel of the place was suddenly hushed, and I knew that the speaker had appeared.

It took but one glance at the big figure on the platform, for me to recognize him —Peter Ladd of erstwhile Klondike renown! But how different! The unaccountable manner in which he had apparently metamorphosed a personality which had previously exulted and gloried in isolation, and which now brought constantly into play those magnetic forces which exist in the close relation of speaker and audience, has to this day remained a mystery to me. His fiery eloquence was a marvel in clever vagueness, as was the mystic, hypnotic spell in which he held his listeners, who in a state of breathless thraldom, seemed to hang onto and weigh his every word.

Needless to say, I became a habitue at his salon, as he chose to style the tiny hall, though, as I have said, more to please my wife who is interested in such things, than for any other reason.

It was after our first visit to the place, that I made myself known to Peter, and on that and other occasions, we had several pleasant chats at which reminiscences were exchanged. He was greatly changed, beyond doubt, but I who had known him in his boyhood, could see that one predominating characteristic of his old self still remained—a single tie between this man and the boy he had been. In his eyes still smoldered, or blazed, that restless, searching glance which I remembered from other days, that brooding, almost intangible wistfulness which is characteristic of the gold seeker whose years of search have borne only the bitter fruits of disappointment. There were times when my heart fairly bled for him, from the very idea of the thing. Yet always it was the same—that heart-hungry expression in his eyes, which would now and then blaze forth like great liquid flames, during a moment of more than usual eloquence.

But one night it was different. Peter was in the midst of a discourse on the choosing of color schemes, and the blending and durability of colors, when the entrance of a tardy newcomer momentarily attracted his attention. The effect on him was disconcerting. The consternation and bewilderment which he could not hide, and the strange, fleeting, altogether unfathomable expression which crossed his face, prompted my glance toward the door, just in time to see a rather pretty young girl slip quietly into a seat. Now the fact that Peter Ladd could be visibly perturbed by a woman, was strange indeed. I stared at her almost rudely. I decided that she was a sweet, delicate-looking girl, though I could see nothing really out of the ordinary about her, except, perhaps, that she was the first, to my recollection, of all those smartly or bizarrely dressed women, who had come bareheaded to the little hall. I could not help wondering if she had not done this with intent, perhaps purely for reasons of vanity, to reveal to better advantage, great coils of the most marvelous Titian hair which I had ever seen, which as the light played through it, took on the appearance of a great flaming bonfire. It was small wonder that the glory of her hair made you almost forget to notice the sweet pallor of her small oval face, and the seriousness of her very brown eyes—but this is a digression.

When Peter recovered himself to some degree, he continued his oratory with such a smothered force of frenzy and exultation, that the air seemed charged by an electric current, and I am sure that his fame as a speaker must have spread from that night. At any rate, the remainder of his discourse was apparently directed exclusively to this girl, as was the dynamic eloquence which he hurled from that plat-

(Continued on Page 539.)

The Winning of Josephine Chang

Incidentally Papa Tin Woo Chang Lends a Hand

Secret of The Famous Shamo Jade Revealed.

By James Hanson

TO visit San Francisco, and not see Chinatown; visit Chinatown, and not see pretty Josephine Chang, would be like seeing Paris without a trip to the Louvre.

Josephine Chang was undoubtedly Chinatown's foremost attraction. Her rare Oriental—almost Occidental—beauty was one that astonished all who saw her. She was a slender creature, with a coiffure of black hair that shone like thrice-polished ebony, a creamy skin, and a poppy-red mouth which bestowed a benumbing smile upon the purchaser of her post-card picture which she sold for a dime.

She was no ordinary Chinese girl. She had been educated in one of the largest universities in the West. Her noble lineage could be traced back into the shades of antiquity. She could count her suitors by the hundreds and her admirers by the thousands. As each Chinatown guide pointed out the famous beauty, at least one new man was smitten by her charms. And young Chinese students, black-bloused hatchet-men, and merchants stalked her in jealous competition for her hand.

Her father, Tin Woo Chang, was reputed to be the wealthiest Chinaman in San Francisco. He owned a chain of stores and restaurants, and was a vice-president of the Bow Sing Tong, the most powerful in the Six Companies.

The wily, old Celestial was not blind to the effect of her charms upon the tourists and curious. Accordingly he placed her behind the cashier's desk in his largest chop-suey restaurant with the result that his place of business was always full of customers; his gold pieces piled higher, while Josephine's fame grew as the days passed on.

A Nook in Chinatown

She had a price—no; not the usual one or two thousand dollars purchase price, or gift to the father, but the solving of a cipher.

The cipher was hidden in the amulet which hung from her neck by a gold chain, and the lucky man who could decipher its hidden words and repeat them to her father, would find the "Open Sesame" to wealth and happiness. It had been inspected, placed under the microscope, and minutely examined by scores of fortune hunters, curious, and prospective husbands—always unsuccessfully.

Then came Yee Kwong, young and handsome with an American university education. He was the chief representative of a Chinese Mission to the United States from the Flowery Kingdom. He was entertained and dined lavishly by prominent Chinese of the West and particularly by Tin Woo Chang. Of course he met Josephine. Like all the rest he fell a hopeless victim to her mystical dark eyes, and straightway resolved to win her love.

Yee Kwong sipped his tea—or rather

breathed it—with the customary Chinese etiquette, and turned a radiant face upon the lovely Josephine Chang, who sat opposite him at the carved teak-wood table. His eyes rested upon her amulet.

"What a curious bit of jade," he remarked in perfect English.

"An heirloom," she explained, "which has been in our family for generations. It's priceless."

"A very rare combination of colors," he complimented.

"Would you like to look at it?" she asked, raising her eyes.

"Please."

His hand trembled slightly as he received the charm from her tender fingers.

"I'm considered a connoisseur of jade—you know. In fact, I was appointed to select the jade ornaments for the state robes of the Governor of Wo Sang."

He examined it with the eye of an expert; glancing at its heavy intricate carving and peculiar coloring.

"Very rare!" he confided "and carved by a master hand. The stone is reconstructed well enough to deceive an expert"—he gave a slight start—"It resembles the Shamo jade, reputed to have been made in the echoing corridors of an underground monastery on the edge of the Shamo Desert, by an old priest, whose face was as wrinkled as the desert itself. This trinket, of which I speak, is supposed to be handed down from generation to generation, each successive possessor being fettered and pledged by the unwritten laws of custom to refrain from marriage until its secret was discovered. At present it is supposed to be in the possession of a beautiful girl, and anyone solving its hidden ideograph would have certain privileges."

Her face reddened with embarrassment.

"This is it."

"Really!" he exclaimed, in unconcealed astonishment.

"And its history as I have repeated it?"

"True."

"Then I have the right to—"

Her eyes glistened with a light that smacked ever so little of sarcasm. She said:

"Have I the right to say? You seem to be quite familiar with its history . . ."

* * * *

Kwong had tarried two weeks longer in the city than he had originally intended. Official business had become a secondary matter. In fact he had resolved to remain a guest of Tin Woo Chang indefinitely, or at least until he had accomplished his new purpose.

One afternoon he and Josephine strolled into the garden in the rear of her father's house.

The miniature garden was secluded from the curious by several buildings that surrounded it. In it were dwarf pines, firs, and bamboos. In the center of the garden was a miniature lake stocked with lilies, cress, and iridescent, spotted goldfish browsed lazily near the surface. Scattered sparsly through the shrubbery were realistic-looking stone mushrooms.

Kwong led the way to a convenient bench in the shade of an orange tree.

"Let me look at that charm again," he burst out, impatiently.

For the hundredth time he examined it closely. Its design baffled him. He gave up with a gesture of disgust.

"Hang it all!" he said, angrily. "Why don't they make these things so a fellow can understand them!"

A slight chuckle came from Josephine.

"What's the matter? he demanded, "What's the joke?"

"You seem so serious," she taunted.

"Serious! he repeated. "I haven't slept for a week, trying to deduce this confounded thing."

There was a benign wistfulness about her oval face as she watched him idly toying with the trinket.

"I wish that I could solve this enigma," he mused, with a sigh.

Scarcely audible came her answer:

"I too—wish that you could."

"Do you—really?"

She nodded.

"Then, why can't we become engaged and married in the customary way? We're not in the mysterious East now! I'm going to demand it from your father; and if he refuses I shall bring influence to bear upon him. Bah! Silly puzzles!"

Across the tiny garden the afternoon

Snug Domicile of the Tin Woo Changs

sunshine struck red. The tips of the lilies in the pond turned to mauve and lavender, and the lights played upon her hair with the faintest tints of blue and purple.

Their lips met. For within that costume of Yee Kwong and straight-lined trousers was the creation of Ho-Shang, who was the God of Riches, Contentment, and Purity. His arms tightened again, and their lips met.

"There is but one way to possess her" came Chang's answer, "and for me to change that way; would be to change the laws of custom. That I dare not do."

Kwong turned to leave the room when he was halted by the voice of the other.

"When I am in trouble," offered Chang, "I pray a prayer to the joss-god—and I am helped."

"The joss can not help me," returned

The Engagement Announced at Luncheon

Up in one of the top-story windows, in the semi-obscurity, the almond-shaped eyes of papa Tin Woo Chang watched curiously.

* * * *

The simian-faced old Tin Woo Chang was seated behind a screen-shielded, teakwood desk, garbed in a blue Nankeen jacket, and peering through his horn-rimmed spectacles with bland intensity.

Yee Kwong entered almost humbly and bowed low before him.

"O wise and illustrious Uncle!" he began. "I would speak with thee."

"You have permission, my son."

"O Uncle! I would marry the beautiful Josephine."

"Then you have discovered the secret?"

Kwong slowly shook his head.

"No," he said; "but I have wealth and social position to give her. I am the youngest millionaire in China."

Kwong. "It is for the old, who still believe in him. We of the new generation do not believe in him."

"Try—and see," encouraged Chang, with his customary blandness.

"Yes, Uncle," promised Kwong.

* * * *

Yee Kwong made his way reluctantly to the joss-house and entered its doors, labeled with bright red, and gold-inscribed papers.

A huge platform stood before him, spread with rich tapestry and supporting a ponderous porcelain joss. On its either side burned tiny wicks floating in a sea of peanut oil. Before it was a bowl of beaten brass filled with sand in which punk-sticks stood, sending out their aromatic odors.

"O Pie-face," said Kwong, under his breath. Then aloud: "O most noble image of Confucius—I beg a favor!"

Chinatown Celebrates the Wedding with a Great Dragon Festival

Thereupon the perplexed lover threw a pinch of incense into the burner, and after wrapping a hole-pierced paper around a coin which he laid at the base of the joss, he prayed a silent prayer.

He retired as usual that evening, his mind full of misgivings and thoughts of the past few days. After a few hours he slept; and Ng Sin, his faithful servant, carefully released the shades, and shuffled noiselessly from the room.

Kwong sat up in his bed fully awake. He knew not what had awakened him, yet he sensed that someone were in the room besides himself. He called Ng Sin and severely questioned him. Ng Sin lighted the lamps and together they gave the room a thorough search, but failed to find any other occupant.

"My fancies are playing havoc with me," thought Kwong as he turned off the lights.

He turned to reenter his bed when something bade him look up. There above his bed, an ideograph, luminous like an apparition in the Stygian gloom, read:

Hold Before a Light!

It startled him! He turned on the light, then off, then on again. It could only be seen in the dark. But the words! What did they mean? Suddenly the meaning came to him and he rushed from the room.

The presidents and vice-presidents of the Six Companies, in their brocades, fans and coral buttons, sat around in solemn conclave in the home of Tin Woo Chang, holding an informal meeting. They drew back in surprise as an agitated figure burst in upon them. It was Yee Kwong.

"The joss has answered!" he shouted. "I claim my reward! Where is Josephine?"

"In her chamber room," was the answer.

Kwong made as if to burst into her room when she entered through the door, bewildered at the sight which met her eyes.

Kwong tore off her necklace almost frantically and ran to a burning candle and held the charm in front of the flame.

"See! he cried. "See the words?"

The stone was reconstructed, as he had said, in relating its history to Josephine. The maker of the amulet had skilfully blended into the green, a red character which predominated when held before a light.

He read the words aloud: "May All Be."

"Yes, my son," confessed Papa Tin Woo Chang, with unconcealed emotion, "she is yours. May All Be."

The happy couple received the congratulations of all present and then were formally presented with the Ju-I wand; a symbol of faith which brings good luck to betrothed couples. Its name signifies "May All Be."

The word ran through Chinatown like wildfire, and in a short space of time preparations for a feast were soon in order.

* * * *

Papa Tin Woo Chang threw a pinch of incense into the burner and bowed low before the joss, whose scowling countenance seemed to grin. Chang's eyes held a peculiar light and an infinitesimal smile played about the corners of his mouth as he reflected, with a wink to the joss.

Yes, it was against the laws of his tribe to tell the secret of the charm; but he could not be responsible for what the joss did.

He had bribed Ng Sin to let him in his master's room when the young man was asleep; and had written on the head of the bed, with a stick of phosphorous, the instructions. He had then jostled Kwong's bed and slipped out of the room before his prospective son-in-law had time to fully awaken.

Ranger Deal's Swim

Waters Wild and Wide, Muddy and Cold

By Charles H. Shinn

JACK DEAL was a plain, careful ranger in one of the Sierra Forests. It was always hard for him to talk, or to make out a report of any sort, but he had hidden humor and genuine imagination which sometimes brought astonishing results. Even those who knew him best said: "One never gets to the bottom of stubborn, few-spoken Jack."

Jack was "riding range" south of Kings River, somewhere away back in what the men of 1904 called the "Sam Ellis country." Big, jolly Sam had cattle and a camp, protected fish and game, looked after forest matters in his region, and was at home everywhere from Fresno and Visalia to Independence, Three Pines and the Monache Meadows.

An old pioneer woman came to her cabin door one afternoon. Seeing Jack crossing an oak opening, she shouted and waved her broom; he turned and rode down to the cabin—it had long been an axiom among the rangers that every mountain woman loved the forests and was always loyal to the Government.

"Any other ranger in this region?" she asked.

"Not yet; will be when the fire season opens; then Mainwaring, Bigelow, and Sam Ellis will be on the job. What's up?"

"Texan cattle, carloads of them, shipped out to California because feed is short where they belong. Smith's cowboys from Dunlap say that they are coming up on both sides of King River. They'll eat out the range everywhere and ruin the poor settlers."

She looked Jack in the eyes. "Big chance for the rangers. Head them back, find the men who have charge and read the riot act to them. You'll make friends of every man, woman and child in these mountains." (She talked just that way; read, studied, worked and used every bit of her education.)

"Well," said Jack, "I'm sure obliged." Dropping everything else, he rode north, along the ridge, until the "break" through which Kings River flowed from the Yosemite-like "Canyon" towards the valley, was before his eyes.

It was a wild region, somewhat settled in spots; cattlemen and prospectors, however, formed most of the population. As Jack got among them the story he had heard was confirmed. "But those fellows are camped somewhere north of the river. We haven't seen a man. The brand is like this"—they drew it on the ground for him — a "lone star" in a square. After a while Jack saw a few animals with this brand. He rode on towards the river, thinking: "Guess I'll cross at one of the fords, hunt up those Texans, go to the Forest headquarters and we'll start more rangers on the job." (That was before any of the Sierra forests had telephone lines.) But when Jack asked about the fords everyone told him the river was still too high. "Fords all washed out, river's ice-cold, and runs like a mill-race. Have to ride down Center-

ville way and cross on the bridge."

"Waste two days," Jack said to himself, leaving the friendly settlers and cattlemen. "If my horse can't swim, he ain't no horse for a U. S. ranger."

By dark he was following the trail on the south bank of Kings River. Yes, it sure was wild and wide, muddy and cold. Jack rode along for hours in the starlight until he was opposite Trimmer, a village with store, post-office and hotel, whose chief citizen was a fine old pioneer named Maxon.

"Regular brick is Maxon," Jack thought, "He'll know all about these Texan trespassers. "We'll get across this little creek," he added aloud to his horse. "Now, ef ye don't swim like a steel-head, ye'll drown and be disgraced besides!"

He spurred his lean, wild-eyed horse, "Bronk," to the edge of the caving bank, forced him over into an eddy where the water was thirty feet deep, slid out of the saddle, clutching the rein, swam alongside and steered the animal for a bit of old wood-road on the north side that he knew about, and could locate as they drew near by two clumps of cottonwoods.

"Bronk was a per-fessional swimmer," Jack said afterwards, "and he seemed ter know that old wood-road, fer he went straight to it in the dark. Then something frightened him. Didn't know then what it was! He turns and tries to swim back to the south side—another quarter of a mile in that aggravatin' river, which was cold as Greenland."

"Tough luck!" the other ranger said, "S'pose ye felt silly when ye clum out on the wrong side an' started for that Centerville bridge."

"Not much, I didn't," Jack retorted, "Swum around him; batted him in the haid. Told him ter git back ter the Trimmer side and git out right quick, or I'd sell him ter a Dago an' a garbage cart. Took the hint? Of course he did.

"But Bronk was still scairt of that old road, so he swims up an' down the north bank kinder slow, an' I seen he knows what he's about. All at once he jumps out in a new place, under the bushes, an' I jest does manage ter catch a stirrup an' gets on an' up to the main road."

"Close call, that!" the other said, "I'd as soon swim the Sacramento at Redding. That's been done a few times. 'Sheet-Iron Jack,' the outlaw did it once in winter when three sheriffs were after him, back in the sixties."

"Close call, nothing," was Jack's rejoinder. "All goes with the job and we does our part.

"But as I was tellin' ye, Bronk an' I got up to Maxon's place about midnight. I knows him for a fine fellow, so I took chances. Pried open his stable; put Bronk in an' fed him. Went up to the house, walked right into the kitchen, struck a match, began hunting for grub.

"Who's there?" Maxon sings out.

"Jest me, Jack Deal, a poor old forest ranger. Lie still, an' I'll get something to eat an' hunt a bed."

Maxon jumps out, comes down without dressin', stands an' laughs fit ter kill, an' looks at the streak of red-yellow water from the front door ter the bread-box.

"Jack," he says, "Whar ye been? Did ye fall into King, an' you a ranger?"

"No," I tells him, "When rangers has ter take water they does it on purpose! Me and Bronk have been three days an' two nights a-swimmin' down from the haid of Bubb Creek up by the snowline. We wanted to see whether logs could be floated down ter Lake Tulare."

Then that jolly old pioneer, Maxon, jumps up an' down, an' howls in joy, an' gets me a breakfast, an' puts me to bed, an' lends me his Sunday suit, an' tells me about the Texan cattle.

The next morning brother Maxon shows me why Bronk wouldn't take the old wood-road—it was washed out an' plumb full of barbed wire; we'd have been killed there. Then he takes me down the river a piece, an' we finds the Texan bosses, who agreed to round up an' keep their stock out of our Forest—which they did. When we gets back, an' has dinner Maxon felt towards me as if I was a son of his own. Wanted me ter stay a week; wouldn't let me pay a cent. Said the Forest boys must never pass by without a call. Said he'd just have to tell everybody about our Bubb Creek swim. Then I went along on Forest work.

Agate Eye

A Talisman Which Enabled the Wearer to Read Bad Men's Hearts

By Merden Law

FROM the desolate headland Alborn gazed down through a drizzling mist to the sea where long, grey breakers, like outstretched, grasping hands, clawed at the hardpacked beach.

He saw something there, a rolling fantastic form, that fascinated him. Higher and higher it was flung upon the sands, until at length it lay beyond the fingers of the slithering waves. Then he looked cautiously about. On either side the tide-driven waters of the sound; back of him the pine forest with its tangled undergrowing vegetation. Everything was wet with the wetness of a north coast winter, and even now a scud of rain beat out the vision below.

Alborn turned and laboriously made his way by a winding, water-run path to the beach. Patches of kelp, the long brown tenacles sprawling futilely, lay here and there on the sand, and entangled in one of these heaps of iodinated seaweed he found the form he had seen from above. It was wrapped in a red blanket, wound tightly with frayed and weather-beaten ropes.

Again Alborn looked stealthily around him, and after a moment took out his pocket knife and knelt beside the bundle. Cuting the ropes, he carefully removed a part of the wrapping, and gazed in silence at the dead body of an Indian—a very old man—the ancient, eery face bleached by the sea water and creased with a thousand wrinkles. In the socket of the right eye was a round red stone. Alborn plucked it forth with a cry—he thought it a ruby or a garnet—but a second glance undeceived him. It was an agate, and with an oath of disappointment he gestured as if to throw it aside, paused, then slipped it into his coat pocket.

Around the neck of the corpse was a necklace of heavy, beaten gold, and this he also removed. Swiftly he tore at the wet blanket there might be other treasures. But he found nothing more, and suddenly looking up his heart tightened. On the headland, through the growing dusk, he seemed to see a bronzed face. He sprang up—and the face was gone. "Imagination," he muttered. "My nerves—"

Without a backward glance at the body, Alborn crept away from the beach and along a half obliterated path through the drenched and gloomy forest until he reached a decaying, tumbledown cabin in a little clearing.

There he threw a few pineknots on the dying fire, which sprang into life and swept from the room for a moment the phantoms of age and dreary loneliness. Then he hid the necklace under the brick hearth. Twilight passed quickly, and as night fell he lit a candle and braced the flimsy door with a piece of timber torn from an old bunk.

After innumerable passings to and fro,

like a caged animal, he sat down before the fire and took the agate from his pocket. As he gazed at the red, waxlike stone he heard a noise outside — the crackle of twigs, low voices, some words in a language he did not understand. Whipping the stone out of sight, he sat motionless while his innerconsciousness told him that he was being watched through cracks in the door. Again the snapping of twigs, and the presence was gone.

After a time, a long time, it seemed to him, Alborn fell into a troubled, uneasy sleep. When he awoke the fire was low; he was chilled with the moldy dampness. Someone was tapping lightly at the door.

"Who—who's there?" he stammered.

"John Tallpine. Man you buy fish from other day."

John Tallpine was the half breed who furnished him with fish and game, and Alborn's fright passed away.

"What you want, John?" he asked.

"I'm col'. Been on long hunt. Got good game to sell."

Alborn got up, removed the brace from the door and opened it. The breed, carrying two or three wild ducks, entered and sat down on the floor before the fire. Alborn resumed his seat. In silence the breed filled and lighted his pipe. After a dozen puffs he said gently:

"Why you rob dead man?"

Alborn's throttled nerves quivered. With an effort at calmness he asked:

"What dead man?"

"Agate Eye!"

"I know nothing about any agate eye."

"No?" queried the breed softly. "Lemme tell you story. One time, long 'go, Chinook Indian chief have fight an' lose eye. After that he have dream. Spirit in dream tell him, you find round red agate: put in eye an' read bad man hearts. He live many years an' die very, very ol'. But all time before this he read bad man hearts. When he die his people make him ready an' put in canoe an' start for place where Chinook chiefs buried. Storm come; canoe capsize. Chief is lost an' some men drownded, but others look along beach. Yesterday they come down there"—he indicated the headland with an inclusive motion of his hand—"an' when you go way they find chief unwrapped, agate eye gone, necklace gone. They track you here, then come for me to make talk with you." His words took on the tinge of finality. "Agate eye gone, necklace gone. You took 'em."

"It's a lie," said Alborn somewhat wildly.

The breed drew at his pipe a moment. "No lie," he said in a tone that was almost a caress, "no lie. I show you. **Chaco yockwa,**" he cried in Chinook.

Almost instantly the door opened and four Indians shuffled in carrying a blanketed form. They laid it on the floor and the breed began to remove the wrappings. Again Alborn saw the toothless, wrinkled face of the dead man, and in the candle light it appeared more ghastly than when he had looked upon it at the beach.

"You see where agate was?" said the breed, pointing to the grisly socket. "Give it to me."

Alborn gestured a protest, then a flurry of anger ran through him. He drew the stone from his pocket and flung it down. "Take the damn thing," he cried—"and get out."

"An' the necklace?"

"I haven't got the necklace—didn't see it. Search me if you want to," he added sullenly.

The breed picked up the agate, inserted it in the dead Indian's eye, and raised the body.

"With this he read bad man hearts. Look!"

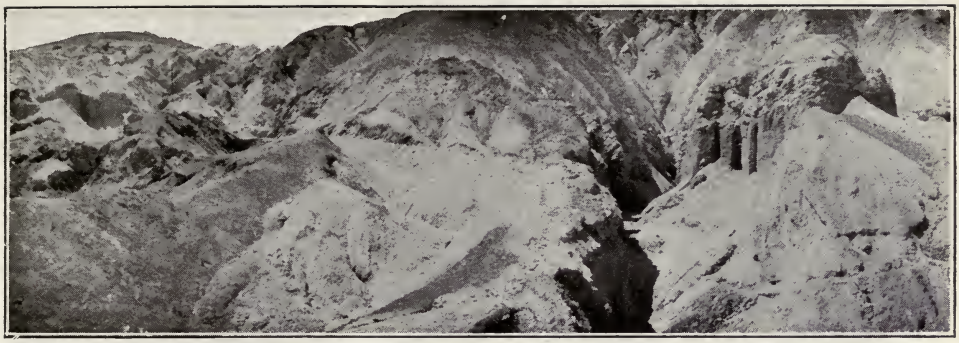
Alborn shivered. The waxen glow of the stone fascinated him. His thoughts went back, back. He saw no Indians now. He was in a squalid room in a city. It was summer, but the room was cold—as cold as his heart—yet the old man who sat opposite him at the frowsy kitchen table mumbled of the heat.

"I must have money, uncle," he said.

"I tell you I got no money, Paul," replied the old man in a vapid voice. "No, I got no money. But what you want money for? You got a good job, you wear good clothes—and me? I'm poor, awful poor."

"Listen, uncle," began Alborn fiercely. "I've got to have money—a thousand dollars anyway. I—I've taken money from the firm. I speculated, I—"

(Continued on Page 555)



Testing The Rear Left Wheel

Adding New Terror To A Death Valley Stage Ride

Hair-Raising Romance of Saturday Red

By Nancy Burney

"FROM the turn in the road, after climbin' Stumpit, you can get a glimpst o' Ballarat."

Visioned dreams of Carcassonne could be no sweeter than the driver's words, "A glimpse o' Ballarat." My spirits and the road had jolted downward together on that tumbling way.

"A hankerin' for Death Valley ain't botherin' a city man without he's a purty strong call to get away from somewheres?"

I did not reply to the implied question.

Resenting my silence, he uncoiled a vicious lash, which sent us careening from the edge of the black cavern of enveloping gloom to a hugging of scraggly crags, on the inner side of the narrow road. And over all, the stampeding stars with a menacing glitter, defied man to see the Hand of God in this Valley of Hades.

We came to a stop, so suddenly, that I was unable to realize whether I was being hurtled into those fearful deeps of night, or crushed by the grinding wheels against the looming awfulness of the naked mountain, bearing down upon us.

"I make a stop here an' give 'Fire an' Water' a rest before the climb. Mostly passengers has got to walk up Stumpit, but as ye're only one, I guess I can make it."

He disappeared around the back of the stage and seemed to be testing the left rear wheel. This he had been doing at intervals since our start, and from the suppressed grunts which accompanied each examination, I realized that the wheel was in a bad way. My wish to ask concerning our chances as to its getting us as far as Ballarat was tempered by the fear, that if I did so, he might think it necessary to reconsider his decision in regard to walking up the mountain. I felt that to lose the driver's jogging shoulder was to lose the near touch of all humanity.

Sharply, he peered into my face as he resumed his seat and the reins.

"Things is a changin', though, all the time," he stated presently. "Usedta be we had men comin' to the Valley every month or so. Now what do we get? Lungers an' gent miners."

Silence again, but for the echoes tumbling after each other to their doom in the canyon below. Had I ever thought night a friendly thing, or believed in the

communion of silence? The echoes dashed against my ear drums with monotonous inevitableness. I shut my eyes and yet the road closed in behind, and pushed us on to the ever-meeting point ahead, where mountain and canyon converged in blackness. Gratefully, I swayed with the stage towards the lurching shoulder of the driver.

"Satiddy Red is about the only man left that ain't backin' away from his own gun." His voice unconscious of the silence that had been evilly between us.

"I s'pose you've heard o' Satiddy?"

I shook my head, not wishing to trust my voice.

"Things kind o' livens up when Satiddy comes to town, but he ain't had a real blow-up for some time. Git up 'Fire an Water!'"

Fearing approaching quiet, I found voice. "Why do they call him Saturday Red?"

"I don't remember what he called hisself when he come to the Valley. Till it happened, Satiddy jest worked his claim like all the rest o' them an' minded his own pork an' beans. He never tipped the bottle no higher than a ordinary man—Whoa—"

The stage rocked to a standstill and the driver got out and looked after the bad wheel once more.

"Ge' up!"

The stealthy silence was creeping upon us. He must talk. "And how did Saturday get his name?"

"Well," slowly, "I don't know that you'd be much intrusted to hear 'bout that; he ain't what I'd call dangerous 'ceptin' Satiddy nights when he's tryin' to drink Olie Pete outa town. Ge! He's bad then."

"As this is Saturday night!"

He ignored my comment.

"Soon's he seen Her it was all up with him. He went to the store an' bought six bandanners, an' from then on till it happened he'd throw away pay-dirt for her, any day. She was waitin-table at the Hotel, so he give up grubbin' for hisself an' took to eatin' his suppers there. He was the best lookin' man in town. In a week they was ready for a minister. Folks out here don't waste much time waitin' to be hitched reg'lar—an' I don't think it made much diffurence to her, which way; but he was all for doin' it right an' sent to Frisco for a weddin' ring. While they was waitin' for the ring and the next returnin' trip o' the minister, it happened.

"The very day before the minister come, Satiddy got the ring an' went 'round to the hotel to show it to her. He couldn't find her nowhere. Somebody said they'd seen her talkin' to the stranger out behind the bildin'. I brought the stranger acrost the night before. He was a city man.

"Well, that night at supper she was waitin-table as usual. They say Satiddy slipped her the ring when she was givin' him his coffee. She didn't seem to pay no 'tention to the stranger, 'ceptin' to say somethin' low to him when he got up to go.

"The next mornin' I'd got 'bout five mile out when I seen two people ahead in the road. I drew up, but the alkali was so bad it was some minutes 'fore I recognized her an' the stranger. She says, 'Joe you gota take us in,' an' as he kept his hand on the trouble side, I did.

"When Satiddy found out she was gone, he went straight to Olie Pete's, an' then he went out lookin' for strangers an' shootin' up the town generally."

"For strangers? You mean for the man who took his girl, don't you?"

"No sir, I means strangers! Seemed like he got kinda crazy on the subject, an' after he's been drinkin' he's out after strangers. But he don't never drink 'ceptin on Satiddy night; other times he's jest sullen.

"The night he had his worst blow-up, he did so much shootin' 'round that the reports was as close together as them echoes—"

"Did he kill anyone?" I interrupted.

"That's Ballarat down there, where you sees them lights," he said suddenly, without having answered my question. "Guess I better have another look at that wheel." He disappeared once more behind the back of the stage.

I strained my eyes. Ahead, much nearer than I had expected, was a small cluster of pale flickering lights, trying to hold their own in the all pervading blackness about them.

The Unpretentious But Welcome Hotel

They had an ominous look. In their very quietude I read danger. This was Saturday night. Where was the liquor crazed "Saturday Red?"

"Well, Stranger, we're most there. Been quite a ride for a city man I guess."

"Did Saturday ever kill a man?"

"Oh, Satiddy? In the old days, Stranger, most every man in the Valley had a record, some better'n others o' course—but we don't tell these personal things to strangers. I guess Satiddy's record for killin' would compare favibly with the best o' them. He's the only man we got left.

"Yes sir, he's the only one worth talking about."

Nevertheless the narrative of Death Valley killers did not stop there. I had to hear brief eulogies of several heroes of the trigger and bowie-knife, of whom Saturday was the only survivor worth classification.

"Yes sir—Satiddy is the last o' them.

The horses were welcoming the home stretch and we were fast approaching Ballarat. My mind refused to reason—to think. The echoes began again their mad rush against my ear drums, and each echo broke like the report of a gun. Wildly the horses rushed us on.

I was afraid. Afraid with a horrible physical fear that numbed my mind. I was ready to scream like an hysterical woman at the sound of the driver's voice—to plunge into the darkness should he call me 'Stranger' again. We were leaping into the lights . . . . I shut my eyes. I closed my mind to fears—my ears to sound. My every sense was dumb.

A crash—a mighty lurch. Were we being hurled into the canyon?—Had the wheel come off?—I thanked God that this was the end. . . . .

"Gone to sleep or just too stiff to move? Joe pulled up with such a jerk I thought he was goin' to throw you out."

The voice was not an angel's. I opened my eyes. We were in front of the hotel, the door hospitably open. A few lights shone in peaceful serenity. The driver's shoulder dropped heavily against mine; he seemed asleep.

The man on the ground looked keenly at him; then turned to me.

"Did Joe tell you that yarn o' his'n about Satiddy Red? He did? Huh! I thought he'd been hittin' up that hind wheel again. Well, climb down and come on into the hotel—the horses will take Joe round to the barn all right; they know when he's been drinking' as quick as you or me."

War On The Forest Primeval

Interesting Recollections of a Western Timber Locator

By C. B. Watson

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago marked the beginnings of active operations by eastern capitalists and speculators, in Oregon timberlands. Only the most available locations were for the first few years invaded by them. Among those was the renowned "Jenny creek country," a great sugar pine belt in the Cascade mountains, near the line of California. This was, perhaps, one of the finest forest tracts on the Pacific coast, and when first brought to the attention of Michigan and Wisconsin lumbermen, caused a great scramble for its control.

It became known that I was familiar with that region and early in March 1893, a company of twelve men from Portland, applied to me to pilot them into the area to be surveyed. I tried to discourage them by describing the conditions of the mountains, and assuring them that the month of March was usually the worst of the year. They would not listen. They proposed to remain on the land until the survey should be made and in the meantime to build cabins, and do such other work as they could. Such a scheme involved the necessity of an extensive outfit and provision.

Our rendezvous was at Bailey's on Jenny Creek, that being the nearest point to the lands we desired to reach with teams. A fierce blizzard was raging and increased as the day waned. From Bailey's to the nearest lands we sought was six miles, further up the mountain, tho' the rise was very gradual. The snow at the rendezvous was over three feet deep and increased as we climbed further into the forest.

On the morning after the arrival of the locators I took four men, to trace a line into the timber where we hoped to camp. With compass and chain, we commenced our work, having left the rest of the party to prepare sleds and other things for moving into the woods, which it was proposed to do the next day.

For the following fifteen hours we were engaged in an experience not to be forgotten. All day long the snow came down in great flakes. We could only see a few rods in any direction. One who has never been in one of these great mountain forests under like circumstances can form only a vague notion of the weirdness of it. The great trees, many of them six feet or more in diameter and two hundred feet high, laden with snow, seemed like giant spirits in funeral garb awaitin' the last trump. Now and then avalanches loosened from the branches came tumbling to the ground like signals for the commencement of some great tragedy. The branches released from snow would spring back and coming in contact with other branches ready to discharge their burdens, would repeat the phenomenon. Occasionally some mighty tree unable to free itself, or to bear its burden, would surrender and come to the earth with a great crash. Saplings and smaller trees were bent in a great bow, until their topmost branches touched the ground. A blow from the poll of an axe would cause the whole burden to be thrown off, and, the tree springing back with a sudden motion would release half a dozen of its neighbors with such addition to the snow storm that the man who was caught in the down pour lost no time in seeking shelter. Thickets of buckbrush looked like monstrous snow banks, and when we were forced to pass through, or over them, we were almost suffocated.

For hours and hours we toiled on, guided by the compass, wading through two feet of freshly fallen snow, supported by a crust that covered three or four feet more below it. Sometimes this crust carried us over a brush thicket, and then breaking, would drop us six or eight feet

Had Stood Since Rome Was An Infant

to the ground. About the middle of the afternoon we reached the center of the first unsurveyed section, and set a stake in four feet of snow as our starting point for the next day. We now started on our return to Bailey's, six miles away. The guide whom we had taken to find the first corner, and who claimed to be thoroughly familiar with the whole country, suggested a more direct route which would bring us to Jenny creek a mile above the bridge, where we could cross on foot logs. We reached the creek before night but found it a roaring torrent with three channels and the foot logs gone.

We cut a tree, but the top barely caught the opposite bank of the first channel. It proved a very precarious and unstable bridge, and immediately after we had crossed, it swung out into the current and was hurried away. This left us marooned on an island with an unfordable mountain torrent, floating ice on both

sides of us and night coming on apace. There were a few cottonwood trees, but they seemed too short to bridge the channel. We had no option but to try; the first two we cut went down the stream; the third got its top tangled among some willows and held. It looked wholly unsafe but was our only chance. The stream seemed to be rising and would soon cover our small island, so we ventured, one at a time.

As the one on the log neared the opposite bank his weight would sink the floating mass until he was knee deep in water, and when the top was reached he found still another rod of water waist deep which had to be waded; but the adventurer was now among the willows, where he could hold on and keep from being washed ashore off his feet. It would have been almost impossible for a man to save himself, if he had fallen into either of these channels.

We still had a third channel to cross and no chance to improvise a bridge. This channel, though wider than either of the others, was not so deep nor turbulent and by wading and swimming we finally made land, counted noses, and engaged in congratulations when all answered to roll-call. We reached camp in time to prevent the starting out of a search party.

The day at camp had not been without incident. Two of the boys in trying to cross the creek with their blankets, with the intention of sleeping in a barn on the other side had fallen into the stream. Their comrades fished them out, but the blankets were lost.

The next morning with the storm still raging, I, with my party of the day before started back to the end of the previous day's work at the center of section six, six miles away, while the remainder prepared to move camp through the same stretch of unbroken snow. We ventured no more experiments with Jenny Creek. We crossed the bridge and followed, as well as we could, our trail of yesterday, with its six inches of new snow. We made remarkably good time for the circumstances. From our stake of the day before, we ran a line two miles due south over the summit of Parker mountain, where we found the snow seven feet deep, but with a crust three feet below the top that bore us up, except when crossing bunches of buck-brush where we sometimes broke through and had to be pulled out. Our experience the day before had suggested the utility of having ropes along for such occasions. We found them of service, for without help there were places where, one being alone, might have been unable to get out.

In the evening as we were returning across the summit of Parker mountain, at an altitude of over six thousand feet, the storm ceased and the sun came out in dazzling brightness. The top of this mountain is without timber, and afforded us a splendid outlook over miles and miles of forest-clad billows all covered with snow. The scene was truly arctic in appearance. Seventy miles away to the south, Shasta stood out so clear, bright and lofty, that it called forth expressions of admiration from the most hardened mountaineer of the party. We had little time for loitering, as we were not informed whether the moving and location of our camp had been successfully accomplished. We reached the designated place, just as darkness was setting in, piloted by the smoke which indicated that the boys were there. We found the whole gang.

The storm was beginning again and a strong wind was blowing. The moving had been a strenuous operation and they had arrived so late that every thing was in a jumbled and chaotic state; no tents up nor supper prepared. The crowd was a motley one, sailors, clerks and mechanics. There were four genuine timbermen from Maine, the rest were tenderfeet in the business. Some were clad very lightly and wore summer shoes. It is easy to imagine their predicament. Some one had set fire to a great dead sugar pine tree. six feet in diameter, which stood in the center of the camp. The fire ran up the pitchy trunk with lightning speed. It required but a glance to see that a new danger had been added by this flaming tree, in the rising hurricane and a driving snow storm that multiplied our past experience. It was evident that the flaming tree must come down. Axes and cross cut saws were pro-

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The Black Opal

A Chapter Dealing With Hysterics and Animal Eccentricity.

By Caroline Katherine Franklin

Part V.

"The Lion Walked Up The Ladder, and——"

"AUNT FISKE as good as charged everything that's happened to the opal ring, last night," said Janice Jerome, crossly, as she slipped out of her morning gown and into an expensively simple frock for luncheon and afternoon bridge. "The basket of champagne was bad enough; but the nasty, smelly skin in the basement was the last camel that—— What are you laughing at?"

"The world — myself — everything!" Charlotte answered, a tinge of bitterness in her tone.

Mrs. Jerome's crossness melted to tenderness.

"That's a strange thing for a young girl to say on the morning after the— Why, my dear, this should be the happiest day of your life! A good man has told you that he loves you, has asked you to be his wife—"

"Oh, he's **good,** all righty," Charlotte conceded, powdering her sunburned cheeks with vicious little dabs of the powder puff. "I have an ingrowing suspicion that he'll expect **me** to be good, too. Nothing makes me so downright contrary as—"

"Did you have any luck with the shooting, this morning?" Mrs. Jerome hastily interrupted, turning the conversational stream into less rocky channels.

"Not much," Charlotte confessed. "We ran onto a movie company that's 'on location,' a little way from here, and we were so interested in watching them get ready to pull off some stunt that we lost an hour or two, and it was too late to go where the game was. Mr. Lee said we'd have a lion-hunt tomorrow or next day—"

"And Aunt Fiske says that the lion—the mate to the one that was killed—will hunt **us.** She is certain that he'll follow the smell; and I'm sure, the skin in the basement **smells,** when it comes to that. Are you going to wear your **blue** gown?"

"Yes," said Charlotte, dreamily. "Jack likes me in blue. Only **he** thinks it's pink."

Mrs. Jerome slanted a speculative glance at her daughter, and again diverted the conversational stream.

"Strangest thing about those pearls! Aunt Fiske has always been daffy about them—was afraid they'd be stolen. She used to hide them in the queerest places. She gave me her bed-slippers once, when I was at the house over night; and I

shook them out of the toe."

"Yes, I remember," Charlotte absently responded.

"And when she lost them, the other night, she was keen to call in a detective or the police, I'm not sure which; but she hasn't mentioned it since. I spoke to her about it this morning, for—er— Well, you know she's always said she intended them as a wedding present for you. But she gave me no satisfaction whatever, indeed, as much as told me that she'd changed her mind about having in the police—"

"Oh-h! What was that? Look, mamma! A man at the window— Shucks! It's only Collins. He's washing them on the outside. Shall I unfasten the other window, Collins?"

But already Collins was out of sight; and Charlotte heard the bumping and scraping of the ladder against the side of the house as he dragged the ladder down.

"Didn't know that anybody was in the room, I guess," she commented.

"About those pearls," Mrs. Jerome continued, with gentle persistency. "I asked Aunt Fiske in so many words if she were sure that she had placed them on the toilet table by the window, when she took her forty winks. I thought, you know, that she might have hung them on a hook, under some garment, in her closet, or slipped them into an empty vase, or— Well, I suggested several places where she **might** have hidden them; and I offered to help her look for them. My dear, she was short with me, actually—"

"Why do you walk like that?" Charlotte broke in.

"Like— What do you mean? Oh, I know! Mrs. Farrel said that I walked like a camel. And yet there is no soreness—"

Mrs. Jerome felt critically of her right side.

"Soreness! Mamma! You don't mean that you have been feeling badly and not letting me know?"

Charlotte's arms were about her little mother, and she was searching her face with anxious eyes.

"No. of course not!" Mrs. Jerome reached up and patted her big girl's cheek. "No especial soreness; but Mrs. Farrel said that she hadn't any. And Doctor Hoffman Gordon — shall we call him Hoffy, now, for short? You don't think he'd like it? My dear! He'd like anything from you!"

"But as I was saying: Mrs. Farrel absolutely felt no soreness. Yet Dr. Gordon told her that if she had waited another moment, gangrene would have set in. Oh!" she sighed disconsolately; and picking up a hand mirror, gazed at her reflection with eyes that saw other things. "I wish that your father hadn't gone on that trip. And why on earth did he give you that black opal? They're **so** unlucky!"

The question was not answered. A door slammed somewhere. The sound of running feet came to them—a shriek. Like wildfire the alarm spread through the house. Mrs. Jerome began to scream without knowing why she screamed.

"What in the name of heaven is the matter?" cried Charlotte. Mamma! Don't —**don't** be frightened. Nothing has happened to us—"

"It may be—fire again!" gasped Mrs. Jerome, clutching Charlotte's arm. "Oh, hear that! It sounds like Gretchen Mallory's voice."

"Yes—she's in her room," Charlotte answered, holding her mother's trembling hands. She, herself, was trembling. "I heard her go down the hall just after we came in. Maybe she saw a—a mouse. Dear, let me go and find out if I can help her in any way."

Mrs. Jerome's frightened protests were cut short by the noisy entrance of Mrs. Farrel, brandishing a hairbrush; her hair streamed over her shoulders; and the sum total of her attire was a peignoir, a petticoat and a pair of bed slippers.

"That beast!" she shrieked, her pale face twisted into a masque of fear. "I saw him from my window!" Her bulging eyes attested it. "Come! Any minute he'll be loose in the hall!"

"What beast? Where?" cried the two women as one, when they could be heard.

"In there! He's as big as—"

"He?" — still in chorus.

"Yes. The lion. Oh, the terrible beast!" Mrs. Farrel made wild gestures with the brush. "And Jack Benton has gone into the room— Gretchen Mallory's room — after him. Come away!"

They had ventured into the hall; and

turning in fascinated fear, stared at Miss Mallory's door.

"I—I shut the door," Mrs. Farrel confessed, trembling. "I shut him in there—with her. But we can't do any good. Come! Hear her! What a terrible noise! Oh, come away!"

Charlotte resisted the dragging hand. Aunt Fiske and the Farrel girls had crowded into the narrow passage; and Charlotte turned to her aunt. Gretchen Mallory's cries were heart-rending; but Charlotte made herself heard:

"Get an ax," she commanded.

Aunt Fiske ran for one. The other women promptly deserted Charlotte for the safety of Mrs. Farrel's room. All save her mother.

Suddenly Gretchen's shrieks ceased; but at the same moment an uproar arose outside the house.

"Charlotte! Charlotte! Let us go," quavered Mrs. Jerome.

"Hush mother! **You** go. I—"

She ran down the hall to the closed door of Gretchen's room. It was ominously quiet within. Then she heard, in a familiar voice:

"Don't move, Gretchen! Steady, now! If he stirs—"

"But—you haven't—anything—to stop him!" moaned Gretchen.

"I have my hands"—quietly. "If he springs, I'll catch him 'round the neck. While I'm choking him, get the door open—run!"

Charlotte, her hands clasped over her wildly beating heart, prayed incoherently, with little gasps of spent breath:

"Oh, God! Save my—save! Don't let—anything—happen! Don't—"

Aunt Fiske had used a brief moment in hunting for an ax; and finding none, she blew the horn lustily for the ranch hands. They came on the run, spades, hoes, stones, turned weapons, in their hands. She herded her motley army around the house to where a tall step-ladder led to an open window. Here were the three young men, guests of Mr. Lee, Mr. Lee, himself, Collins, white-faced. shaking, and a bluff, red-headed man with a business-like air, a roving eye, and a rawhide.

"No yer don't!" he yapped, grabbing Mr. Lee by the arm as that gentleman, shotgun in hand, prepared to mount the ladder. "But" — Mr. Lee expostulated, turning a face of black wrath on the muscular person whose grasp he could not shake off— "Benton went up there alone, bare-handed. Didn't wait to get a gun. Do you suppose we'll stand here like a lot of stumps and let that lion— What's it **to** you, anyway?"

The red-headed one's grasp tightened.

"Shoot her! I guess you don't shoot that there lion!" he stated, with emphasis. "She's a perfec' lady, Annie is. Leave me at her! She'll come with her ol' pal Bill without any fuss **a**-tall."

"From the noise, I judge he's chewed up Gretchen Mallory already," said Aunt Fiske, tartly. "I said right along what would happen if that smelly skin in the basement—"

"Chew! Annie **chew?** She ain't got three teeth that hit—"

Mr. Lee deliberately stepped off the ladder, and leaned the gun against the side of the house.

"Am I dreaming," he demanded, of no one in particular, "or do I dream? Mrs. Farrel looks out of her window and sees a lion walking up a stepladder into Miss Mallory's room, and she screams. We—five men—are sitting smoking under the pepper tree, waiting for the bell to announce the luncheon to which we — my three guests and myself—have been invited. Mrs. Farrel screams again. We look out and see the lion with his—her—its head in the window. Benton jumps, and before any of us can more than bat an eye—"

"Come and get your old lion," a voice drawled; and looking up, the crowd discovered Benton grinning sheepishly in the window.

"Sure!" responded the red-haired man, cheerfully. "That's what I been tryin' to tell 'em. I don't know how come Annie got loose from the lot—we're runnin' a nature fillum over here a ways. But she wouldn't hurt a fly, Annie wouldn't—"

"I never heard of such things as lions walking up stepladders!" said Aunt Fiske, with proper indignation.

"Well, yer see, lady, Annie was in a show before we got her. That was her stunt. When she got to the top, she expected a lump of sugar. Now you watch! I got some lumps in my pocket, against I

sh'd find her. Mebbe yer'd like to give it to her."

He held out three lumps to Aunt Fiske; but she declined them with an indignant sniff.

"All right! I'll just step up and have a word with her. Come, Annie! Come along, old girl!"

Jack Benton's head was promptly withdrawn from the window, and in a moment was replaced by Annie's, gently inquiring, sleepy-eyed. A moment she lingered, feet planted on the window-sill; then slowly, following the lure of the sugar lumps, she came down the ladder, to a respectfully aloof circle of onlookers.

"He — she — doesn't look half as big coming down as—er—it did going up," commented Mr. Lee, as the red-haired man snapped a leash in Annie's collar—no one had noticed the collar—and led her, unprotesting, like some big, tawny-haired dog, in the direction of the "location."

Meanwhile, Gretchen Mallory was enjoying a mild fit of hysteria. Dr. Hoffman Gordon having arrived in his car at the opportune moment, took charge of her. Aunt Fiske went to the frightened women in Mrs. Farrel's room; and in the way of resuming the everyday affairs of life, announced that luncheon would be on the table in twenty minutes. Coming out, she nearly ran over Charlotte and Jack at a turn of the hall. Nearly—for she stopped just in time to hear:

"With your hands — your poor, bandaged hands—you would have choked that lion! Now, don't deny it! I suppose I—I may be permitted to tell you that you are a hero, even if I am—engaged."

And this from Jack:

"Aw, forget it! Er—I mean—Lottie!"

But Charlotte had rushed away; and Aunt Fiske, smiling grimly, followed them down to the dining room.

Janice Jerome decided that she would remain upstairs with Gretchen Mallory; but the two high-strung, nervous women could not long remain quiet, and very soon joined the other guests in spite of the strict orders of Dr. Hoffman Gordon. Everyone at the table was extolling the courage of Jack Benton—much to his embarrassment. Dr. Gordon hastened to switch the limelight to himself.

(To Be Continued.)

CONCORDS

Warwick James Price.

The enraptured poet lifts far-seeing eyes
To cloudcaps, crimsoned by the setting sun,
And in their shifting shapes ends dreams begun
When dew-kissed dawn set seal on eastern skies.
The composer conjures forth his harmonies
Undying, when the world's grey work is done,
From concords out of self-heard whispers spun,
As errant fingers linger on the keys.

The pageant of the evening heavens is naught
But what impassioned seeking lends to mist;
Immortal symphonies are only caught
By ears which long desire has taught to list.
But thou art inspiration,—yea and prize:
Incentive and reward in thy dear eyes.

Fair Days In The Far East

Yokohama's Fine Port an Example to the West

Polite and Ceremonious Merchants of the Orient

By Walter Scott

U. S. Consulate, Yokohama

TO the tourist, eager to behold the far-famed beauties of Nikko, or Miyanoshita, or the curious places in Tokyo, eighteen miles away, Yokohama often fails to receive the attention which it deserves as the chief treaty-port of Japan—one of the principal cities of the Empire and the home of 400,000 people.

It is located on the western shore of Tokyo Bay. The city lies in a plain that is only a few feet above the sea level and that stretches backward for a mile or more to the low wooded height called "the Bluff," which extends around the city in a crescent five miles from tip to tip where they come down to the sea. Coming up the Bay one sees on the left—first, the lovely cream-colored cliffs topped with pine trees, and nearer, the fisher village of Homoku. Then the steamer suddenly rounds the end of the Bluff, and behind this lie the gray-tiled roofs of the smoky city and the towers of the foreign churches and residences standing out above the trees along the Bluff. If the day be clear beyond these in the hazy distance one will see the long rocky line of the Hakone Mountains with, to the south, Fujiyama's lofty snow-capped summit glistening in the sun. Over all is the exquisite soft blue sky, than which nothing can be more beautiful. The northern half of the bluff is the home of the Japanese of the better class and its deep green slopes are dotted with quaint weather-worn houses and temples and an occasional foreignized mansion of some merchant prince.

No finer harbor than that of Yokohama can be found in the Orient. Behind its splendid breakwater—built with the indemnity money which the United States generously returned—ride at anchor mer-

Ships From All the Maritime Nations Visit Yokohama

Mausoleum of Jimmu Tenno, First Emperor of Japan. Built 1890

chant ships of the principal maritime nations of the world. The docks to which the tourist heads, after the quarantine official have made their examination, are of far better construction than one will find in any of the Pacific Coast harbors. Vessels of the heaviest draught can load or unload alongside these concrete piers into warehouses of steel and slate that represent the highest achievement in engineering.

The waterfront of Yokohama can present a splendid example to western cities of what a waterfront should be. From the entrance to the custom house pier a boulevard known as "The Bund" extends southward along the sea wall for a distance of half a mile. Fronting on this splendid driveway are the principal clubs, hotels and office buildings of the Foreign Settlement—a motley array of grandiose and conflicting architectural forms. The streets back of the Bund are where the shops for foreigners are located. In the Japanese town proper, however, which lies to the north of the Custom House gate, are the Benton Dori and Honcho Dori, streets that are famous for their shops. Here the heavy fortress-like buildings of the Settlement give place to the low unpainted structures in which the suave Japanese proprietors, with an unerring sense of beauty, have grouped their wares in a quite alluring way. In those two narrow streets what beautiful things in lacquer and bronze and ivory have been grouped together! What a sight it is to see each new party of women tourists haunt the silk and embroidery shops, with a fierce sort of joy suggestive of preying animals!

There are many curious things to be seen in Theater Street, not far distant. This is the Great White Way of Yokohama. It is thronged from morning until far in the night with Japanese, who come to vary the monotony of their lives with the glamor of its cheap attractions. Theater Street will not have much to interest the Foreigner, even the tourist. Its theaters, of which there are many, present entertainments quite incomprehensible, and the quickest way to be bored is to attempt to be interested in some rambling story of blood and treachery. The chief attraction of this thoroughfare are the crowds of Japanese.

The tourist will probably confine his shopping to the Benton Dori, but the old foreign resident knows the places where better bargains can be found. Motomachi, just under the Bluff, has a street of shops full of all the lovely wares that Japan can offer.

The polite and ceremonious merchants of Motomachi come to know their pat-

rons very well and a feeling of mutual good will is established. Who can forget the hours spent in Furuiya's curio shop, where the garrulous old man sits surrounded by his antique bronzes and lacquers, prints and swords, a multifarious array of beautiful objects! One remembers vividly the shy and gentle Takata San holding up for inspection some wonderful bit of embroidery. Then there is Sakaguchi, whose shop opposite the temple is lined with rows of solemn Buddhas in brass, and lanterns and vases and boxes of the same ware that are marvels of workmanship. At the corner is a fruit shop, lighting up its weather-worn walls with a wealth of color in its mounds of ruddy apples, yellow biwas, pears and pomegranates. And there is the friendly old bookseller, who remembers what his grandfather told him of the days when Commodore Perry came to Japan, to demand the opening of the country to foreign trade. This stout, good-natured Japanese, in a rustling silk kimono, can make us see his venerable relative, who had so little confidence in these strangers from across the Pacific.

Passing through this street in Motomachi, with its crowds of peddlers, carters, pilgrims, beggars, rikisha men, a never-ending procession and a babel of strange cries, one notices that everywhere are children. Literally swarms of them. Every woman carries one on her back or in her arms. Every child, old enough to bear the weight, has a small brother or sister on his shoulders. They call children "treasure-flowers" in Japan, and nowhere in the world will one find a place where children are more loved and protected. Perhaps that is why Japanese children are so interesting. No matter how poor or dirty he may be, a Japanese baby wins one with his smile and his perfectly polite bow.

If one is not particularly interested in shops and streets, it will not take him very long to get out into the beautiful country. A half hour's walk from the Bluff will take one over into the midst of rice fields and gardens and patches of pine woods. And one finally comes to the heights below which the waters of Mississippi Bay—separated from Tokyo Bay by a wooded peninsula—glisten in the sun. There one may watch the bronzed fishermen drawing in their nets, or sailing their clumsy boats lazily out into the larger Tokyo Bay. One can return home by electric tram or rikisha, or he can go on to Homoku and watch the fishermen bringing in their loads of seaweed to be spread on mats and dried in

Enacting a Tragedy in a Japanese Theater

the sun. If the tramper should return to the Bluff just at sundown, looking out toward the west he will see Fujiyama's outlines silhouetted against a golden mist that makes a picture inexpressibly beautiful. Whoever has Fujiyama for a companion can forgive Yokohama most of its deficiencies. It always remains one's most vivid recollection of all the charms of Japan.

Whatever Yokohama is at other times it is nothing but beautiful in April when the cherry blossoms come and the green of the Bluff is flecked with sprays of delicate pink. There are few gardens that do not show over their high walls these tokens of awakened spring. It is a season of rejoicing indeed. The rikisha men begin to leave off their heavy winter clothes and are clad in close fitting trousers of snowy white, wide-sleeved cloaks and round white hats. Every woman is a "Madam Butterfly" then. They no longer wear the somber-hued kimonos and cloaks, but stroll about in lovely silks and wonderful obis of gold embroidery. They seem to lose their dull, shut-in air, and manifest more of that care-free spirit which we are led to believe is characteristic of the Japanese. The children, too, now wear summer clothes and every street and alley in Motomachi is dotted with these moving bits of color. The bare boughs of the larger trees begin to put forth their leaves and the evergreen trees and hedges of the gardens each day show fresher verdure. Then the long-awaited coming of the cherry flowers is announced on every side.

In Yokohama everybody goes to the parks where the cherry trees are more numerous. Nogeyama Park, on the Japanese side of the Bluff that extends in a crescent around the city, is a thing of beauty these days. To reach it one must walk through the streets of Yokohama proper, on up a fairly steep incline by

(Continued on Page 555)

THE MASQUE.

By E. E. Griffith.

When I'm walking down the street,
Many are the folks I meet;
Yet I feel that I have strayed,
To a mighty masquerade;
For the faces that I see,
Often bring no hint to me
Of the thoughts that press the brain,
Whether they be joy or pain,
Whether wonder, love or hate,
Whether petty, common, great,
What their pet antipathy?
What extent of sympathy?
Painted masks, these myriad faces,
Hiding honor and disgraces,
Hiding in their inmost heart
Thoughts which they conceal with art.

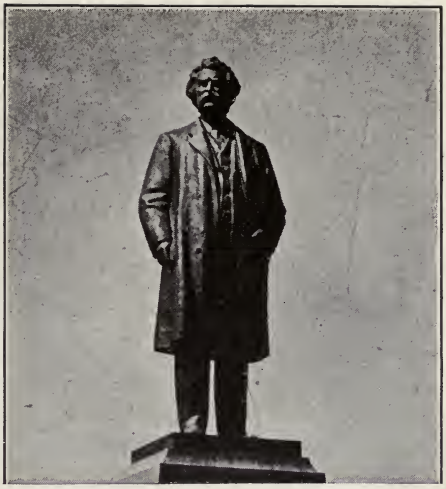
How this mad monotony
Savors of satiety!
Would that they would lift the veil,
Smile or sigh or laugh or wail,
Just a little, so to me,
Comes their minds' activity;
So that I may somehow know,
How, with them, the world-winds blow.

Stories From The Files

Famous Writers Who Contributed to the Overland Monthly Fifty Years Ago

Medieval Romance Twain Wrote for the Overland Monthly in 1869

By E. Clarence O'Day



Twain Statue at Hannibal, Mo.

"A MEDIEVAL ROMANCE" was contributed to the Overland Monthly in October 1868 by Mark Twain. It was distinctive of the style, which Twain retained to the end of his working days, and which, apparently was as easy to him as pleasing to his readers. He had been touring Italy. Thus he relates:

We voyaged by steamer down the Lago di Lecco, through wild mountain scenery, and by hamlets and villas, and disembarked at the town of Lecco. They said it was two hours by carriage to the ancient city of Begamo, and that we should arrive there in good season for the train. We got an open barouche, and a wild boisterous driver and set out. It was delightful. We had a fast team and a perfectly smooth road. There were towering cliffs on our left, and the pretty Lago di Lecco on our right, and every now and then it rained on us.

Just before starting the driver picked up in the street a stump of a cigar an inch long and put it in his mouth. When he had carried it thus in his mouth for about an hour, I thought it would be only Christian charity to give him a light. I handed him my cigar, which I had just lit, and he put it in his mouth and returned his stump to his pocket. We saw interior Italy now . . . .

We whisked by many a gray old medieval castle, clad thick with ivy that swung its green banners down from the towers and turrets, where once some old Crusader's flag had floated. The driver pointed to one of these ancient fortresses and said:

"Do you see that great iron hook that projects from the wall, just under the highest window in the ruined tower?"

We said we could not see it at such a distance, but had no doubt it was there.

"Well," he said, "there is a legend connected with that iron hook. Nearly seven hundred years ago, that castle was the property of the noble Count Luigi Gennaro Guido Alphonse di Genova—"

"What was his other name?" said one of the party.

"He had no other name. The name I have spoken was all the name he had. He was the son of—"

"Never mind the particulars. Go on with the legend."

The Legend.

All the world at that time was in a wild excitement about the Holy Sephulchre. All the great feudal lords in Europe were pledging their lands and pawning their plate to fit out men-at-arms, so that they might join the grand armies of Christendom, and win renown in the Holy Wars.

The Count Luigi raised money like the rest and one mild September morning, armed with a battle axe, with a barbican, cressett, portcullis, Enfield rifle, Prussian needle gun and thundering culverin, he rode through the greaves of his donjonkeep with as gallant a troop of Christian bandits as ever stepped in Italy. He had his sword Excalibur with him. His beau-

tiful countess and her young daughter, waved him a tearful adieu from the battering-rams and buttresses of the fortress, and he galloped away with a happy heart.

He made a raid on a neighboring baron and completed his outfit with the booty secured. He then razed the castle to the ground, massacred the family and moved on. They were hardy fellows in the grand old days of chivalry. Alas! those days will never come again.

Count Luigi grew high in fame in the Holy Land. He plunged into the carnage of a hundred battles, but his good Excalibur always brought him out alive, albeit often sorely wounded. His face became browned by exposure to the Syrian sun in long marches. He suffered hunger and thirst. He pined in prisons. He languished in loathsome plague-hospitals. And many and many a time he thought of his loved ones at home, and wondered if all was well with them. But his heart said—Peace, is not thy brother watching over thy household?

Fifty-two years waxed and waned; the good fight was won. Godfrey reigned in Jerusalem—the Christian hosts reared the banner of the cross above the Holy Sepulchre!

Joseph T. Goodman, Employer of Twain in the 60ties in Virginia City, Nev.

Twilight was approaching. Fifty harlequins in flowing robes approached the castle wearily, for they were on foot, and the dust upon their garments showed that they had travelled far. They overtook a peasant and asked him if it was likely they could get food and a hospitable bed there, for love of Christian charity, and if perchance a moral parlor entertainment might meet with a generous countenance —"for" said they, "this exhibition hath no feature that could offend the most fastidious."

"Marry," quoth the peasant, "an it please your worship, ye had better go many a rood hence with your juggling circus than trust your bones in yonder castle."

"How now Sirrah!" exclaimed the chief monk, "explain thy ribald speech or by'r lady it shall go hard with thee."

"Peace good mountebank, I did but utter the truth that was in my heart. San Paolo be my witness, that did ye but find the stout Count Leonardo in his cups, sheer from the castle's topmost battlements would he hurl ye all! Alack-a-day, the good Lord Luigi reigns not here in these sad times."

"The good Lord Luigi?"

"Aye none other, please your worship. In his day the poor rejoiced in plenty, and the rich he did oppress; taxes were not known; the fathers of the church waxed fat upon his bounty; travellers went and came, with none to interfere; and whosoever would, might tarry in his halls in cordial welcome, and eat his bread and drink his wine withal. But woe is me! Two and forty years agone the good Count rode away to fight for the Holy Cross, and many a year has flown since word or token was had of him. Men say his bones lie bleaching in the fields of Palestine.

"And now?"

"Now! God 'a mercy, the cruel Leonardo lords it in the castle. He wrings taxes from the poor; he robs all travellers that journey by his gates; he spends his days in feuds and murders, and his nights in revel and debauch; he roasts the fathers of the church upon his kitchen spits, and enjoyeth the same, calling it pastime. These thirty years Luigi's coun-

As Mining Was in Twain's Early Days in the Far West

tess hath not been seen by any one in all this land, and many whisper that she pines in the dungeons of the castle for that she will not wed with Leonardo, saying her dear lord still liveth, and that she will die ere she prove false to him. They whisper likewise that her daughter is a prisoner as well. Nay, good jugglers, seek ye refreshments otherwheres. 'Twere better that ye perished in a Christian way, than that ye plunged from off yon dizzy tower. I give ye good day."

"God keep ye gentle youth—farewell."

But heedless of the peasant's warning the players moved straightway towards the castle.

Word was brought to Count Leonardo that a company of mountebanks besought his hospitality.

" 'Tis well. Dispose of them in the customary manner. Yet stay! I have need of them. Let them come hither. Later cast them from the battlements—or—how many priests have ye on hand?"

"The day's results are meagre; good my lord. An abbot and a dozen beggarly friars are all we have."

"Hell and furies! Is the State going to secede? Send hither the moutebanks. Afterward, broil them with the priests."

The robed and close-coweled harlequins entered. The grim Leonardo sate in state at the head of his council-board. Ranged up and down the hall on either hand stood near a hundred men-at-arms.

"Ha villians!" quoth the Count, "what can ye do to earn the hospitality ye crave?"

"Dread lord and mighty—crowded audiences have greeted our humble efforts with rapturous applause. Among our body count we the versatile and talented Ugolino; the justly celebrated Rodolpho; the infant phenomenon, Sig. Beppo; the Palestine Pet—Zelina; the gifted and accomplished Rodrigo. The management have spared no pains and expense—."

" 'Sdeath! What can ye do? Curb thy prating tongue."

"Good my lord—in acrobatic feats, in practice with the dum-bells, in balancing

(Continued on Page 551)

Fallacies of Spiritism

Serious Scientists Treat the Superstition with Disdain

What Embryology Has Revealed of the Soul's Beginning and End

By Janet Henderson

THE law of substance plays an important part in the controversy about the spirit world and its alleged inhabitants. It was detected by the great French chemist Lavoisier in 1789, and is now recognized as an all-pervading law of nature. It is the basis of chemistry which has made such amazing progress in the past fifty years. It has been formulated as follows:

> The sum of matter which fills the universe is unchangeable. No matter can be destroyed and none can be created. Whatever may happen to matter can only cause a chemical change in its composition. For instance when coal burns it is merely changed into carbonic acid by combination with the oxygen in the atmosphere. When a piece of sugar melts, it only passes from the solid to the fluid condition. A body may have disappeared but its component parts remain in universe. Nothing is absolutely destroyed. Nothing is created anew.

Lavoisier established this theory of matter by his experiments with the balance. It is not susceptible of disproof.

Scientists also assert that the sum-total of force or energy in the universe remains the same, no matter what changes take place around us, and this unchangeable amount of energy or force is inseparably dependent on the matter. In other words there can be no energy or force without matter and no matter without energy.

Spiritualistic philosophers flatly deny that theory and maintain the existence of peculiar spiritual forces of human nature, not subject to the law of energy. At that point the men of science and the spiritualistic philosopher separate so widely that there is no possibility of their reconciliation.

The soul as well as the body of man, follows the universal rule of birth development, decay and death, declare the scientists. The soul of man begins with his conception. The science of embryology has shed new light on the laws of human procreation. The old mystic idea of a soul being specially implanted in every babe has been abandoned. It is now held that a new soul as well as a new body is born. The accepted theory of embryology is that man has his beginning as a single cell, formed by coalescence of the nuptial cells from his two parents. Through the father is received part of the future being's characteristics. From the mother another part. The new speck of humanity thus commences life as a different entity from either of the parents for both have contributed their share to it. A new soul has its commencement.

When the baby is born it has no soul, scientifically speaking as soul is only another name for consciousness, emotion, thought. An infant has no conception of right or wrong. Moral awakening is a growth. The development of the new soul, or "psyche," proceeds with the development of the young body. There are five stages of change in the human soul as in the physical frame; the infant unable to speak and unconscious of self; the soul of the boy or girl prior to puberty; the soul of the maiden or boy in the idealistic stage; the soul of the man or woman in full maturity; the soul of the old person in the period of degeneration which increases till senility and death ensue.

The process of soul-growth and death is as mechanical as the birth and extinction of worlds, say the scientific materialists, who are now the dominant force in the world of science.

According to Haeckel "thoughtful physicians have for centuries been convinced

that the soul came to an end at death. They are conscious of the resemblance of man's physical structure to the other higher animals and know that the ganglionic cells of man's brain control all that he possesses of spirituality. When those important cells of the brain are injured man loses his powers of locomotion or thought and becomes a mere mass of inert and senseless matter.

It is not possible that we shall ever witness a serious conflict of spiritism and scientific materialism, as scientists disdain such an encounter, but it would have good effect in giving mankind a clearer conception of their true place in nature. of which subject they are sadly uninformed, notwithstanding all our schools.

The great thinker Huxley, in one of his lectures, compared egotistical and short-sighted man to one of those little insects which infest old furniture, and had made its home in the corner of a grandfathers' clock as had many generations of the insect's ancestors. Every day and night the hands of the venerable time-piece had gone around, and the hours had been chimed, but no one could solve the mystery till a younger wood-mite undertook the task.

"Why it's all perfectly clear," explained the investigator after careful observation, "All this thing is for our special benefit and nothing else."

With all his scholarly attainments the modern scientist is as little able to guess the import of many natural phenomena that baffle him as the egotistical wood-mite in the grandfather's clock. The scientist can pronounce the spiritualist's theories as preposterous superstition — which most of them are—but the problem of the connection of body and soul is as much a sealed book to him as to the most illiterate medium. Of what that is mechanical and obvious in nature the scientific scientist can tell, but as to the invisible and unknown power which moves the universe he is dumb. In the reverent words of Tyndall:

"To whom has this arm of the Lord been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all."

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

By Claude Weimer.

Weep not for me when the cord shall be broken,
Ties that have bound with a heavenly touch;
Think only love o'er the words I have spoken;
Death and the darkness cannot hurt me much.
Could my cold heart ever feel in the silence,
Would it be glad of your weeping for me?
Nay, do not weep when my feet from the highlands
Are gone, and my voice is so silent to thee.

Weep not too much when my face you remember;
Make me no source of your sorrow and pain;
Let me depart as the leaves in November
That fall in the forest unwept by the rain.
With the living go mingle and give of the worth
Which remains of the dead for the living to share,
For I shall not know in the dust of the earth
When the all-folding shadow shall cover me there.

Painter's Colic

By Bessie I. Sloan

"Oh, the Junes, Junes, Junes,
I have spent among the dunes—

"HELP me finish it Pete; that's not a bad beginning for a poem." Pete, otherwise Patricia, did not look up from her sketch — blue ocean between pines, across a stretch of white sand.

"Ever hungry, eating prunes,
With a lot of other loons—"

She offered this, her brush moving rapidly.

Glad rolled over (she had been lying on her stomach, a favorite attitude when composing); for a moment she looked at her friend's gracefully bent head with its brown, wind-blown curls. Not a flicker of a smile crossed Pete's lips; she went on putting bunch grass in thick with her palette knife.

"You have as much sentiment as that crooked pine!" Glad sputtered.

"I wish I had. That pine is jamful of sentiment. For years it has borne the buffeting of ocean winds (symbolizing patience); it shades our bungy from a hot sun (symbolizing protection); although crooked, it grows toward beauty (symbolizing determination); it gives us cones for our fire (symbolizing generosity); it sings, sighs, rustles us to sleep (symbolizing—

"Pete dear, your face is awfully burned!" Glad broke in.

"Haven't time to set up m'umbrella," Pete mumbled. "You know I must finish this for the exhibition. Glad, for heaven's sake, write your poem and let me paint."

There fell a golden silence.

Neither girl was aware of a new arrival at the Inn that morning, and as Dunbar Wentworth, handsome in new toggery and brown puttees, swung into sight, artist's kit under arm, a surprised glance flashed between them.

Wentworth strode to the south, studying the view critically; then with: "By your permission," he set his easel near Pete Wayburn's easel, to that young painter's chagrin.

This was her chosen spot. There were miles of ocean, miles of dunes, a thousand pines. Why should he intrude here?

Thoughts jumbled angrily. She arose to take a distant view of her work, and upset her camp stool. The invader sprang to right it, lifting his hat as she scowlingly thanked him.

"That's a jolly sketch, by Jove!" he commented, studying the futuristic mass of blue, brown and green. "A hint of distance along the horizon, a bit more life in the breakers, and you have it!"

Pete eyed him with the dignity she could easily assume, and of which Glad was proud.

"Tha-nks!" she drawled, coldly.

He stared surprised at her manner. After a moment of hesitation he moved to his easel and began to paint. Glad

barely suppressed an hysterical giggle; she looked at her flustered friend with comical appeal and began to write furiously.

Dunbar Wentworth disregarded the young women; he painted, whistled, smoked. Pete's curls rioted about her cheeks; her brown eyes snapped.

"Let's go to the bungy, Glad!" she called.

Glad waved a hasty negative and went on scribbling. Pete's temper could not brook unsympathetic behavior just then; she gathered her belongings and ploughed off through the sand. She would finish her sketch out of sight of that creature who had dared to speak to and criticize her. Conceited—she knew it by his jaunty manner.

But her mood for work had passed. The afternoon was warm. She went to her room, took off her sand-filled shoes, shook them out of the window, and lay down to nap.

No doubt, she mused, as croon of waves and pines lulled her to rest, the newcomer would paint a marvel of impressionism that would win the prize offered by the Exhibition Committee.

The next thing she knew was Glad's voice, reciting "dunes and Junes"; and mingled with it, a deeper voice, with a ringing laugh. She smoothed her ruffled hair.

A roguish face looked in.

"Mr. Wentworth will stay to supper, Pete, dear," her chum piped sweetly. "Tamales! We have brought a bushel of cones for our fire.

"He's a dear!"—in a whisper. "You'll love him! Put on a fresh blouse and listen to a real poem. Patricia will be out in a moment, Mr. Wentworth," she called. "I found her napping. (Put some powder on your nose, and don't scowl, please.) You will go crazy over Mr. Wentworth's sketch."

Glad was away again, chatting and laughing with her new friend.

Pete sat still, her lips shut in an unusual line. Glad was the inexhuastible, audacious limit!

It proved an evening of surprises. Mr. Wentworth's sketch was wonderfully clever. He made a rousing fire; he opened tins of hot tamales and scooped them out so skillfully that they stood beautifully intact on the warmed plates; he tied a kitchen fork to a rod and showed them how to make toast comfortably. He drank four cups of coffee, declaring it never kept him awake.

While the cones ruddied, he told travel stories, sea stories, funny stories; and the girls laughed until their sides ached. After he had gone, and the lamp was extinguished, Glad called from her bunk:

"Some sport, eh, what, Pete? Haven't had so much fun in a coon's age. Isn't he—cute?"

"Very cute! snapped Pete, "but I wish you wouldn't be so — so promiscuous."

"Promiscuous! He's a scholar and a gentleman. I knew it at once and—"

A pretended snore silenced her.

Next morning Pete found Mr. Wentworth's sketch, which he had forgotten. She told Glad that she wanted to be alone; and smuggling his canvas to the beach, she sat down and copied it.

Why not? He had painted her view. She had to admit that the copy was better than her original sketch. Later in the day, Glad discovered the picture where Pete had replaced it.

"He must have forgotten it," she said. "I shall take it to the Inn."

"Don't!" Pete interrupted. "Let him come after it." At which Glad smiled wickedly.

Glad and Mr. Wentworth walked, swam, rode together, and Pete wondered how they could find so much to talk about.

The artist colony in the pines had worked diligently for the exhibition, and the pictures were all at the Loggery. The donor of the prize was unknown. Pete Wayburn needed that prize but she had no exaggerated idea of her work. While she had put her best efforts into it, she realized the crudity of those efforts. Something else worried her greatly, until when the morning of the exhibition arrived, she was ill with anxiety, and unable to rise.

Glad made gruel, brought a hot water bag, spilled eau-de-cologne and fussed about until Pete, with tears in her eyes, begged her to go to the Loggery and bring back the verdict. She came in radiant about dusk.

"Are you awake, honey?" she called. Oh, you Patricia, Pete! Pete! Pete! You dear, clever—"

"Did Mr. Wentworth exhibit?" Pete interrupted in hollow tones.

"No. Said he was just amusing himself. You won, lucky kid! You won! Your picture was the finest — anybody could see that. When I told him you worked so hard that you had painter's colic, he seemed awfully sorry; said your friend, the dealer in town, had called his attention to your splendid work, and that he was charmed with it. Then everyone clapped and cheered. Here's the bully check!"

"You—told him I had painter's colic? Then you're dishonest, too, Glad."

"Not a bit! I believed you had; you acted like it anyway. If it wasn't, what was it? Mr. Wentworth's coming here tonight."

"Glad, give me my note-paper."

(Continued on Page 551)

THE SONG OF COAL.

By Raymond M. O'Neil.

"Ilsar ilsit iltas zay",
What does the cryptic message say?—
Merely, "Shipping the coal to-day,
Confirm receipt".

Thus runs the tale of the hurrying wire,
Borne on the wings of the lightning fire,
Helping to answer man's desire
For cheering heat.

And what an epic is written in coal,
How many tons unceasingly roll
Out of the mines to meet the toll
Of wintery sleet.

In palace remote or hovel near,
To Plenty's hearth, or surroundings drear,
The glowing coal imparts the cheer,
One likes to meet.

And see that lusty giant approach,
As swiftly the whirling wheels encroach
On the short'ning rails, while coach on coach
Their din repeat.

Whence comes the strength and the thund'rous roar?—
From the glistening coal which, o'er and o'er,
Is launched with vim through the open door
To the fire's red seat.

O' mighty is coal, for coal is king,
Without stint let your praises ring,
For though it's only a common thing,
It moves a fleet.

Having Eyes They See Not

Diverse Impressions of a Suburban Motor Trip.

By Helen M. Mann

"ANY motor trip in California is a delight," I said to Wilma, who was registering all kinds of protests against a spin over to Bolinas in Marin County.

"Bolinas!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Bolinas!"

"Oh my—That poky old place, just across the Bay—Nothing to see but fishermen catching flounders—or tired hikers cooling their big feet in the surf—"

"Nevertheless it's Bolinas or stay at home."

One has to be positive at times with Cousin Wilma. When she is some years older—and perhaps not so pretty—she will be more disposed to listen to reason. I had told her that the afternoon was all the time I had to spare for motoring. Bolinas was just the place to go.

"But there's nothing to see she persisted.

"That's your fault Wilma."

"Mine?"

"Sure! Plenty to see anywhere, if you look at the things around you—and not at your mirror."

"You're perfectly hateful."

"And you're perfectly hopeless—as an observer of Nature—But get ready—Ring up Gertrude. The three of us will start, after lunch."

We walked about, on the ferry-boat to see the warships, in the harbor, and the sailing boats, and the motor craft. One saucy sloop swept across our bows in alarming fashion. The young yachtsmen laughing, as if a collision with a ferry-boat would be a huge joke. I pointed out the Bolinas light-house to Gertrude, who has not been long from Kansas, and to whom the sea is a source of endless delight.

"That bold headland—Point Bonita—is the kind of coast all the way up to Bolinas" I said.

"You'll see all you want of it on one ride Gertrude" interposed Wilma who was slowly getting over her sulks.

By the time we had crossed the ferry, and were spinning along in the machine for the seacoast, the two girls were chattering merrily. I paid close attention to the wheel, as the road to Bolinas—winding through rugged scenery—calls for careful driving—at least by drivers, disinclined to turn sharp curves on one wheel, or skim along the edge of rocky precipices, like a quail.

I thought I knew how California looks when dressed in her early summer costume, but I was not prepared for the wealth of color, which greeted me on the drive along the seacoast. Hillside after hillside was a joy of wildflowers—great carpets of red, yellow and blue, and a peculiar coppery blossom, which reminded me of Spring in Northern Africa. I pointed it out to Wilma, and remarked on its resemblance to what the Arabs call, "Thread of Gold, of the desert."

"This Bolinas place is desert enough for me," was Wilma's response. "I don't need any glimpse of the Sahara after this ride."

"We haven't passed a thing on the road, so far, but a Mill Valley jitney with a flat wheel—and an old cow," she added.

"You won't see much my dear girl, if you do nothing but discuss hats and furs, and weddings" I remarked, but Wilma was adamant to such criticism.

"Highbrow stuff is barred on all motor trips," she retorted. "Lectures on botany belong to the University Extension courses."

I slowed up to admire a riot of color, consisting of purple lupins, growing low and dancing in the breeze, with clusters of small yellow daisies. Scattered amongst the lupins and daisies, was a pink-lavender flower, quite unconscious of the fact that it was growing beside flowers of

yellow and orange—and doing it very successfully at that.

"What a daring artist Nature is—what a full palette of colors she uses and—" I remarked, but Gertrude cut me short.

"I know some women that beat Nature a mile" she said. "My! The way they can paint!"

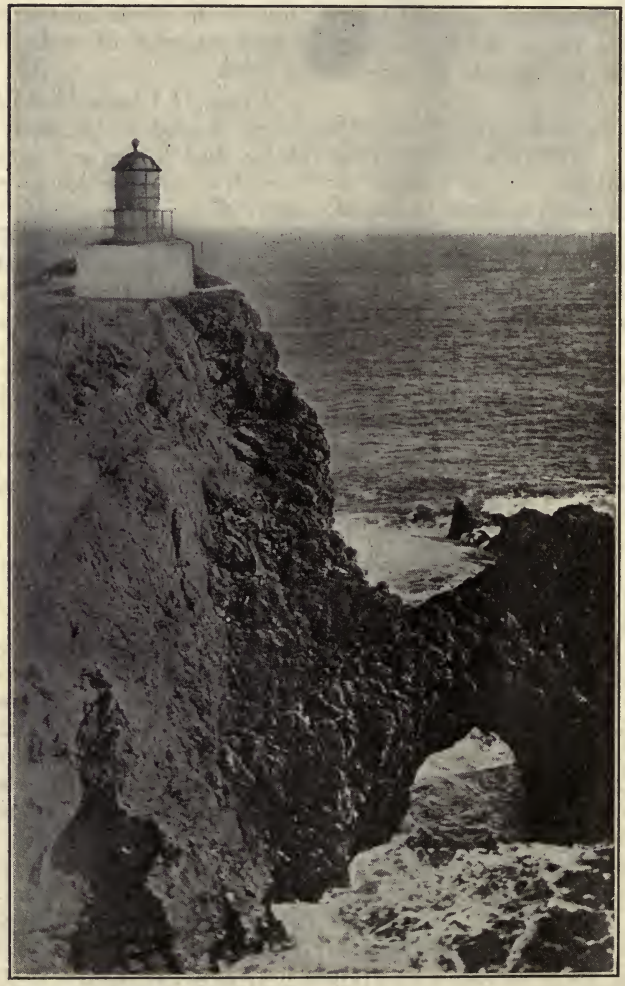
"We'd better be moving along, or that old cow we saw may catch up, and shove us off the road," suggested Wilma.

The next floral display on the hillsides, was a great patch of yellow flowers hugging the ground, and giving the appearance of sunshine, though the fog began to sweep in through the gulches to seaward. There was also a profusion of blue and yellow bush lupin, scattered over the more rugged section of the hills; and for the first time on the ride I saw the white lupin, which looks like an inverted white wistaria.

"Why dont you admire all those beautiful flowers?" I cried to the chattering Wilma.

"Flowers! All I see is fog—Oh yes—there's another cow—or is it?—Gracious! I hope he doesn't attack us. Please step on the gas and get our flivver moving Helen."

The bovine danger was soon left behind, and the next sweep of the road gave



Rugged Coast at Bonita Lighthouse.

us a splendid view of Tamalpais looming in the distance, sharply silhouetted against the opalescent California sky.

"Why do people go to the Orient to see Fujiyama, when they have such a magnificent mountain right here?" I asked.

"I'd go anywhere myself to get out of such a cheesy ride as this" was Wilma's answer.

"The trouble with you Wilma," I said, "is that you can't enjoy yourself away from the 'madding crowd'—That's the way of the world—all hurry and hustle and bustle—crowds and shop-windows—and price tags—and—"

"Oh shucks!" she interrupted. "Carry that brand of philosophy to the University Extension course—or send it to the magazine editors to bury it in the waste basket," was Wilma's appreciation.

I insisted, however, that the girls take a good look at Tamalpais—and note how near it looked—and yet so far.

"Like marriage for a lot of us," chirped Gertrude.

The girls did admit however, that Tamalpais is always a fine sight. Gertrude, was the more appreciative of the picturesque mountain. She could not understand why it never seemed to draw any closer, though when first seen it appeared to be not so far away. I told them that such an illusion was caused by the California atmosphere even on the seacoast, where it is less rarefied. In the higher elevations it is more noticeable.

That reminded Wilma of the man from Oregon, who was so fooled by everything in California, he couldn't trust his eyes any more. He wouldn't jump over a two-foot ditch, as it might be twenty and he'd fall in and drown.

Our road was so elevated at this stage of the journey, we could look down at the umber and sienna-colored tops of a grove of eucalyptus. They were quite the most beautifully colored trees I have seen —displaying all the chromatic tones from copper colored reds to the warm mauve violet of sunshine on rich foliage.

Then suddenly the sea! We had swung around one of the hundred curves in the mountainous road, and came into unobstructed view of the rock-bound coast, with here and there a sweep of yellow beach. California has more fine beaches than any place.

"Look girls!" I cried. "What a lovely contrast—the Vandyke browns and olive greens of the hills, with great patches of multi-colored wildflowers; and then the yellow sands and beyond the blue Pacific and the California sky. I wish I had my sketching outfit along."

"'Tisn't sketching outfits we need but more speed," objected Wilma. "Please step on the gas, and see if we can't beat the wheelbarrow record. I'm dying for something to eat."

"Mercy! We had a steak for lunch before we started."

"Yes but we must have been ten hours crawling along, making a florists inventory of everything on the road—and this mountain air gives you a frightful appetite."

So we quickened our pace to placate Wilma, who grew hungrier when she fancied she could see the Bolinas hotel with smoke coming out of the kitchen chimney.

"I can almost smell the broiled chicken," she declared.

At Willow Camp, I slowed down to view some fine brown rocks on the seashore, where the water was very blue and the surf very white. The land jutted out there, and Nature had thrown a carpet of green, almost down to the water's edge

"As if for the sea nymphs," I remarked to Wilma.

"The only kind of nymphs around here are hikers in khaki blouses and putteed trousers" she replied. "Whenever they go in swimming I guess Old Neptune scoots for the Equator."

"Let's wait a while and see some of the lady hikers—how they look after a jog all the way from Saulsalito," I suggested, but Wilma rebelled.

"Nothing doing!" she cried. "That broiled chicken at Bolinas will be burned to a crisp. Come on. Step on the gas. Off we go."

Bolinas is a little bit of a place—not much to describe but a good deal to enjoy, when you find it hidden among the trees, close to the lovely Pacific. Therein lies its charm, for there is no crowding of tourists, and one may enjoy all that it offers, in silence. Yes silence paradoxically speaking broods by the deep sea,

and the "music in its roar," which Byron speaks of, banishes all thoughts of the outside world.

Great live-oaks covered with Spanish moss, grow on the hills. Every cottage is buried in a blaze of color.

It is a curious fact that the trip to Bolinas is richer in floral views, while the return journey impresses one with the grandeur of the ocean and the long rugged coast line.

"Don't you think so?" I remarked to Wilma.

"What I think about Bolinas, had better not be put in print—at least not in a family paper," was her decisive answer. She added:

"Though the broiled chicken and raviolas, and the fresh lettuce with French dressing, would almost make me come again."

Next time I may please Wilma.

VACATION DAYS

By Edna L. Morris.

Looking far backward I shall see the city fade
And I shall turn my eager steps unto the hills.
Home! Home again! Oh, how my heart will leap
When I behold the old, familiar scenes.

Oh, I shall kiss the paths again with naked feet
And breathe the mountain air into my lungs,
And trill the old-time songs high in the hills
And lift my heart to God again where all is still.

Oh, I will feel the glory of the white, still night
And see the beauty of the dancing stars,
And I shall love to stand where once I stood
And see the brush fires gleaming through the trees.

My heart will sing with morning's rising sun
And in the river's cool pools I shall bathe,
The summer wind will toss my hair and brown my cheeks
While I ride home on wagon loads of hay.

All the beauty of those dear, bright days I'll drink
To keep life lovely through the coming year.
Vacation days! Oh, spend them as you will,
But I shall keep mine, far out in the hills.

One Saucy Sloop Swept Across Our Bows.

Trout Fishing

It Conjurs a Vision of the Wood and River.

By W. T. Clarke

Prof. Agricultural Extension, U. C.

We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so (if I might be judge) "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

—Izaak Walton.

SPORT, I take it, serves two very necessary functions—mental relaxation and physical upbuilding. Surely the first function is well served in our present-day conception of sport. One need but go to a baseball game, a football game, any of the modern competitive games, to be convinced that the throng is getting its mental relaxation and uplift. The evidence is before our eyes on the bleachers and if a shadow of doubt remains that will be cleared away when we hear the shouts of approval or disapproval, or encouragement or of discouragement that come from the throng. Unquestionably they are most enthusiastically participating in the sport mentally. As for physical participation they have no part in it. The men on the gridiron, on the diamond are the ones that have had the training, that are kept fit by proper feeding and exercise. The multitude has not had this advantage and is the loser thereby.

Except among the very young the physical exertion side of sport is largely delegated to specialists and this is wrong. By such a method the greatest good to the greatest number cannot be attained. Such sport then that requires the actual participation, both mentally and physically, of the individual and that is "flat, stale and unprofitable" when delegated to others to perform, that we may be onlookers, is ideal in its character.

There are a number of sports that come under this category but I wish to speak of only one—trout fishing. To the man or woman who has indulged in this form of sport the simple words, trout fishing, will conjure up a vision of the woods and river side that in its very self is a mental relaxation and refreshment. The act of "going fishing" means physical exercise amidst the most delightful and salubrious of surroundings.

Trout fishing tends to develop the contemplative in the participant. What could be more restful and soothing to the mind burdened with many cares and anxieties than to fish out a pool in some mountain stream? The waters, after a mad rush, have come to comparative rest. They lie dark and still before us. We have quietly taken position on the shaded bank beside the pool. We pause a moment before making a cast to drink in the beauty of the scene before us. Cool, dark waters, their somberness relieved here and there by a shaft of sunlight that finds some way through the surrounding trees. A ripple here and there where some hapless insect, flying too low, becomes a victim to some rising fish's appetite.

Then the cast of our line to the pools surface and the instant of expectancy and doubt before the humming whir of the reel tells us the cast is a success. Yes, fishing for trout in our Coast Range streams is a delightful sport and is conducive at the same time to a restfully contemplative frame of mind. I sometimes wonder whether it may not tend toward developing taciturnity. In my casual acquaintance are two men both of mature and ripened experience. They are life-long friends and as a patent of their general "all rightness" I need only to say both are ardent devotees of the art and sport of angling.

They met one morning on the street of the village near the stream they were fishing and the following garrulousness was shown by them:

"Going?"

"Been!"

"Any?"
"Some!"

I wonder if this was taciturnity in the true sense of the word? Certainly the conversation tells the whole story. Each knew the ruling passion of the other and so details were wholly unnecessary and superfluous. No, it was not taciturnity but to them the fullest of verbal expression on the subject.

Our civilization makes heavy demands upon us. We must be ever on the alert would we be numbered among those who are called successes. The age is swift and to the speediest belongs the palm of victory. If you would not be run down move, and that quickly, or clear the way. This seems to be the spirit that actuates us and we pay the toll in frayed nerves and utter mental weariness. The cure? Easy, take a little time off now and then and go trout fishing. Simple, is it not, yet but few take it seriously. There can be no rest more restful than a day beside a good trout stream and the man who takes this treatment returns to his task refreshed in mind and body. Trout fishing develops contemplativeness? Thank fortune that this is true for of a surety we need this in our feverish scramble known as the "higher civilization."

Some of the more simple facts underlying the art of angling? Well, it is a dangerous thing to attempt and at best is but the expressions of one's personal experience, yet human knowledge whatever heights it may have attained, is but the sum of the experience of individuals. A writer in a recent magazine gives the following as rules for the angler: "and here be my three rules for bringin' trout inter an empty creel. Fish where trout lie, never fishin' empty water, 'cause there ain't trout in empty water! Thats the first rule. The second is to never go near where ye thinks trout be without movin' as gingerly as ef ye was passin' in ter view the corpus at a house funeral! th' third rule is ter drop yer fly so it seems as ef it hated ter git wet, and ef a trout didn't grab on, as ef it would nat'ally take inter th' air ag'in. That's all my rules." Well, the rules are good so far as they go. It takes study and experience, almost the development of another sense to determine whether it is "empty water" into which we are casting our lures. But this sense comes with experience and then we wonder at the simplicity of the thing.

The approach to the stream must be quiet and the angler should come from the shady side of the stream or at least in such a way that no shadow will be thrown upon the water. This of course, is the ideal to be striven after. Quiet and above all else quiet. Walton remarks, "advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish."

The third rule, lightness in placing the lure is essential to success and adeptness in it can be acquired by practice only. The practice is good for it develops patience and "patience is a good herb."

Our California Coast Range streams are difficult to fish by casting. Brush and alders usually line the banks of the streams and a net-work of boughs and branches overhang the water, rendering casting well nigh impossible. In cases such as this, floating the fly with the current has to be resorted to. In the early season, fishing with the fly is not generally a success—the trout will not rise from the deep and often discolored water. In this case deep fishing with sinker and bait must be resorted to. Of course I know that the mention of bait is to some anglers very like shaking a red rag in front of a bull, yet I contend, basing the condition on a number of years practice of the art of angling in these streams, that bait fishing does not infringe on the ethics of angling.

Provide yourself with a light rod of about nine feet in length. Equip it with a good reel. Provide yourself with about seventy-five feet of braided silk line of a grey-green color. A fly book with some red-bodied grey hackle, brown hackle, winged ant, blue bottle and white moth flies in its make-up; several three foot, two-loop leaders; several six foot, three-loop leaders; a tube of split shot to be used as sinkers; a creel and bait box; a couple of dozen plain snell hooks number 10 and 12; two or three double-O, red-shanked spinners with copper and silver faces and then your angler's license, a little free time and a railroad ticket that assures you transportation to the stream

(Continued on Page 537.)

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White Horses and Royalty

Court of St. James Violates Ancient Custom.

By Cedric Wedderburn

THE substitution of six black steeds for white in the royal procession, at the opening of the English Parliament, has set tongues wagging in Great Britain.

The interesting fact has been brought to general notice that the use of white horses has been a habit of royalty from the remote ages. Because ancient kings and barbaric chieftains preferred white horses for their public appearances, the multitude ascribed sacred attributes to such animals. Of course the white steeds were selected chiefly for their effectiveness in centering attention on their riders or drivers, but heathen priesthoods had taken advantage of the popular reverence. White horses were sacrificed to their gods, as were white elephants, bulls and white asses.

The ancient Persians regarded white horses with a special reverence, and some of these animals always accompanied an army on the march. When Xerxes assembled a great host, 480 B. C., and bridged the Hellespont to invade Greece, a splendid golden car to Zeus, drawn by eight white horses, was part of his paraphernalia. The charioteer of this sacred car, went on foot for no mortal must mount it. In the van of the mighty army, the Car of Zeus, was one of the most conspicuous objects, not second to that of the Persian ruler himself surrounded by his royal guard.

Xerses sacrificed white horses to the river gods of the streams that his army crossed on its march of invasion. In spite of all these ceremonies the Greeks under Leonidas checked the powerful ruler at Thermopylae, and his great fleet was destroyed at Salamis — the decisive battle of Europe against Asia, to which Byron has referred in the famous lines:

A king sat on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his.
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

The Greeks themselves, set great store by white horses. According to a legend of ancient Greece, Rhesus the Thracian chieftain went to the relief of beleagured Troy in a chariot drawn by white horses, but on the night of his arrival before the doomed city, was attacked and slain by Ulysses and Diomed. It has been prophesied that if the Thracian chief fed his white horses on Trojan fodder, or watered them at the River Zanthus before Troy, he could not be overthrown.

Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse, who defeated the Carthagenians, 396 B. C., and possessed more power than any Greek prior to Alexander the Great, was accustomed to drive in a chariot, drawn by four white horses of the famed Illyrian breed. He posed as something more than a mortal ruler, though he gained his power by usurpation when the Syracusans, appointed him chief general to resist the Carthagenians.

The Chinese regarded white horses with reverence. Under the Mongol dynasty of Jenghiz Khan, each emperor maintained a great stud of such animals. Jenghiz Khan, who was the greatest conqueror the world has seen, rode a white horse at the head of his triumphant Mongolian hordes through Asia and into Europe in 1221, when he proclaimed the Mongolian empire.

The royal Mongolian stud of white horses maintained by Kubla Khan, the grandson of the great Mongolian conqueror, were pure white without a speck. They were held sacred, and the milk of the mares was drank only by the Khan and his family, and by one clan to which Jenghiz Khan had granted the privilege.

Straight to the Answer

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Some of the calculator's most-used applications are extending and checking invoices; figuring pay rolls; preparing cost figures; proving freight bills and allowances; making estimates; converting foreign currency; figuring selling prices, profits, etc.; totaling sales by classes; calculating interest; checking all sorts of calculations, etc.

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Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office—of which there are 213 in the United States and Canada, and others in principal cities abroad.

Confidence An Asset

By Joseph Loeb

"TWO million, four hundred and fifty six dollars, was saved for the people of San Francisco by the Better Business Bureau of the San Francisco Advertising Club," was the starline statement made by Elliot M. Epsteen, in his speech delivered on May 25th last, before the assembled delegates of the Pacific Coast Advertising Clubs, in convention at Stockton.

"An auditing committee has gone carefully over every case investigated," said Mr. Epsteen, who is attorney for the Bureau, Deputy District Attorney in San Francisco and also prosecuting attorney for the San Francisco Motor Dealers Association. "This committee has put an estimate, based upon facts, on the amount the bureau has saved San Francisco business men during the past eighteen months. This estimate is extremely conservative; it could be put much higher. The amount saved totals $2,456,100.00.

"About eight years ago, the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in convention assembled, found upon analytical investigation, that 60% of the Advertising appearing in the various mediums was not believed. And when it is considered that business finds it profitable to spend $6000 to $8000 for a single page, the waste is appalling.

"Out of the investigation which developed, grew the Better Business Movement, a nation wide work for the specific purpose of creating confidence, and securing maximum results from advertising, by making advertising trustworthy.

"Five years of Better Business work has demonstrated that we can do for legitimate business, what legitimate business cannot do for itself, to protect it against the concern who attempts to destroy the good will of business.

"Truth in Advertising" may be termed a practical ideal. It pays in the cash drawer. The value of advertising in any medium rises or falls in accordance with the belief on the part of its readers in the advertisements it publishes.

"The reputation of any house is established almost entirely from two contacts with the public—the advertising which brings the buyer to the business, and the merchandising he encounters when he arrives. If the advertising be truthful and the merchandising fair, a good reputation has been established, and a customer created who will return again and again.

Instances were then given by Mr. Epsteen, of the work of the San Francisco Advertising Club, how a very conservative estimate of the amount actually saved the community in the last 18 months amounts to two and a half millions of dollars; how the suit clubs were driven out, how the main streets are kept free of fake sales; how special editions of no advertising value are prevented from operating; and Mr. Epsteen proved that the community is being rendered a service of $200 for every dollar paid in to the San Francisco Advertising Club, in actual results achieved.

"Preventative Fraud," continued Mr. Epsteen, "is the keynote of our endeavor. We are putting into business that theory which has given medicine its high standing. We are endeavoring to prevent the fraud before it is perpetrated, rather than punish a faker after he has committed the fraud.

Effective Unity of Action

THE Overland Monthly is in receipt of some admirably illustrated publications, issued by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber is trying to bring about effective unity of action, in all larger community matters.

For months past San Francisco business has been urged by the Chamber of Commerce, to devote some of its thought to the work of selling San Francisco to the world. There has been a generous response to this appeal, declares W. H. Levings, Director of Publicity, and the Chamber of Commerce, itself, is striving to do the things which it is urging others to do. That is the explanation of the admirable publications that are being issued. It is hoped that the publications will furnish inspiration upon the points of how business men may, independently, and in various ways set forth the interests of their city. Having created a general and live interest in the subject of com-

"Y and E"

DIRECT NAME SYSTEM

There is hardly a big concern in the country where this "Y and E" system of filing is not in use. Everywhere some department manager or some individual, if not the concern itself, has found that this system gives

Speed in filing **Speed in finding**
Assured accuracy **Quick transferring**
Reduced maintenance expense

The principle of this remarkable system is "find alphabetically, refile numerically". It is the original and perfected alphabetical-numerical system.

Numbered guides are provided which divide the file into alphabetical divisions—as many as six thousand, if needed. Behind each guide is filed a direct name folder for each correspondent in that division, besides one miscellaneous folder; folders are given the same numbers as the corresponding guides.

Thus in the system that uses forty alphabetical divisions, guide Bro-Bry is number 4, and all correspondence folders from Bro-Bry are numbered 4.

When you want Brown's correspondence, look for it under Bro. When through, just drop it back of guide 4. As simple as that!

The success of the system lies in the fact that it is easier to work with numbers than with alphabetical divisions. If a number 3 folder ever gets behind guide number 4, your eye catches the difference—one 3 among many 4's—the moment you reopen the file! What chance for mistakes does this leave?

Miscellaneous folders become the guides when you transfer, so the guides can be used over and over again.

The extent to which this "Y and E." system has crept into practically all well-established business concerns proves that it is a *better system.*

More department managers, *more* individuals, *more* concerns at large should plan now to install it during the next transfer season. *You* should do so.

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

YAWMAN & ERBE

132 SUTTER STREET

"Leaders of the World" in Filing Devices and Office Systems—Wood and STEEL

California's Great Poet

(Continued from Page 476.)

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young man who I have since been told was the celebrated Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi, who, then at the beginning of his career, was living with Joaquin Miller as his protege. Unfortunately, I was too young and ignorant to have heard of the exquisite English verse of this singer from the Orient, and so I neglected the opportunity for a "double-barreled" interview. I understand now why Miller's eyes twinkled as he listened to me trying to adapt my language to the untutored Japanese mind!

"Columbus" was Miller's favorite of his poems, as it has been the world's. He recited part of it to me with great fervor, and then told me an original prose parable which he had recently composed. I was greatly impressed by its beauty, and asked him why he did not do more such work.

"The parable," he replied, "is the most difficult of all literary forms. There was only one real master of the parable in all literature, and that was Jesus Christ."

As I was leaving, the poet took in his the hands of my pretty feminine companion on the journey, and, smiling, he said, "You are part of the springtime, my dear. You look as if you had just descended from a pinnacle of poetry."

Spring was outside the cottage, too; and looking through the open doorway to the hills, beginning to turn green, and the live-oak trees that dotted them, I felt suddenly the kinship of this Poet of the Sierras with that other lyric son of Nature, Whitman.

"Tell me," I said, "what is your opinion of Walt Whitman?"

"Walt Whitman is to me," he answered, earnestly, "like a towering tree in a storm, that I should be lonely without."

Trout Fishing

(Continued from Page 531.)

you have chosen and you are ready to begin to practice the gentle art of angling.

I have tried to indicate an outfit that will do for the beginner and not mean too great an outlay of money. The seasoned angler needs no advice as to outfit. As the years have passed he has added to his first purchase material that now seems quite essential. The beginner will no doubt do the same as he advances in the art and sport. This is as it should be for it proves he has become a full-fledged member of the honest guild of anglers.

We want development of the individual, mentally, morally and physically through the mediumship of strength giving, interest sustaining sport. I give a place of honor to the art and sport of angling as meeting the requirements fully and completely.

Effective Unity of Action

(Continued from Page 535.)

munity service, the Chamber wants to keep that interest alive and in full action.

A great deal of useful information about San Francisco's advantages is furnished in easily-assimilated form, in the work entitled, "Industrial San Francisco in Word and Picture". By well-arranged tables of statistics, maps, and other illustrations, one can learn almost at a glance, the sources and development of hydro-electric power, the various lines of transportation that concentrate at San Francisco, and the dominant industries of San Francisco and the Bay cities. One finds also much statistical information about the banking resources, the purchasing power, the residential attractions and the climatic stability of San Francisco.

Another illustrated work, issued by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, is devoted to the foreign trade of San Francisco. It depicts in a series of engravings the present magnitude of trade with the condition which existed in 1775, when the little packet San Carlos, one hundred days out of San Blas, visited Yerba Buena, the site of the present great city by the Golden Gate.

"We Hold Thee Safe"

Queen Insurance Company
of America

Newark Fire Insurance Company
of Newark, New Jersey

Royal Indemnity Company
of New York

Fire, Automobile, Marine, Tourist and all Branches of Casualty Insurance.

ROLLA V. WATT, Manager

Royal Insurance Bldg. - San Francisco, Cal.

The Quest of Peter Ladd

(Continued from Page 492.)

form in the days that followed. Of course he made her acquaintance, and after that there was no denying that Peter was different.

Perhaps you will think that I, a married man, should not have been surprised to learn that these symptoms were naturally forerunners of a courtship and a wedding; but I feel that there was good excuse for me, considering that I had known so well of his natural avoidance of women, and that I was aware that it was one of the strongest traits of his character, second, in fact, only to that urge which had made of him a gold-seeker.

Then quite suddenly it dawned on me —this amazing thing which had happened to him—and my former stupidity in not sooner realizing the truth, left me aghast. His years of search had at last brought reward! His hopes had found realization! The fires which burned in her glorious hair had answered the flames of longing, which seethed within him, and had brought to him treasure in tangible form, and very real—gold!

However, these occurrences took place years ago, when Peter and I were young men. It was shortly afterward, and soon after his marriage with the Golden Girl, that a business change took Rose and me to another city. To my regret, I lost track of Peter, until as I have related, chance brought us together at a breakfast table at Casper's.

I was aroused from my revery by Peter's voice. He was speaking evenly and rapidly. How different he seemed since our last meeting. He appeared as changed, in fact, as he had been then, from the boy of still earlier years.

His easy air of prosperity, together with a certain bearing of the "home" man, were not to be expected in one of Peter's temperament. The marks of physical change in him were slight, with the exception of that one flaring bit of incongruity which had so quickly arrested my attention and filled me with amazement. The great wavy mop of jet black hair of which he once could boast, had in some miraculous manner taken on a vivid hue of brilliant red, which seemed strangely familiar. I could not disquise my astonishment, much to his delight.

"I see you're admiring my thatch," he commented, touching the errant locks with a forefinger. "And well you might, for we've made a fortune from it and aren't through yet." His eyes burned with an old familiar gleam.

"But how—" I gasped.

"Couldn't be more simple" he explained. You see I gave up lecturing long ago —not enough money in that sort of thing when a man has a wife and two kiddies. He has to play the game for big stakes then. I'll tell you, man, I have some game this time.

Still I stupidly failed to understand, until out of sheer pity he came to my rescue.

"This is done for advertising purposes" he asserted, designating the aforementioned Titian locks. "It might interest you to know that it's the exact shade of that pretty wig which my wife used to wear over her black curls, when she was first introducing that hair dye of hers on the market."

Self Preservation First

(Continued from Page 473.)

side that has the most votes.

Never in the history of labor unionism has it been more dictatorial than in recent years. Undeniably the great public has had its patience sorely tried. The conditions for the introduction of the open shop are becoming more unfavorable to organized labor. Recent strikes have been failures. The ship-yards have actually put the open shop into force, and announced their determination to employ union and non-union men on the same terms of wages and hours. Undoubtedly the ship-yards have been encouraged to such action by the growing impatience of the public towards the unions. If the great employers of labor adopt the open shop it may not be long before smaller ones will attempt it.

The English unions, so unfraternal to British soldiers, and the United States organizations that copy most of what the British attempt, might with benefit remember the Scriptural admonition: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

American Mine Reporter

A Journal Devoted To Cleaner Mining

(Copyright 1920)

AIMS TO BE THE

Bradstreet of the Mining and Oil Industries

No Investor Can Afford To Be Without It

FRANK CHESTER KINGSLAND

MANAGING EDITOR

702 Mutual Bank Bldg. **San Francisco, Calif.**

LUTHY

BATTERIES

REINSULATION is never necessary in a Luthy Battery. Luthy Separators never need renewing. They are permanent. That means low battery upkeep.

Let us demonstrate this

LUTHY BATTERY CO.

911 Golden Gate Ave.
Cor. Octavia

Richmond Branch, 4333 Geary Street
Between 7th and 8th Avenues

TWO YEARS' SERVICE
OR
A NEW BATTERY WITHOUT COST

Factory

price direct to you

This $12 Officer Shoe

Hand sewed. First Grade. The factory price — direct to you at only **$6.89**

The retail price of this shoe is $12.00. It is made of the best waterproof mahogany calf leather Guaranteed to give the best wear If these shoes are not just as we say, send them back You don't lose a cent.

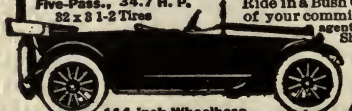
If you are sending money order or check, do not include postage. Pay only $6.89 for shoes. We pay postage. State size.

These shoes are built to be good for work and dress at the same time

U. S. NATIONAL ARMY SHOE CO.

Dept. 855 Westfield, Mass

Bush Car Delivered Free



Five-Pass., 34.7 H. P.
32 x 3 1-2 Tires

Ride in a Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales, my agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address J. H. Bush, Pres. Dept. 4-FK

114-inch Wheelbase
Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg.

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill.

The Battery Goat

Like All Celebrities He had His Limitations

By Col. Thomas Spaulding

WHEN the chairman rises to introduce the principal entertainer of the evening, it is customary for him to commence with the remark that the gentlemen needs no introduction. It is thus that I shall begin, and in the present instance, at least, the words are no mere formula. It is quite needless for me to tell you that his name was Billy. No gentleman goat, residing in an Anglo-Saxon community, ever goes by any other name. It is true that Billy was of Cuban descent; but all of us Americans, except those living on the reservations, have immigrant ancestry somewhere back of us, and Billy was as good an American as any.

He joined the battery when he was a mere kid, and grew to a sturdy youth before he experienced his first change of station. That was an anxious time for the battery. The change was to be made by marching,—some five hundred miles,—and Billy was no great walker. Clearly he must travel by rail, in the express car. But express costs money; and pay-day was far enough in the past for the battery to be well-nigh broke.

Of course the captain might be approached for a loan, but borrowing is distasteful to self-respecting men, except in case of real necessity; besides, it is poor policy to touch the old man too often. The matter could be managed otherwise. So Billy was offered for sale at an animal store in town. He was a likely young goat, and brought a good price,—rather more than the rate quoted by the express agent, in fact. At the animal store he remained, tethered in the back yard, until, one night,—just before the battery departed, as it happened,—the premises were entered by thieves. The proprietor's loss was not great, however; on taking account of stock, next morning, he found nothing missing but one goat. Apparently the robbers had been interrupted before being able to make a thorough clean-up.

A battery on the march cannot equal the speed of an express train, so Billy arrived at his new post several weeks ahead of his comrades, and was quartered in the stables of a troop which had obligingly agreed to board him for the time. He was given full liberty to go sight-seeing, and took every advantage of the privilege, for it was his first glimpse of the world, and he found many new and curious things. One of these went by the name of guard-mounting,—a ceremony unknown in the quiet little artillery camp where Billy had spent his life,—and his happening on it put an end to sight-seeing tours.

One morning he strolled up to the parade-ground, where he had not previously been at that time of day. The band was making a great din, and there was quite a large crowd out. Billy quickened his pace, eager to find out what was doing. On arriving, he found nothing extraordinary, after all,—a few soldiers drawn up in line, and a number of other soldiers and civilians standing a little way off. He was about to pass on, when something caught his eye. Out from the crowd stepped a pompous officer, with a clanking saber by his side. Into the middle of the open space he strode, stopped, folded his arms, threw out his chest, and assumed an attitude so haughty, so domineering, so arrogant, that Billy's blood boiled within him. He was always quick to resent an insult, whether offered to himself or to the public. He made one or two preliminary prances, assumed the trot and then the gallop. Let us draw a veil. When his battery at last marched into the post, it found Billy a prisoner in E Troop stables.

Released on promise of good behavior, Billy took up his residence in the commodious stables assigned to his battery.

Camp Curry

THE

GREATEST

IN

YOSEMITE

Nearest the Principal Trails
And Chief Points of Interest

OPEN

APRIL 17th - - - OCTOBER 1st

1920 RATES

[American Plan Only]

	In Tents		In Bungalows, Bath, Incl.	
	Two Adults In Tent	One Adult In Tent	Two Adults In Room	One Adult In Room
Per Day - - - - - -	$ 4.00 each	$ 5.00	$ 6.00 each	$ 7.00
Per Week - - - - - -	26.50 each	33.50	40.00 each	47.00
Four Weeks - - - - -	100.00 each	128.00	155.00 each	184.00

For Information Write

CAMP CURRY, CALIF.

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SAN FRANCISCO
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FRESNO—R. B. Covington, Fresno Hotel, Fresno 307
LOS ANGELES—Mack A. Erwin, 623 S. Spring Street, Home 62757

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION EARLY!

They were at the extreme end of the line, a long way from the parade ground and the barracks. Surrounded by his old friends, human and equine, Billy felt no inclination to wander, and his indiscretion was soon forgotten. He seldom left the neighborhood of his home, except when led in triumphal procession after some victory of the battery's, in football, baseball, or field meet. On such occasions he always headed the column, along with Daddy Ayres, the venerable wheel horse, long since retired from active service.

Then came the craze for practice marches. We frequently develop some fad, on which, for a time, the military heart and soul are set. Sometimes it is shooting, sometimes riding, sometimes clothes. Now, for a year or two, we dropped everything else, and spent most of our time on the road. If we were gone for only a day, Billy did not mind, but the first time we went off for a three-days' march, he got lonesome. The society of a caretaker and one or two sick horses was not enough.

For the first time in two years he went for a long walk. The post seemed deserted; nobody visible but a sentry or two. It was all very depressing. In search of company he ventured farther than he ever had before, far beyond the parade ground, even to the colonel's quarters. It was spring-time, and the post gardener had just finished his work. All around the house stood rows of nice, fresh, green geraniums,—delicious. Billy went no farther. Indeed, he, and most of the geraniums, did not leave the premises until the colonel came home from the office. When next I visited the stables, I found the following entry on the guard book,—(the corporal was no great scholar): "The goate will be tide up and capt tide up, by order of the commanding officer."

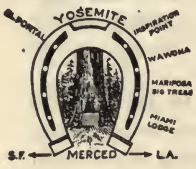
But the colonel, though a quick-tempered man, was not vindictive. After a discreet interval, Billy was "untide", and no trouble ensued. Indeed, he was careful never to offend again. Or, rather, he was never reported again, for he did commit one scandalous crime, which, owing to a conspiracy of silence, never came to the notice of the colonel.

Billy attended a military funeral one day. Funerals were common occurrences, for a great national cemetery is adjacent to the post, but Billy had never taken any interest in them. Probably it was only by chance that he attended this one. He was casually passing a troop, dismounted, drawn up to meet the caisson bearing the body of the distinguished general, and standing at rest while awaiting its arrival. Some of his friends spoke to Billy, and he lingered, to be sociable. But all of the troopers were not his friends; some of them were fresh young men,—smart Alecks,—the sort that poke a fellow in the ribs with the butt of a rifle when he isn't looking, and then laugh when he jumps. That kind of thing always got Billy's goat. But he had learned wisdom with years, and restrained himself for the time being. The troop was at rest now, but by and by the caisson would be along, and it would be called to attention; then they would all have to stand up stiff and motionless, with their backs to him, being unable to look around.

Perhaps it would be best for me to end at this point. Billy was a good goat, in the main, and I do not wish to dwell on his occasional misdemeanors to such an extent as to give a false impression of his real character. Let me leave the subject here, with the assurance that in spite of some few failings he was as upright and gentlemanly a battery goat as I have ever known.

YOSEMITE

"Just Like Going in Your Own Car"



THE HORSESHOE ROUTE

VIA THE

MARIPOSA BIG TREES

INSPIRATION AND GLACIER POINTS

Daily Seven-Passenger Pierce-Arrow Auto Service Equipped with Westinghouse Air Springs

Daily Auto Schedules Between Merced and Yosemite

Effective May 1st to October 31st, 1920

Office and Depot: EL CAPITAN HOTEL, MERCED, CALIF.

Through In One Day Schedule

Lv Merced	8.00 *am*	*Lv* Yosemite Nat. Park	7.30 *am*
Ar Miami Lodge	11.30 *am*	*Ar* Inspiration Point	8.15 *am*
Ar Mariposa Big Trees (Lunch)	12.30 *am*	*Lv* Inspiration Point	8.30 *am*
Lv Mariposa Big Trees	2.30 *pm*	*Lv* Chinquapin	9.00 *am*
Lv Wawona	3.30 *pm*	*Lv* Wawona	10.00 *am*
Lv Chinquapin	4.30 *pm*	*Ar* Mariposa Big Trees (Lunch)	10.30 *am*
Ar Inspiration Point	5.00 *pm*	*Lv* Mariposa Big Trees	12.30 *pm*
Lv Inspiration Point	5.15 *pm*	*Lv* Miami Lodge	1.30 *pm*
Ar Yosemite Nat. Park	5.45 *pm*	*Ar* Merced	5.00 *pm*

Glacier Point Schedules

Starting About June 15th, 1920

Lv Merced	8.00 *am*	*Lv* Yosemite Nat. Park	3.30 *pm*
Lv Miami Lodge	11.30 *am*	*Ar* Inspiraion Point	4.15 *pm*
Ar Mariposa Big Trees (Lunch)	12.30 *pm*	*Lv* Inspiration Point	4.20 *pm*
Lv Mariposa Big Trees	2.30 *pm*	*Lv* Chinquapin	5.00 *pm*
Ar Wawona (overnight)	3.15 *pm*	*Ar* Glacier Point (overnight)	6.00 *pm*
Lv Wawona	8.00 *am*	*Lv* Glacier Point	7.30 *am*
Lv Chinquapin	9.00 *am*	*Lv* Chinquapin	9.00 *am*
Ar Glacier Point (Lunch)	10.30 *am*	*Lv* Wawona	10.00 *am*
Lv Glacier Point	12.45 *pm*	*Ar* Mariposa Big Trees Lunch)	10.30 *am*
Lv Chinquapin	2.15 *pm*	*Lv* Mariposa Big Trees	12.30 *pm*
Ar Inspiration Point	2.45 *pm*	*Lv* Miami Lodge	1.30 *pm*
Lv Inspiration Point	3.00 *pm*	*Ar* Merced	5.00 *pm*
Ar Yosemite Nat. Park	3.30 *pm*		

Cannon Ball Service

Autos will leave Wawona daily at 1.00 *pm* via Chowchilla Mountain Road, arriving Merced at 5.00 *pm*. Passengers leaving Yosemite or Glacier Point at 7.30 *am* will transfer at Wawona and use Cannon Ball to Merced providing they do not want to go via the Mariposa Big Trees.

The Horseshoe Route Fares

The fare in either direction between Merced and Yosemite via Mariposa Big Trees is $15.00 with additional $5.00 when Glacier Point side trip included. Round trip both ways Horseshoe Route $24.50, with additional $5.00 when Glacier Point side trip included. The fare one way Horseshoe Route and one way via El Portal is $24.75 and when Glacier Point side trip included, $5.00 additional. No war tax collection on Horseshoe Route fares. Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare, under five free when not occupying auto seat. Forty pounds hand baggage free. Trunks not carried unless special arrangements are made for same. For tickets, seat reservations or further information, address

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By Herbert Ingram Priestly

SOMETHING of the value of recent Spanish and Spanish-American literature was made known to English readers not so long ago by the admirable survey of it made by Alfred Coester. More recently we have been given the "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" by Professor Ford, in which some space is given to discussion of South American writers such as Andrade and Bello, Ruben Dario, the arch anti-Americans, Rufino Fombona and Manuel Ugarte, and the noted Pan-American of Peru, Jose Chocano. Professor Coester gave us a brief chapter on modern Mexican literature, and now Dr. Goldberg comes with his brilliant appreciation of the modernist movement in his Pan-American literature, but there has been no really adequate appreciation of the literary merits of the Mexican poets by any recent English writer. Indeed, for the majority of Americans the Mexico of the imagination is a Nazareth out of which no good thing can possibly come. The land of revolution, oil, and intervention is far away from our conceptions of a land of literature, art, or music; yet it has a highly developed culture in these fields of the amenities of civilization which it behooves us to know more about.

Fortunately for us, Genaro Estrada, a young Mexican litterateur of no mean record, has given to the world a valuable anthology of recent Mexican poetry which has the merit of containing not only selections from the best of each writer, but bibliographic and inconographic notes as well.

Gutierrez Najera is, if we may use the present tense to speak of a man gone, the father of modern Mexican poetry. It was he who founded and directed the **Revista Azul,** in which, during the period 1894-96 appeared the best of the modern Mexican poetry. The group of contributors, besides the editor, included Justo Sierra, Salvador Diaz Moron, and Luis G. Urbina. They were the disseminators of the French influence. Following the demise of the **Revista Azul** there sprang up the **Revista Moderna,** which gave expression exclusively to the aesthetic influences which were reflected in the intellectual society of the Republic. This magazine lived to popularize the post-romantic school of poetry, and then like its predecessor passed away. Under the editorship of Jesus E. Valenzuela there came forward a group of writers among whom was easily first Amado Nervo, whose death last year served to bring to the attention of North America the fact that Mexico produces poets. Others were Manuel Jose Othon, Francisco M. de Olaguibel, Efren Rebolledo, Jose Juan Tablada, Balbino Davalos, Ruben M. Campos, and others. Several of these were also contributors to Savia Moderna, which had a brief existence. There soon came on a third group of writers, which really included many of those who had made their reputations in the **Revista Moderna;** but among them also figured Enrique Gonzales Martinez, Manuel de la Parra, Rafael Lopez, Alfonso Reyes, Roberto Arguelles Bringas, Eduardo Colin, Luis Castillo Ledon, and Rafael Cabrera.

Since the death of the Ateneo, in which the work of these poets appeared, there has been only occasional publication of the best Mexican poetry.

Estrada has performed in his anthology a labor of love, and he has done it in a masterly fashion. The material is arranged in better fashion, and his selections are more representative, than those of earlier and more pretentious collections. There are more than three hundred pages of poems included, and an examination of the subject matter which has interested Mexican poets is of more than ordinary interest.

Luis G. Urbina gave voice to his muse in selections entitled "The poem of the Lake," "A Pagan Prayer," "The Nightin-

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gale was Singing," and "Confidence." Justo Sierra, better known in the United States as educator, statesman, and historian than as poet, wrote with a Latin tinge of imagination about "Italy." "Florence," and Hannibal." Some of Amado Nervo's best verses appear under the titles "A Lord's Prayer," "Les Oiseaux s'envolent et les fleurs tombent," "Immortality," "The Mountain," "The Miraculous Bird," "Expectation," and "Hope." His contributions include one on the Corregidora of Queretaro, and this celebration of the spirit of that heroine of the Hidalgo Revolution stands in almost complete isolation for its patriotic spirit. Indeed, historical inspiration awakes not many of the national bards. Rafael Lopez has a brief sonnet to Maximilian which is excelled in quality by his verses to the famous mountain Ixtaccihautl, "The Woman who Sleeps." The influence of Spain over the Mexican mind is seen in Enrique Fernandez Granandos' "To Don Quixote," in Salvador Diaz Miron's "To the Ingenuous Knight," and in other apostrophes to the great classic figure of the Spanish romantic novel. Something Germanic is also seen in Othon's "Rustic Night of Walpurgis," in De la Parra's "A Tale from Grimm," Campos' "Schumann," and a few others. That there is plenty of classical influence, with more than a moiety of French spirit, is evinced by the following random selection of titles: "Nihil," "Jocunda Nobilisque Febris," "Ecco Homo," "El Vino de Lesbos," "Pax Animae," "A Dionisios," "Introito," and others. Two numbers appear with English titles, "Sad Song," and "To Be."

How there is an aesthetic sympathy between Japan and Mexico, a something higher, perhaps better and finer, than mere modern attempts at political rapprochement, is seen in Jose Juan Tablada's ode "To Japan." The sympathy is due, if we may guess it, to a suggestion of similarity in the primitive mythologies of the two countries, and to a rather imaginative though conceivable likeness of landscapes:

. . . I love thy rivers and thy lakes,
Thy white deer and thy pheasants,
And the sad sheen in which thy moons
Bathe the crests of thy volcanoes;
I love thy strange mythology,
The rare monsters, and the chaliced flowers
On thy screens of somber silk
And in the enamel of thy vases.
. . . . . .
Japan, thy rites have exalted me,
I fervently love all thy glories;
I am the servant of the Mikado,
I am the bonze of thy pagodas!
And so my soul that loves thee prays,
My exalted spirit that adores thee,
To be the star of livid flame
That softly kisses, and, glowing, gilds
The white snows of Fujiyama.

It is in the love lyrics pure and simple, however, that the Mexican poets excel, both in spirit and in their appeal to the Anglo-Saxon imagination. Short, and sometimes exotic in tone, at times melancholy, the verses often breathe a purity of passion that touches the finest in expression. Take for instance "En la Noche," by Rafael Cabrera:

In the deepest night
There comes to me something like breath of roses
Vague and subtle—my spirit is inundated
By a fugitive sadness,
And I think of your shadowy eye-circles,
Of your large mysterious pupils,
Which shall never see me again while I live. . .

I ponder over this misfortunate love
Which is nourished on absence and bitterness,
And which, compelled to live uselessly,
Is crucified by sterile desire,
Cherishes presentiment of your light in your darkness,
And dreams eternally of you. . .

Like a blind man who has lost his road
I shout amid the dense and silent shadows
Your sweet name, and at the tremulous echo
I stretch out despairing fingers to the night
And call to you—call to you
Only to tell you that I love you,
To tell my love that always shall be yours;
And near and far I seek you without finding;
Through pain, through joy, or loathing,
Beyond both life and death. . .

And while within my soul grows denser
All the black darkness of immeasurable night,
The vague horizon turns a moment palid,
Then flames with carmine and with bloody gold;
The air is made of melodies, it seems;
The flowers are opening, and fecund and slowly
The warm sun kisses earth, and dawn appears.

To Rafael Lopez the mountains which surround the Valley of Mexico have a symbolism that may be conveyed by this

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attempt at translating his lines to Ixtaccihuatl, "The Woman Who Sleeps":

The cold snow like a funeral sheet enfolds
The high and silent tumulus on which lies carved
The sculptured woman in her age-old winding sheet
In which she lies a thousand years unsepultured.

The sun illumes with gilt floroons her pallid figure,
Her marbeled breasts, the cool curves of her chiseled limbs;
While from her icy brow down, to the valley
Winds the silent torrent of her unconfined hair.

Impaled there on the height by some enchantment
Her deep millennial slumber is unmoved
By tumult of the land's despair; she feels no tremor

Within her heart responsive to the life that thrills below;
She is the race of bronze, forever sleeping
In her double winding sheet of silence and of snow.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S LIFE HISTORY

"Mercier, The Fighting Cardinal Of Belgium," by Charlotte Kellogg." D. Appleton and Company, New York.

So much has been given to the reading public of America about Cardinal Mercier, in a fragmentary way, that an authoritative book is needed to convey a correct and lasting impression of the ecclesiastical hero of the world war. Mrs. Kellogg has furnished it.

The foreword of her book by Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, points out her eminent fitness for the task. Her connection with the Commission for the relief of Belgium, gave her many opportunities to see Cardinal Mercier, and to estimate the effect of his personality and deeds on his people.

Having both the talent and the true inspiration to write a biography of the heroic Cardinal, Mrs. Kellogg's work is distinctive by its sincerity and its dignity. Her biographical sketch traces the life of the famous Cardinal from boyhood to his American visit.

"OUR MARY," SLIGHTLY MUSSED

Benjamin de Sasseres, writing in the New York Times book section, takes to task for his ecstatic tributes to Mary Garden, that eminent critic James Huneker, whose new book, "Bedouins," has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mary Garden is the top note in Bedouins, declares De Casseres.

There are four essays in the first part of his book devoted to this superwoman — the word is Mr. Huneker's and is the title of his opening word-barrage. He has dedicated his book to la tres belle, la tres bonne, la tres chere, which we suppose is "Our Mary," who is now in full and undisputed possession of the title that Mary Anderson once had.

Although it is, in a way, an admirable thing for a critic to possess the courage of sometimes bellowing his enthusiasms to the world a la Victor Hugo, doesn't Mr. Huneker lay it on just a little too thick in re Garden? Is he not afraid of erotic katzenjammer? As love letters to Melisande, Thais, Monna Vanna, Isolde, Cleopatra, Mary, these chapters would rank high as literature; but, somehow, to see them in print, addressed to a woman who will be totally forgotten when Patti and Duse will still remain household words, seems like the beatification of the lesser by the greater.

Mary Garden is fine scenery. She may be a Superwoman, but I believe all women are; in fact, woman is the Superman. No one who acts can be of epical proportions. Acting is not even one of the arts—it never rises above artifice. At its highest it is creative mimicry. If Mary Garden survives the life of the Eighteenth Amendment it will be because of Mr. Huneker's prose.

FRENCH VIEW OF WALT WHITMAN.

M. Bazalgette's "Walt Whitman: The Man and His Work" has just been translated from the French by Ellen Fitz-Gerald. It is a great psychological biography of the man that the biographer declares is the greatest man of all time, bringing to the world the greatest message of all time.

The author descends into the Dutch and English Quaker stock of Whitman and sees in him the incarnation of the New World. He is the prairies, the mountains, the seas, the winds and the vast waterways of America come to be man. More than all else, he is the Atlantic. "The far-distant murmur of the ocean responds to his first cries; the tumult of its leaping waves formed the accompaniment of his first meditations."

Doubleday, Page & Co., are the publishers of this interesting translation.

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Stories From The Files

(Continued from Page 519)

and ground and lofty tumbling, are we versed; and sith your highness asketh me, I venture here to publish that in the truly marvellous and entertaining zampillaerostation——."

"Gag him! Throttle him! Body of Bacchus! Am I a dog that I am to be assailed with pollysyllabic blasphemy like this? But hold! Lucrezia, Isabel, stand forth! Sirrah behold this dame, this weeping wench. The first I marry within the hour; the other shall dry her tears or feed the vultures. Thou and thy vagabonds shall crown the wedding with thy merrymakings. Fetch hither the priest."

The dame sprang toward the chief player.

"Oh save me!" she cried; "save me from a fate worse than death! Behold these sad eyes, these shrunken cheeks, this withered frame! See thou the wreck this fiend hath made, and let thy heart be moved with pity! Look upon this damsel; note her wasted form, her halting step, her bloodless cheeks where youth should blush and happiness exult in smiles! Hear us and have compassion! This monster was my husband's brother. He who should have been our shield against all harm, hath kept us shut within the noisome dungeons of his castle for, lo, these thirty years—for what crime? None other than that I would not belie my troth, root out my strong love for him who marches with the legions of the Cross in the Holy Land, for O, he is not dead! and wed with him! Save us, O, save thy persecuted suppliants!"

She flung herself at his feet and clasped his knees.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the brutal Leonardo. "Priest do thy work!" and he dragged the weeping dame from her refuge. "Say, once for all will you be mine?—or by my halidame, that breath that uttereth thy refusal shall be thy last on earth!"

"Nev-er!"

"Then die!" and the sword leaped from its scabbard.

Quicker than thought, quicker than the lightning's flash, fifty monkish habits disappeared, and fifty knights in splendid armor stood revealed! Fifty falchions gleamed in air above the men-at-arms, and brighter, fiercer than them all, flamed Excalibur aloft, and cleaving downward, struck the brutal Leonardo's weapon from his grasp!

Count Luigi bound his usurping brother hand and foot. The practised knights from Palestine made holiday sport of carving the awkward men-at-arms to chops and steaks. The victory was complete. Happiness reigned. Everybody married somebody else!

"But what did they do with the wicked brother?"

"Oh nothing—only hanged him on the iron hook I was speaking of. By the chin."

"How?"

"Passed it up through into his mouth."

"How long?"

"Couple of years."

"Count Luigi—is he dead?"

"Six hundred and fifty years ago, or such a matter."

"Splendid legend—drive on."

Painter's Colic

(Continued from Page 524)

The girl looked at her friend in amazement. There was no joy in Pete's eyes. She restrained her curiosity and handed Pete the box.

"*Mr. Wentworth,*" *she wrote,*

Dear Sir: A great wrong has been done. After copying your sketch, I signed my name to it (yours). You took mine away with you. It was your picture that won. Inclosed is the check, which rightfully belongs to you. I was jealous and angry. I am ashamed.

Yours truly,
Patricia Wayburn."

"Take it to the Inn immediately, please, dear, and ask me nothing. I will explain later."

Glad raced to the Inn, wondering if, en route, she should call a doctor. Mr. Wentworth returned with her. Pete, her conscience clear, was up and dressed.

"Take her for a walk Mr. Wentworth, while I get supper," Glad suggested. "She's been in bed all day, sick and nervous. But she didn't have pa— Is your

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head all right now, dear?"

"Oh, I guess so," answered Pete sadly.

"Do not apologize, I beg!" Mr. Wentworth was saying, as they strolled down the board walk to the sea. When I came for my sketch and found yours in its place, I thought it a mistake. I believed yours the finer, so I painted your name on it and submitted it to the judges."

"Then my name was on **both** pictures?"

"Yes. It was your very own sketch that won, Miss Wayburn. All my fault you know. A clumsy way I took to help you."

Just then, providentially, from the bungy sounded the bell that called them to supper—the first of a long series—let us hope.

War On The Forest Primeval

(Continued from Page 508)

duced. Four stalwart woodmen set to work, after putting out the fire as high up as possible. In two hours the crashing of this monarch pine awoke the echoes in the surrounding darkness.

Until the tree had fallen we could not erect the tents. Up to that time the flames from the pitchy branches and the beacon at its top, nearly two hundred feet above the ground, had lighted the immediate surroundings, but for a time after it fell the darkness could almost be felt. By and by the fire gained headway again, and gave us light and warmth along the giant's whole length. We now commenced to clear away the snow and pitched our tents parallel with the fallen tree and about a dozen feet distant. While this work was going on, supper was also in preparation. At eleven o'clock, suffering from exhaustion and cold, huddled on the lee side of a drooping fir tree, we proceeded to discuss our much needed refreshments by the light of the burning pine.

The storm increased until it became a hurricane with no abatement of the snow. Great trees that had withstood the storms of centuries, were overcome by the fury of the blast and went crashing to the ground in every direction. The shrieking of the wind, the groaning of the forest and the crashing of branches were nerve racking in the black darkness. Just outside of our circle of light pandemonium reigned, but we could not see it.

We finally retired into our tents, drew our blankets about us and tried to sleep. About three o'clock in the morning we were aroused by the cry of fire. Looking out we saw two tents ablaze, the occupants floundering about in the snow trying to put it out. A pitchy streak in the log opposite their tents had sent out writhing messengers of flame that did the work. We saved the beds but lost the tents. These tents were only intended for two men each, and we had seven of them. The tentless men were of the "tender foot" contingent from the city, who were wishing themselves somewhere else. We distributed them among the other tents and again rolled into our blankets. Just as we seemed in a fair way for sleep, a more furious sweep of the wind brought down a great tree almost upon us. Our tents were torn from their lashings and swept away in the darkness. Our plight would have been worse, but for the friendly warmth and light from the fallen pine. We gathered up what we could from the dark surroundings and, piling it on the lee side of the drooping-limbed fir, wrapped blankets around us and waited for day light. It was so slow in coming that some one declared the sun had been snuffed out like a candle in the hurricane. We crouched, shivering, by this prostrate, flaming tree, almost terrified by the waring elements.

What a weird spectacle we would have presented to watching eyes beyond our circle of light. What emotions and apprehensions were agitating the thinly clad "tender feet," shivering, as much more from fright as cold.

The great trees that stood yesterday, like ghostly giants, awaiting the signal for a tragedy were now in the midst of its enactment. How they groaned and writhed under the blows of old Boreas. To the shrieking of the wind was added the crashing of branches, the driving snow and the thunder of falling trees. I have told you nothing of what was said during this fearful night. Why should I? Of what interest or importance would be hu-

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man chatter amidst such demonstrations as this? Take your place beside the flaming log; listen to the shrieking of the wind, the groaning and protests of the mighty forest; the wailing, thunderous sounds of anguish sent up by these giants that had stood in the pride of their strength since Rome was an infant, and feel yourself a pigmy spectator called to witness their execution.

Such experiences furnish food for philosophising. Was this a protest against the ruthless invasion of the despoiler? "Westward the star of empire takes it's way", is a phrase that has been made to do duty on many occasions. We are apt to point with pride to that which follows in the wake of the pioneer. Is it all the progress of improvement? I wot not. Take note how the riches of a proud, happy and varied Nature have been despoiled. Animals great and small have become, or are rapidly becoming extinct, in the gratification of man's avarice or amusement. Whole tribes and nations of picturesque men and women have vanished before this great "Star of Empire." Now the great forests, the glory and pride of the continent are being ruthlessly destroyed, to fill the coffers of the already overrich, who have no thought of the morrow. Even the ravages of such storms as we had been witnessing finds in man a competitor for destruction who accomplished in a decade, more of the balefulness of the destroyer, than dame Nature would wreck in centuries. Oh avarice and cupidity, dignified by the terms of "commerce and trade" what crimes are committed in thy name!

Agate Eye

(Continued from Page 502)

"What!" shrieked the old man. You rob your employers! You steal—and come to me for help?"

"Uncle, I took the money, but—"

"You stole it. Go way from here.

Blind rage lashed Alborn's brain. "You miser," he shouted, "you old devil! I want money and I'll have it. You think I'll rot in prison when you're rich, you—you old devil!"

"I got no—" But Alborn had the old man's throat—and pressed, pressed. At last he dropped him, limp as an empty sack, and in the reaction leaned against the wall, weak and sick.

Soon the money thought surged back, and he began to ransack the room; pulled open drawers, upset boxes. Nothing. He turned to the old man, cursed his twisted face and protruding eyes, searched his grimy garments. Something at last. In an inner pocket a faded picture of his mother, the old man's sister. He fled into the night; there followed days of aimless travel; then this hiding in the deserted cabin by the sea.

The scene faded and Alborn started up. The breed and the Indians had disappeared. He clawed at the brick hearth. The necklace was gone. In its place a scrap of paper with words laboriously written:

"With agate eye he read bad man hearts."

He ran to the door. Day was breaking. The breed sat on a log outside.

Alborn looked up at the grey sky, where Infinity broods. "Tell the sheriff I'm here," he said, turned back and closed the door behind him.

Fair Days In The Far East

(Continued from Page 516)

one of the numerous narrow roadways that zigzag between the high walls and hedges of the gardens of the wealthy Japanese. At each turn of the path one has a view down half a dozen of the same narrow villa-lined roadways, flowers, trees and vines drooping over the high unpainted walls. Below the tree-tops, and the roofs that seem to cling to the side of the steep bluff, are the grey-tiled roofs and towers of Yokohama, with the splendid bay beyond. Nogeyama is situated on a pinnacle of the bluff whose slopes are dotted with Buddhist temples. When the sightseer has reached the foot of a last flight of stone steps he sees above him the most beautiful torii (sacred arch) to be found anywhere. Beyond these steps he finds himself in a grove of cherry trees, whose heavy blossoms look at a distance like masses of freshly-fallen snow. On the landward side of this elevation the bluff slopes off.

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